

914.235

LAMBETH PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Tate Central Library, Brixton.

REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

This Book is for Reference only, and must not be removed from the Room. It must not be left on a Table, but be returned to the Librarian at the counter.



LONDON BOROUGH
OF
LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

942.35

HOMELAND HANDBOOKS

DEVON.

Homeland Handbooks.

DARTMOOR

AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

WHAT TO SEE
AND
HOW TO FIND IT



BOWERMAN'S NOSE

THE
HOMELAND
HAND-
BOOKS
№ 8

By
Beatrix F. Cresswell.

G. & C.
NETT

London: The Homeland Association, Ltd.,
St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED 1903.

London & South Western Railway.

THE SHORTEST, QUICKEST, AND MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE
BETWEEN LONDON AND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

CORRIDOR DINING AND LUNCHEON TRAINS,

First, Second, and Third Class,

Are now running EVERY WEEK DAY between

Waterloo, Exeter and Plymouth,

as under

From London.	Luncheon Car Train.	Dining Car Train.	To London.	Luncheon Car Train.	Dining Car Train.
	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
WATERLOO dep.	10.50	5.50	PLYMOUTH dep.	8.33	2.28
	P.M.		(North Road)		
EXETER - arr.	2.20	10.5	EXETER - arr.	10.20	4.15
(Queen Street)		A.M.	(Queen Street)	P.M.	
PLYMOUTH „	3.56	12.3	WATERLOO „	2.35	8.5
(North Road)					

DARTMOOR.

TOURIST TICKETS

Are issued by all trains during the Season (1st May to 31st October) from WATERLOO, &c., to OKEHAMPTON, BRIDESTOWE, LYDFORD, and TAVISTOCK, for DARTMOOR, available for two months.

LONG PERIOD EXCURSION TICKETS

Are also issued from WATERLOO, &c., during the Summer on certain days.

In addition to the above, DAY EXCURSIONS are run from the surrounding stations.

Lavatory Accommodation for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers is provided in principal trains.

Saloons, Invalid Saloons and Family Carriages, also Compartments of Carriages are provided upon application.

Passengers' Personal Luggage Collected, Forwarded, and Delivered in advance.

For full particulars, conditions of Tourist fares, see Programmes, or any information can be obtained upon application to Mr. HENRY HOLMES, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. I. OWENS, General Manager

ROSS & Co's
SODA WATER,
LEMONADE,
AND STONE-
GINGER BEER.

OF ALL DEALERS, —

Or Carriage Paid direct from the Manufacturers,

28, QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT.

ELANDS' ART GALLERY, EXETER.

"The Devon and Exeter Exhibition," instituted in 1891, is held annually in September. The Special Feature is the Exhibition of West Country Scenery by local and other Artists.

Also an Annual Spring Exhibition of specially invited work.

Except during Exhibitions, the Gallery is always open free, and visitors are invited to inspect the same. Over 200 Water Colours and Paintings always on view, including the work of all the well-known local Artists.

PICTURE FRAMING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

The Largest Selection of Mouldings in the West of England always in Stock.

Engravings, Etchings and Photographs after the Pictures of the best Masters.

FOLIOS OF VALUABLE AND RARE ARTIST PROOFS.

SMALL FRAMED PICTURES FOR PRESENTS. A large and varied stock always on view.

Oil Paintings Cleaned and Restored, also Engravings and Water Colours Cleaned.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS BY THE BEST MAKERS.

Licensed Valuers and Appraisers. Valuations for Probate, etc.

ELANDS,

Booksellers, Publishers, Stationers, Bookbinders,
Librarians, Newsagents.

DEALERS IN LEATHER AND FANCY GOODS,

Fine Art Dealers, Print Sellers, and Publishers.
Lithographic and Letterpress Printers.

"ELANDS' LIBRARY,"

236, HIGH STREET, EXETER, and at
THE STRAND, EXMOUTH.

ESTABLISHED 1790.

SPECIALLY SELECTED CLOTHS. (New Exclusive Designs.) Suitable for any climate. Strong, Waterproof, and Porous. Also in Tan Cheviot Cloths.



The "ROSCUT," Regd.,
For Ladies. With D.I.Y. Cuffs, Regd.
(Devon Imperial Yeomanry),
from 50/-.

The "PORTSMOUTH," Regd.,
For Gentlemen. With D.I.Y. Cuffs,
Regd. (Devon Imperial Yeomanry),
from 55/-.

AS SUPPLIED TO H.R.H. PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Suitable for Riding, Driving, Golfing, Shooting, Fishing, Yachting, or Travelling abroad or at home. No lady or gentleman should be without one.

As our Coats have been imitated in some of their essential details, we would explain that the distinction in shape of the "PORTSMOUTH" and "ROSCUT" Coats is that the sleeves are with the ordinary seam at the shoulder, and not like the **BOTTLE-SHAPED "RAGLANS"** running up into the collar. The armhole and sleeve is so designed that they fit over any sleeve, and enable the wearer to indulge in any exercise with perfect freedom. The sleeve is finished with the D.I.Y. cuff, which was of such comfort to every soldier that wore them in the South African Campaign. Moreover, a fit can be ensured without trying on if measurements as directed are given, viz., size round chest, waist, hips, length of inside seam of sleeve of coat or jacket, height of figure, and a "Portsmouth" or "Roscut" shall be sent by return, or made and sent in three days.

Made on the Premises by our Own Workmen.

Beware of imitations made from inferior CLOTHS, which cannot be thoroughly waterproofed.

J. & G. ROSS, 227, 228, High Street, EXETER.

Patterns and Prices, post free.

Telegraphic Address: "ZUGON, EXETER."

Telephone: No. 46, EXETER.

"Where to stay round Dartmoor."

BOVEY TRACEY.

The Dolphin Family Hotel, Coaching and Posting House.

GOOD Accommodation for Tourists and Families. Posting in all its Branches. Four-in-hand Coaches, Char-a-Bancs and Brakes, Landaus, Waggonettes, &c., of every description. Horses taken in at Livery. The only Coach Excursions over Dartmoor in the District. Four-horse Coach Excursions over Dartmoor, from April to October, inclusive, particulars of which can be obtained from the Proprietors. This Hotel affords excellent opportunities for Fishing and Hunting, and is within one mile of Dartmoor. Hotel Charges Moderate.

HELLIER & LEE, PROPRIETORS.

ILSINGTON (Devon).

The Moorland Hotel, Haytor Rock.

THIS newly erected Hotel stands in its own grounds of ten acres, and is situated on Dartmoor, within five minutes' walk of the Far-famed Haytor Rocks. The Hotel is 1,500 feet above the sea level, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, the air being very bracing and invigorating. Private and Public Sitting Rooms, Bath Rooms (hot and cold supply), twenty Bedrooms, also a good Billiard Room. Posting and Good Stabling.

MRS. L. HELLIER PROPRIETRESS.

Station : Bovey Tracey.

Telegrams : "Ilsington."

“Where to stay round Dartmoor.”

SUMMER HOLIDAYS on Dartmoor organised by Miss
ALISON GARLAND, at . . .

DOUSLAND GRANGE, near YELVERTON.

Finest Boarding Establishment on Dartmoor. 40 Bedrooms.
Billiards, Tennis, Croquet, Fishing, &c. Excursions arranged
daily. Frequent Lectures by eminent men and women on
popular subjects. Special Lectures on Archæology, Botany,
and History of Dartmoor. Terms from Two Guineas weekly.

PLYMOUTH.

“Crescent” Private Pension, 10, The Crescent.

PLEASANTLY situated, with extensive lawns in front.
Most comfortably Furnished. Electric Light through-
out. Spacious Rooms. Baths (hot and cold). Near the
Hoe and Sea. Central for Railway Stations, Churches,
Theatres, Trams, and principal Shops. Table d'Hôte. Separate
Tables. Tariff, or En Pension Terms arranged. Apply to
the Proprietress, ...

MRS. BELLIS.

Telegrams: “Luxury, Plymouth.”

Telephone 679.

“Where to stay round Dartmoor.”

BOVEY TRACEY.

The Railway

Family and Commercial Hotel and Posting House.

DELIGHTFULLY situated on the borders of the far-famed Dartmoor and within easy access of the principal places of interest in the neighbourhood. Good Salmon and Trout Fishing. Picnic and Pleasure Parties specially catered for. Posting in all its Branches. Saddle and Carriage Ponies. Spacious Coffee Room. Baths (hot and cold). Fishing Tickets may be obtained at the Hotel.

J. G. BEER, PROPRIETOR.

MORETONHAMPSTEAD.

White Hart Hotel.

BROOK'S (late Truscott's) Dartmoor Coaching Trips will now be run by the Proprietor from the White Hart Hotel, Moretonhampstead, to Princetown on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in connection with the Great Western Railway. Tickets, including Rail and Coach Fare, can be obtained from any of their Stations. Visitors to Devon should do this trip if they want to see some of the grandest of Dartmoor Scenery. This is the only Coach that crosses the heart of the Moor.

Old-Established Hotel, replete with every comfort. Posting in all its branches. Hunting, Fishing, Billiards.

G. P. BROOK, PROPRIETOR.

“Where to stay round Dartmoor.”

TORQUAY.

KISTOR HOUSE BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT, Belgrave Road.
Grand Sea View. Close to New Princess Gardens, Rock Walks, and
Promenade Pier. Smoking Room. Lawn Tennis Court, Free to Visitors.
Terms on application.

MRS. MANN.

TOTNES.

ROBERTS' COMMERCIAL HOTEL (next the Market). Every accommo-
dation for Travellers and Tourists. Near Castle, Church, and River,
and very centrally situated. Comfortable. Homelike.

MRS. ROBERTS, PROPRIETRESS.

TWO BRIDGES (Centre of DARTMOOR).

TWO BRIDGES HOTEL, close to the West Dart, where good fishing can be
obtained. Two Bathrooms (Hot and Cold Water), and Sanitary Arrange-
ments Perfect. Posting.

PROPRIETOR: H. TRINAMAN.

YELVERTON, DARTMOOR, near PLYMOUTH.

WILLOUGHBY PARK BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT, is beautifully
situated. South, and near the Station. Bracing Air. Close to Moors.
Good Fishing near. Croquet, Tennis. Two Guineas weekly, 6/- day. Special
Terms for long periods.

Address—PROPRIETRESS.

THIS BOOK

may be taken as a . .

Sample of Printing

executed by . .



Bradbury, Agnew, AND Co. Ltd.,

Fine Art, General, and Railway Printers,

Stereotypers, Electrotypers, = = = = =

Bookbinders, Die Sinkers, and Rulers, =

10, BOUVERIE STREET,

AND

LONDON, E.C.

THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS,

TONBRIDGE, KENT.

Telegrams :

CHARIVARI, TONBRIDGE.
CHARIVARI, LONDON.

Telephone :

19, TONBRIDGE.
28, HOLBORN.

HALF the WORLD of CYCLISTS

GO TO—

C. J. LETHBRIDGE & Co.,

—❧— **67 & 69, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.,** ❧—

SUCCESSORS TO

F. J. VANT,

Inventor of the Famous

"VANT" MOTOR-DRIVING COAT.

Provisionally Protected No. 11034. Three designs in one. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



**NORFOLK, CYCLING, TENNIS and
BOATING SUITS.**

Faultlessly Tailored at Moderate Prices.

Ladies' Cycling Costumes a Speciality.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Forms on application.
Telegrams: 'Sartorius,' London. Telephone: 38 Holborn.



L. Cornelissen & Son,

ARTISTS' COLOURMEN.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom for

Dr. F. Schoenfeld & Co.'s Celebrated Oil, Water & Gouache Colours.

Also PETROLEUM COLOURS . . .

AND TEMPERA COLOURS IN TUBES.

Importers of French Brushes, Sketch Boxes, Pastels, Papers,
and other Artists' Materials.

PAPERS FOR REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE PHOTO-ZINCO PROCESSES.



PRICE LIST
ON APPLICATION.



22, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

STONE'S (PERFUMED FURNITURE)
(S.A.S.E.)

CREAM.

Free from Finger Marks.

Little Labour.

Perfect Polish.

Pleasant Perfume.

Sold in Bottles,

6d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

STONE'S

ESSENCE OF

(S.A.S.E. on each Genuine
Bottle.)

RENNET.

NEVER FAILS, and will keep for years in the HOTTEST CLIMATE.

Stones Rennet is specially selected and used at the Devonian Dinners in
London, Birmingham, Leeds, Swansea, &c.

STONE & SON, Chemists, EXETER.

Artistic Souvenirs of Beautiful Britain at Popular Prices.

Burrow's 'Royal Series' of Official Albums & Guides.

The most Profusely Illustrated and Artistic Volumes
published.

—✂ BOUND IN BLUE CANVAS BOARDS. ✂—

Issued under the auspices of the Corporations or Councils of the
Districts they illustrate.

Amongst others are the following:—

		PRICE
The Wye Valley Illustrated	50 illus.	6d.
Cheltenham: The Garden Town	120 „	1/-
The Way about Cheltenham	50 „	6d.
Leamington, Warwick, and the Shakespeare Country	80 „	1/-
Weston, Clevedon, Minehead, and the Somerset Coast	146 „	1/-
Ilkley and Wharfedale	60 „	1/-
Swansea Bay and Aberavon	100 „	1/-
Severn Valley (Shrewsbury to Gloucester) ..	100 „	1/-
Merthyr Tydfil and the Beacons	50 „	1/-
Royal Bath Illustrated	100 „	1/-
Brecon, Builth Wells, and Upper Wye ..	60 „	6d.
Abergavenny, Usk, and Raglan	50 „	6d.

Each book contains two or more maps.

The *Daily News* says, "They are marvellous value."

Single copies may be obtained through the Booksellers, or
by post direct from EDWARD J. BURROW, Publisher,
CHELTENHAM, and 3, Amen Corner, LONDON.

Postage on 6d. books, 2d.; on 1/- albums, 3d.

Every Visitor to Dartmoor
Requires a Good Pair of Boots,
And to insure having them
should get a pair of the

“DARTMOOR,”

WHICH ARE ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.

Sold by all leading Boot Dealers in
the West of England, and by the
Sole Manufacturers, . . .

German & Sons, Okehampton.

TAVISTOCK.

Javy Mews . . .

Coaching & Posting

Establishment. . .

COACHING OVER DARTMOOR AND OTHER
PLACES OF INTEREST DAILY
DURING SUMMER.

Carriages of every description,
also Hunters, Hacks, &c., let by
the day, week, or month.

Wedding and Funeral Equip-
ments of the latest designs.

ONE OF THE LARGEST SELECTIONS
IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

T. TRUSCOTT,

Telegraphic Address: PROPRIETOR.

“TRUSCOTT, TAVISTOCK.”

Telephone: No. 20.



J. PERROTT & SON, SQUARE, CHAGFORD.

Fishing Tackle Manufacturers

 and Guides to Dartmoor.

Over 50 years thoroughly acquainted with every object of interest on the Moor. Those desirous of investigating the Moor apply to the above.

SADDLE HORSES, PONIES, CARRIAGES of every description
at Moderate Charges.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD SUPPLIED.

PACKHAM & SON,

(OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM) 19, QUEEN ST., EXETER.

Orthopædic and Spinal Mechanics, Manufacturers
of Artificial Limbs, Hernia Specialists, &c.

Sole Manufacturers of . . .

Packham's Improved Light Slide Spring Truss

(Awarded Silver Medal). THE MOST COMFORTABLE TRUSS EVER INVENTED.

*Book of Testimonials and Price Lists on Application. Private Consulting Rooms
Lady in Attendance 2 to 4 o'clock daily, Saturdays excepted.*

Experts in Fitting Artificial Eyes.



The Rougemont Hotel,

EXETER.

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

ONLY MODERN HOTEL IN THE CITY.

The Largest and most Modern Hotel in Exeter.

Nearest to all Railway Stations, and within three minutes of the Cathedral.

Finest Cuisine. Table d'Hôte. Omnibus meets all trains.

Beautiful Lounge Hall. Spacious Coffee Room. Billiard and Ball Rooms.

Night Porter.

Visitors supplied at the Hotel with information as to objects of antiquarian interest in the City and neighbourhood.

Telegraphic Address: "ROUGEMONT, EXETER."
Telephone No. 102.

Miss M. WRIGHT,
Manager.





Specially Drawn by]

A STORMY SUNSET OVER DARTMOOR.
Looking up the Teign at Teignmouth.

[Gordon Home.

Dartmoor and Its Surroundings.

WHAT TO SEE AND HOW TO FIND IT.

BY

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

WITH A CHAPTER ON

"DARTMOOR FISHING"

BY

EDGAR SHRUBSOLE.

Published by the Homeland Association for the
encouragement of Touring in Great Britain.

Devonshire Publishers:

EXETER: HENRY S. ELAND, 236, High Street.

PLYMOUTH: DOIDGE & Co., 170, Union Street.

TEIGNMOUTH: F. B. OWEN, The Library.

TOTNES: MORTIMER BROS., "Western
Guardian" Office.

NEWTON ABBOT: "Mid Devon Times,"
66, Queen Street.

TORQUAY: ANDREW IREDALE, 13, The Strand.

OKEHAMPTON: S. & A. JANES, The Arcade,
Fore Street.

Price Sixpence (Nett). Bound in Cloth (Library Edition) 1/6 (Nett).

LONDON: THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LD., 24, BRIDE LANE,
FLEET STREET, E.C.

THIRD EDITION, 1902—3.

9

22940.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to the Author, care of The Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., they will be personally and gratefully acknowledged.

COPYRIGHT.

This Book as a whole, with its Contents, both Literary and Pictorial, is Copyrighted in Great Britain and Ireland.

Terms for Advertising Spaces in the Homeland Association's Handbooks will be forwarded on application to Mr. PRESCOTT Row, General Manager of The Homeland Association, at the above address.

MSC
U691.33
Bat

PREFACE

TO THIRD EDITION.

THIS edition of "Dartmoor" contains little fresh information except a brief mention of new facilities recently provided for excursions and accommodation on the moor, and some notes that are practically replies to questions asked by readers, who have always expressed such kind approval of my little book.

This may be the last edition of my "Dartmoor" in its present form, the hearty reception it has met with leading the Homeland Association to contemplate bringing out the book on a more extended plan at some future date.

Thus, "with thanks and ever thanks," we bid farewell to all, a farewell that we hope may be

Vale atque Ave.

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

Dawlish, 1902.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>How to Reach Dartmoor</i>	7
Chapter I.—Attempts to Introduce the Traveller to the “Duchy”	21
„ II.—Excursions round Bovey Tracey	28
„ III.—From Moretonhampstead into the Moor	48
„ IV.—Walks from Chagford	61
„ V.—Okehampton and its Neighbourhood	77
„ VI.—Tavistock and back to the Moor	92
„ VII.—From Prince Town into the South Quarter	105
„ VIII.—Some Excursions in the South Quarter	111
„ IX.—From Ashburton into Dartmoor	119
„ X.—Angling in the Dartmoor District	130
„ XI.—Some Notes for Cyclists	135
<i>Additional Notes to Third Edition</i>	140
<i>Read Distances</i>	142
<i>Index</i>	143

HOW TO REACH DARTMOOR

FROM LONDON, EXETER, TEIGNMOUTH,
TORQUAY, NEWTON ABBOT, PLYMOUTH,

With a Few Notes about the Devon Towns.



WHICHEVER line you take to come down from London to Devonshire will bring you into Exeter; and if this is your first visit to the west country, you should stay a while to see the "ancient and loyal city," with its beautiful cathedral. I have already, in another volume, dealt fairly fully with Exeter* and its cathedral, and the space at my disposal forbids me to linger over the history of the city, with its castle of Rougemont, that very "Richmond," if Shakespeare is correct, the visit to which proved fatal to Richard III.:—

" When I last was at Exeter
The Mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont, at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond."

The battle of Bosworth Field soon afterwards verified the prediction, and the city which had been loyal to Richard proved equally faithful to his successor. When Henry, after crushing the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck, came into Exeter, he presented the city with its sword and cap of maintenance, both of which are to be seen at the Guildhall, whose heavy porch juts out in the Fore Street.

We enter the cathedral close, through the Broadgate, a gate in name only, which brings us at once in face of the fine west front, with its tiers of carved saints and rose-

* "The Ancient and Loyal City of Exeter." No. 23, *Homeland Handbooks*.

window. The two towers which form the transepts make, as Mr. Freeman says, "the effect of Exeter Cathedral, both within and without, unlike any other great church in the world." These are the oldest parts of the building, between which the rest of the cathedral has grown up from the eleventh century onwards, as bishop succeeded bishop. In the northern tower hangs "Great Peter," the fourth largest bell in this country, whose sonorous tones you hear as the clock strikes. It has only been rung twice: after Gunpowder Plot and at the Restoration; then the tower cracked so badly that no one has ventured to ring "Peter" again.

The cathedral seems to contain all the history of Exeter, written on its stones and carvings. The smaller of the two fonts was made especially for the christening of Princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, the youngest child of Charles I., born at Exeter when her mother took refuge there during those troublous times in which began her life of misfortunes. The little princess was two years old when at last Fairfax entered Exeter, and stabled his horses in the cathedral, where the carvings still bear the traces of the Puritans' handiwork when "they cut down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." The pulpit in the nave is modern, made of Devonshire terra-cotta and placed there in memory of Bishop Patteson, whose martyrdom is represented in one of the reliefs. Passing into the choir, you will at once notice the beautiful throne, Bishop Grandison's addition to the Cathedral in 1328; it is the finest in England. Here William of Orange was seated when he entered Exeter in November, 1688. We must remember all the West had suffered under James II. and his hateful judge Jeffreys, lest we begin to imagine the loyalty of the city similar to that of the Vicar of Bray. After the imprisonment of Bishop Trelawney in the Tower, the Bloody Assizes at Taunton, the West dreaded what next might happen, and it was indeed as the "Deliverer" that they welcomed William on his landing at Brixham.

Before leaving the Close you must have a peep at the old houses surrounding it, formerly parts of the monastic buildings, now private residences. Worth's picture-shop



From an Etching by C. Bird, R.P.E.]

[By permission of Messrs. Fland]

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AND SOUTH TOWER OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

contains a fine old panelled room, and was the coffee-house where the idlers and beaux of old Exeter congregated early in the century. Next to it is the famous Honiton lace dépôt, established by the late Mrs. Treadwin, unpretentious in exterior, and exhibiting within the finest lace made in the county.

The Exe affords pleasant boating all the way to Exmouth, a popular trip being down the canal to "Turf" for whitebait teas. From here you get good views of the estuary, Exmouth, and the open sea.

The crudeness of this hurrying age prompts the traveller to Dartmoor to take the train at Queen Street for Okehampton. But if you are willing to linger over the road, I can imagine nothing pleasanter than driving those two-and-twenty miles, passing through St. Thomas's, over Pocombe Bridge, on to Tedburn St. Mary, Cheriton Cross, where the cross yet stands by the wayside, and Crockern Well. Here there is a quaint hostelry, forgotten since the departure of coaching days; and here, if you please, you can detour into Drewsteignton, reach Fingle Bridge and the valley of the Teign. But if you go straight on, the high-road will bring you up to Merrymeet, over Whiddon Down, and so by South Zeal and Sticklepath into Okehampton. But let me warn the cyclist not to take the road this way, as it is a perpetual rise towards the Moor. It is a capital spin from Okehampton to Exeter, as the surface is very good.

From Exeter to Moretonhampstead is twelve miles, not an impossible walk, though the cyclist should avoid the rough, hilly road. Over Culver Hill into Dunsford it is extremely pretty; then when Bridford Bridge is crossed it would be worth while to turn into Bridford to see the church, where the screen has carved figures instead of the painted saints that are more common. The road leads round by the back of Moretonhampstead, and affords fine views of the Black Rock on Marden Down. Altogether this is an interesting corner for any one who has an exploring turn of mind.

Teignmouth,* though appearing a completely modern

* See "Teignmouth, its Past History and Present Interests." *Homeland Handbook*, No. 15.



Photo by]

TEIGNMOUTH FROM THE TORQUAY ROAD.

[G. Denney & Co.

town, is notable for having been the point of one of the last invasions of England. In 1690, it was but a cluster of fishermen's houses, grouped by the church of St. Michael, East Teignmouth, near the sea, where the French and Jacobites, under Admiral Tourville, thought they could easily effect a landing unobserved. How they were met and rebuffed by the country gentlemen, who were not unprepared for them, you can read in the spirited description of Macaulay. But they did succeed in burning Teignmouth, sacking the church, and driving the fisherfolk out of their homes. French Street, a lane near the church, commemorates the spot they destroyed. Since then the story of Teignmouth may be summed up in the saying, "Happy is the nation that has no history." But if the town itself affords little interest, the combined attractions of river, sea, and moor are enough to ensure its popularity. There is beautiful boating on the river for six or seven miles, as far as Newton, and into the meadows beyond. On one shore we see Bishops-teignton Church, and "Lucky Steps," where a quaint wooden bridge crosses the railway; on the other stands the little inn "Coombe Cellars," the scene of Mr. Baring Gould's novel "Kitty Alone," where we can stop, to have tea with "cockles and cream" while we watch the clay lumpers glide past, carrying their loads to the vessels in the harbour, and look at the three tors in the dim distance, guarding the outskirts of the Moor.

If you like the sea you may cross the somewhat tricky bar and row to Dawlish or Babbicombe. The big rock on the western horizon is the Ore Stone; those towards Dawlish, at the end of the seawall, are known as the "Parson and Clerk." The headland at the harbour mouth is the Ness, beyond which the cliff gardens of Labrador make another favourite excursion, especially in strawberry-time. You can get here on foot over the rocks at low tide, returning by a cliff path into the Torquay road if necessary; when the water is up the rocks are entirely covered. Excursion steamers call at Teignmouth daily during the summer, affording opportunities to enjoy the coast from Plymouth to Dorsetshire.



Photo by]

TORQUAY.

[G. Denney & Co.

Turning inland, Little Haldon, the moor two miles from the town, offers beautiful walks and drives; while the fine views of Dartmoor from up there will make you want to have a nearer acquaintance with the "Forest" as soon as possible.

The railway excursions are very cheap, as the Great Western issues daily excursion tickets, double journey for single fare, and the train service gives a good long day on the Moor. It is necessary to go to Newton Abbot and there change for the Moretonhampstead Branch for Bovey or Morton. A second change at Heathfield will bring you to Chudleigh, where the glens and rocks are well worth seeing. But Chudleigh by road is only eight miles from Teignmouth, and it is a beautiful drive or cycling spin to ride out through Kingsteignton, visit the glen, with its pixie cave, have tea at the farm (where horses and cycles can be stabled), and then return through Lord Clifford's place, Ugbrooke Park.

Bovey is ten miles away by road. A very nice road cyclists will find it, and delightful moorland excursions are possible by riding over to the "Dolphin" in time for the coach, leaving the bicycle at the hotel ready for the ride back in the evening, after partaking of the sumptuous tea provided there,

You are not likely to visit the West without seeing Torquay, which is the most beautiful modern town in Devonshire, worthy of the comparisons so frequently made with foreign towns which have a similar situation, where white houses pile up the hill-side above the waters of the bay, with cliffs draped from top to bottom by luxuriant vegetation, and the palm-trees in the gardens at their feet completing that appearance of other lands which seems a necessity to the Englishman before he can admire his own country.

Torre Abbey, of which some remains are left, now a private residence, reminds us that Torre at least had an older history; but we must look for it in the neighbouring localities, not in Torquay itself. Geologists will remind us of a very old history indeed: the story of countless ages back told in the celebrated cavern Kent's Hole, which lies under the cliffs on the eastern side of the

town, and which you must certainly visit. A great many of the bones and treasures found there are in Torquay Museum, but some of the best went to the Natural History Museum in Kensington. From Torquay it is a pretty excursion by rail or road to Brixham, where William of Orange landed. The town is most picturesque, especially when the trawlers are coming in and out of the harbour from the North Sea fishing. A brass footprint is let into the pier to mark the spot of William's landing, and a statue of him stands at the head of the harbour, facing the town.

The blue hills of Dartmoor, visible from the highest roads above Torquay, seem very far away; and very far off in spirit is the smart, fashionable town from the wild, rustic Moor. The best way of making moorland excursions will certainly be to go first to Newton Abbot by train.

We seem to have passed through Newton so often that perhaps it is only just to linger there a little while and see what the place is like, for hitherto we have treated it like one of those kind friends of whom we make great use without giving any return. A large, pleasant country town is Newton, the Teign flowing on one side of it, the Moor bounding it at the other, busy every Wednesday with the largest market in this part of the district, and possessing in Newton College a boys' school of justly popular reputation.

The most interesting buildings in Newton are the quaint old Clock Tower, St. Leonard's Tower, in the centre of the town, and Ford House (now the residence of Mr. Watts), an Elizabethan house a little distance from the station. Here William of Orange slept on the night after his landing at Brixham, and in front of the tower his first declaration was read—by the vicar of the parish, says an inscription lately placed in front of the building. Mr. Baring Gould, however, conjectures that more likely it was Bishop Burnet who read his master's message to the English people, as the clergy already established looked with suspicion upon the new-comer and his intentions.

Save for St. Leonard's Tower, in the centre of the

town, Newton has no buildings of any special interest, though the church of St. Mary, Woolborough, a parish that forms part of the town, is a fine building.

Bradleigh Woods, which can scarcely be said to be outside the town, are very lovely, and a right of way passes through them from Newton, past the picturesque old Tudor mill (the subject of many a sketch and photograph), to Chercoombe Bridge, a favourite meet of the foxhounds in the hunting season.

Six miles from Newton, on the Totnes road, we can reach a place seldom visited, as it is so out of the way, and that is Compton Castle, once the home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and where, say the Devonians, Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe. The tale of the butler extinguishing the knight with a bucket of water, under the impression that he was on fire, is known to us all. Compton has its connection with Sir Walter Raleigh through his mother, who was the widow of Otho Gilbert before she became Dame Raleigh; and much of Sir Walter's early life was passed at Compton with his stepbrothers, Humphrey and Adrian. The castle, now in ruins, is a beautiful piece of gabled architecture of early Tudor date. To find it you must go along the Totnes road and beyond "Two Mile Oak," take the turning for Dainton, where there is a signpost, pass straight on beyond the next signpost for Marldon, and you will come upon Compton Castle in about another mile.

We have been into Dartmoor so often from Newton, that it hardly seems necessary to say anything more about getting there from the town. I may add, however, that Newton by road is but seven miles from Ashburton, making Buckland Drives a very possible carriage excursion any day they are open to the public. Cyclists will find there that they have a far better choice of good roads for the machine than either at Teignmouth or Torquay.

The mention of Sir Walter Raleigh reminds me of Plymouth; and I should like to take you to stand on the Hoe, where that famous game of bowls was played, that you may look away out to sea, and imagine for yourself how the Armada came in sight over the blue horizon .

where now the new Eddystone lighthouse is faintly visible on the clear sky. The "Three Towns"—Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse—make a grand place; you feel intensely impressed with the strength and beauty combined when looking from the Hoe at the woods of Mount Edgecumbe opposite, at the rivers, the Tamar and Plym, joining to make that magnificent harbour, where the great ships lie massed together. And above, wherever you look, you see the fortifications, which, with that strip of silver sea outside the breakwater, seem as if they must make this lovely land well-nigh impregnable.

That shore on the other side of the Tamar is Cornwall, which, if it be not entirely so fair to see as Devon, has no rivals in any county as the region of legend and romance. And I am so much afraid that when you see it you may run away from me thither, that I shall at once take you to Mill Bay station and put you into the train for Tavistock; that I may be sure of getting you up into Dartmoor before you are attracted over the Cornish border.

We can best reach all the western side of the Moor by rail from Plymouth, changing at Yelverton if we want to go to Prince Town. But four miles from Plymouth on the up line we can get into Plympton St. Mary, where, after stopping to see the church, we can walk into those wild, lonely districts by the Plym and the Meavy; and, after a day's tramping on the Moor, again avail ourselves of the train from Dousland or Yelverton to make our way back to Plymouth.

Dartmoor has been made far more accessible of late years by the railway, which on the western side comes right into the Duchy, and both the Great Western and South Western lines have approached the Moor as far as possible.

If you have any appreciation for engineering, the work of making parts of the line cannot fail to strike you with interest—possibly astonishment. That bit of the direct main Great Western Railway line which runs by river and sea from Exminster to Newton Abbot, has been regarded as Brunel's masterpiece. Scarcely less wonderful is the construction of the Teign Valley line,

creeping upwards from Bovey Tracy to Moretonhampstead, between massive walls of granite, where the blasting marks yet visible prove how arduous was the task of making the cutting. On the western extremity of the Moor, the Prince Town Railway ascends the hills past Vixen Tor, creeps round King Tor, a seemingly tiny creature threading its way in a pathless moorland waste, snorting and puffing in its efforts to assert the supremacy of man.

Or from the heights above Okehampton we may watch the train on the South Western line swing up and down the gigantic curves of Nature's switchback, as it makes its way towards Tavistock, keeping for miles close to the edge of Dartmoor. Meldon Viaduct, beyond Okehampton, is one among many of the examples of the railway line adding to the natural beauty of the scenery. One fancies that Ruskin himself could hardly have quarrelled with the graceful, slender bridge thrown over the valley across which glides the snaky train.

A glance at the map will show that, practically speaking, a belt of railway encircles nearly the whole district, broken only between Okehampton and Moretonhampstead, so that, starting from Exeter, it would be possible to go (by South Western Railway) to Okehampton, Lydford, Tavistock, thence to Plymouth, and then up again to Brent, Ashburton, Newton, and Moretonhampstead. As, however, the journeys are not quite direct, I will, for the convenience of reference, make a table of the moorland railway service which can be seen at a glance, omitting any further explanations from those chapters that treat of the principal towns and stations.

Tourists intending to visit the eastern quarter of Dartmoor, from South Devon, can take the main line expresses from Paddington (Great Western Railway) as far as Newton Abbot, where they must change to the branch line for Bovey Tracy, Lustleigh, Moretonhampstead (terminus). From Moreton an omnibus runs daily, meeting every train, to convey passengers and luggage to Chagford.

The main line is continued through Brent, Wrangaton,

Ivybridge, and Cornwood, to Plymouth, but these smaller places are served by slow trains; inquire at Exeter and change at Newton Abbot.

From Plymouth (North Road Station), Yelverton Junction is reached, where change for Yelverton, Dousland, Prince Town (terminus). This line also runs on from Yelverton Junction to Horrabridge, Tavistock, Mary Tavy, Lydford.

The north quarter is reached direct from London by the South Western Railway from Waterloo to Exeter, and on without any change through Yeoford Junction to Okehampton, Bridestowe, Lydford, Brent-Tor, Tavistock, and so to Plymouth.

Lydford and Tavistock, it will be observed, have the benefit of service from both the Western lines.

Three days a week a 'bus runs from Chagford to Okehampton; Yeoford Junction also provides a Chagford 'bus, but on one day (Friday) only.

For Ashburton it is necessary to continue the journey from Newton to Totnes, and there change for the Dart Vale (Great Western Railway) line to Staverton, Buckfastleigh, Ashburton (terminus).

All moorland excursions from Torquay by rail must start from Newton Abbot, changing there either for the Moretonhampstead Branch or Totnes and Plymouth.

With these clear directions before you I trust you will have no trouble in reaching the outskirts of Dartmoor Forest, into the further beauties and interest of which I am impatient to lead you.



Photo by]

BRIDGE OVER THE TAVY, TAVISTOCK.

[1 antique, Tavistock.

DARTMOOR

And its Surroundings :

What to See and How to Find It.

CHAPTER I.

ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE THE TRAVELLER TO THE "DUCHY."

I FEEL I have undertaken an arduous task in attempting within the limits of this small volume to put before a reader's eyes such a picture, history, and guide to Dartmoor as may be of practical use to him when he gets there.

You are coming from a distance to see "The Moor" for the first time. We, here in the West, have known it all our lives ; we have been trained year by year in the knowledge of it ; and every year we feel how much more there is to be learnt.

The writer of this book can remember, when a little child, being taken by her father nearly every day to see it in the distance, and being told that when she was old enough she should go to the "Blue Hills," a promise duly fulfilled, and begetting that love of the Moor which never perishes. But it is another task to write for you the story the Moorland tells. It is like attempting to describe beloved features, or coldly summing up the character of our dearest, whose faults are known, yet condoned for very love.

Yet I want you to share our pleasure in Dartmoor; and I am undertaking to write this book because I think the volume is really needed. I have read many books about the Moor—pleasant books full of information, giving new interest to familiar places, and leading us to seek fresh spots beyond them. In none of these, however, have I found practical details for finding the way, so essential to the traveller. While giving descriptions of circles, tors, and bridges, the author rarely adds, "This is the nearest way"; "Here you turn to the right or left." I have had to learn the Moor by experience, hard walking, excursions often very fatiguing, and not seldom losing the way. I do not think this is necessary. Adventures are to the adventurous; but while some enjoy them, others are deterred by the first obstacle. The best part of Dartmoor must be seen on foot: indeed, it has truly been said that you cannot feel the spirit of the Moor until the turf is beneath your tread.

If you then will come with me, I will try and take you to those places most worth seeing, possibly to some little known. We shall jog over hill and dale, now taking some easy route where road or rail are available, then again setting ourselves steadfastly to cross the bogs or climb the tors; and I trust that the charm of each locality will reward you for the effort of reaching it.

You left the throbbing heart of England, the most populous city in the world, this morning; and a journey of not many hours has brought you into the loneliest and wildest part of the country, so untamable, so unchangeable, that the dweller of bygone days, did he return, would probably find but little alteration in the lapse of centuries.

There, where he hunted the wolf (and wolves were found on Dartmoor as late as Elizabeth's reign), he would recognise the contour of the rolling slopes, the shapes of the rugged tors. Though somewhat damaged by weather, his tin streamings are still traceable; the hut circle and stone avenue, though broken and defaced, are yet evident on the hillside.

The moorman of the present day knows very little more of London town than did his ancestor centuries

ago. He regards you who breakfasted in London and have crossed the country since the morning with stolid surprise, as one who has done a "powerful lot o' travelling, sure 'nuff"; but he considers it an incomprehensible and unnecessary exertion. In a talkative mood he may with assumed modesty affirm that there is nothing much on the Moor for gentry to care about, at the same time extolling the air as the finest in the world, wherein he is not far wrong.

But you, if you have any taste for novelty, if you feel any of that exhilaration the exploring of the unknown awakens, have had your curiosity sharpened ever since the Great Western train came through the White Ball Tunnel. Somerset, with its Saxon traditions, was left behind, and Devon, replete with histories of an elder race, spread before you.

From the "ancient and loyal" city of Exeter the train speeds along the banks of the Exe. At Dawlish and Teignmouth the line runs close to the sea. Then the estuary of the Teign appears, a broad sheet of water that at high tide is like a beautiful lake. You should have looked your full upon it, for you will see the Teign in many places and under many aspects before we have done with its birthplace, Dartmoor.

And on the other side of the line, against the western sky, you should have noted the three great tors—Ripon Tor, Saddle Tor, and Hey Tor, the outlying defences of the Moor, behind whose purple heights you must stand before you are in Dartmoor Forest, in the Duchy of Cornwall.

The Moor is divided into four quarters: north, south, east, and west; and, with its outlying commons, comprises about 130,000 acres of land, thus making the Prince of Wales owner of the largest practically free shooting in England, the Duchy licence being granted for the whole when sportsmen ask for permission to enjoy the very rough shooting of the Moor.

From time to time "perambulations" have taken place since the "castle of Lydford and Dartmoor Forest" were granted by Henry III. to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, about the year 1248. But it is very

difficult to define the bounds of Dartmoor Forest, and this is no place to discuss their intricacies. I shall be content with giving you a list of the towns in Venville as compiled by Rowe, that you may have some idea when you are standing in Dartmoor proper.

Rowe begins at the north, and proceeds eastwards: Belstone, South Tawton, Throwleigh, Gidleigh, Chagford, North Bovey, Manaton, Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, Holne, Buckfastleigh, Dean Prior, South Brent, Shaugh Prior, Meavy, Sheeps Tor, Walkhampton, Sampford Spiney, Whitchurch, Cudlipptown, Taverton Tything, Peter Tavy, Lydford, Bridestow, and Sourton.

"Venville," the old Norman-French word, signifies the tenants of the "vill," or manor, round the Moor. These have claim to "venville rights," "everything that may do them good save vert and venison," as Risdon tells us. "*Vert*" is green wood. Thus the moorman gets his peat fuel free, and free pasture for his cattle, which are branded or marked in the ear with the mark of the quarter. In return the venville tenants must serve at the Forest courts and appear when summoned to the periodical drifts of cattle.

Venville rights still exist, and the Duchy tenantry are most tenacious of them. But another word we shall frequently hear, as we talk about Dartmoor, belongs to customs that are obsolete; for with the decay of the mining the "Stannary" Parliament passed away, and the Stannary towns of Tavistock, Plympton, Ashburton, and Chagford had no more to do with the weighing and marking of the metal and administering those sharp mining laws whose code was so severe.

The cattle drifts used to be more frequent than they now are; but at intervals the cattle and ponies are driven in to see that no strange animals are transgressing on the Duchy. Each man picks out his own; those unclaimed are pounded for a while at Dennabridge Pound, and then sold for the benefit of the Duchy. Few are stolen or lost, though they sometimes stray very far, report says even to Bodmin! And doubtless the mires, the "Dartmoor stables," now and then claim a victim.

Many who see Dartmoor for the first time cavil at the

term forest, and sarcastically inquire, "Where are the trees?" For, save in exceptional places, Dartmoor is not a place of leafage. Large trunks that have been now and then found in the bogs suggest a greater extent of woodland at some earlier date, but hardly enough to represent forest acres. We must understand the term forest much like the old Persian "paradise"—a hunting ground, not necessarily woodland. Such Dartmoor must have been while the red deer thrived there. They lingered as late as 1847, when the Duke of Bedford was asked to hunt them out, because they did so much damage to the cultivation round the Moor.

When Risdon wrote his "Survey of Devon," two centuries ago, he described Dartmoor as "a place richer in the bowels than in the face thereof." Such it has long since ceased to be. Either the tin and copper have failed, or the expense of working them by modern methods is too great to be worth while. As in every place where there is granite, gold has been found, and the quantity was once considered important enough for the Duchy to claim all such findings for the Crown. Of greater importance were the tin mines, and the old tin streamings go back unto a date of unknown antiquity. As you plod the Moor in search of cairn or circle you come upon the traces of these old "streamings," and in every quarter stand the deserted shafts, still wheels, tumbledown buildings, which mark the ruined mines, and unfortunately remind us of ruined owners. Mr. Baring Gould in a recent novel, "Guavas the Tinner," gives a very interesting picture of the life of a Dartmoor tinner two or three centuries ago, wherein much dry-as-dust information may be pleasantly acquired.

No part of England abounds with so many "antiquities" in so small a compass as Dartmoor. In every quarter you find hut villages, stone circles, kist-vaens, and cyclopean buildings that will ever be the puzzle of antiquarians; and the lapse of centuries makes hardly less mysterious the rude crosses, symbols of a later faith, always repeating one story over and over again, though the history of their own erection on the Moor be forgotten.

We are going to reach these way-marks in the world's history by-and-by, for unless you see Grimspound, Post Bridge, Scorhill Circle, and Merivale Avenues, you will have learnt nothing of the mysterious nations who must once have peopled this barren moor.

Like most mountain ranges, Dartmoor has its dangers. They are comprised in two words: "mist" and "mire." Except when the mists hide them, the mires or bogs should be avoidable, though in some places a certain amount of "bog-trotting" may be demanded of you. The deep, treacherous mires are marked by the bright green of the moss that veneers the surface, and veils the black, peaty ooze underneath.

The mists are far more unpleasing. In fact, Dartmoor weather leaves much to be desired. In that high region, the birthplace of so many rivers, there is a superabundance of fog and rain, in the winter fog more or less continuous, in the summer too frequent for satisfaction. Nor can you quite judge how to take the weather. I have had three gloriously fine days, when the snow capped every tor, and the scenery was Alpine in its appearance; and in July I have not been able to stir for the fog. On a seemingly fine day the mist will come sweeping down, obscuring everything, so that the only safe thing is to sit still and await its lifting. I have been at Hey Tor unable to see the rock, and know instances of people staying all night on the face of the Moor, not daring to stir lest they should lose the way.

The winter snowstorms are often very terrible, with loss of life, not of the cattle only, but of the courageous men who perish as they go out to drive the animals in.

One reason why it is so easy to be lost on Dartmoor is the absence of roads. People who know the Scotch highlands and the Yorkshire wolds exclaim that they have never seen so pathless a waste as Dartmoor. Until quite lately the pack-horse conveyed everything, driving was unknown, and no waggon-road existed. If you look at the map you will see that only one road runs across the Moor, from Moretonhampstead to Tavistock, cutting the forest in half. This road is hardly more than a century old. Another road passes nearly round the

Moor, starting at Moreton, going up to Okehampton, down through Lydford and Tavistock, up again to Prince Town, joining the central road at Two Bridges, with a cross-road from Two Bridges to Dartmeet, and thence by Poundsgate and Holne Chase to Ashburton. Between and below these main roads are tor and bog and rolling heather, streams without number, and the sources of the rivers, so nearly impassable that a walk of two or three miles as the crow flies will be an arduous and fatiguing undertaking.

You must be blessed with a good "bump of locality" to find your way in that trackless region, know fairly well the names of the tors surrounding you, and be ready to rely upon your wits for finding the way, since you may walk for the day and never meet a soul.

A good map is very difficult to find. There were virtually none until the last Ordnance Survey, when a special and thorough investigation was made of the Moor. The very best I know is in Mr. Page's "Exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities," a book I hope you will bring with you, as well as read before coming. It is the very best up-to-date book on the subject, and full of that historical and antiquarian information I have not the space to discuss.

So many beautiful places lie on the fringe of the Moor that, though they are outside Forest bounds, I cannot leave these "surroundings" unvisited, lest you should justly complain our tour is incomplete. That we may make our excursions as easily as possible, my intention is to make headquarters at convenient places, most of which can be reached by rail, and whence we will find our way into the beauties of the Moor.

CHAPTER II.

EXCURSIONS ROUND BOVEY TRACEY.

The Moretonhampstead Railway—Teigngrace—Bovey Heath—Bovey—Excursions from the “Dolphin,” Hey Tor—The Moorland View—Widdecombe-in-the-Moor—Bowerman’s Nose—Manaton—Becky Falls—Lustleigh.

IF you asked me whence to make a start for Dartmoor excursions, I should unhesitatingly reply, “Bovey Tracey.” Although outside the actual boundaries of the Moor, Bovey has many advantages; and Dartmoor Forest is easily reached from it either by road or rail.

The line runs beside the Teign, narrowed but yet a broad stream, and tidal for a short distance. Just beyond Teigngrace station a disused canal, overgrown with alders and tangled weeds, lies on the right-hand side of the line. Some old barges, rotten, tumbling to pieces, bearing festoons of wild flowers on their broken planks, make a picturesque group in the dark water, where they lie below a rusty crane. These are the last relics of the building of London Bridge. The granite was brought from Hey Tor by the “Granite Railway” (which we shall presently see), placed upon barges in this canal, shipped in the Teign, and so conveyed to London.

Passing between the two sides of Stover Park, we pause at Heathfield junction that passengers for Chudleigh and Ashton may change trains. We now cross Bovey Heath. There are clay pits on either side, and the drainpipes, chimneypots, ornamental tiles, etc., of the Heathfield potteries suggest brisk business.

Bovey Heatn demands the attention of the botanist and geologist. It takes little discernment to perceive that it is the basin of a lake, gradually filled up by the

disintegrated granite from the Moor; it is now remarkable as the only example of the miocene formation in England. The lignite, "Bovey coal," as it is locally called, is full of cones, leaves, ferns, and other traces of ancient forest. Attempts have from time to time been made to use it as fuel, never successfully, as it burns badly, and smells worse. It was even found impossible to use it to heat the kilns at Bovey Potteries. The china clay which overlays it, formed from the silt of the granite, is a valuable commercial property. At Bovey there are potteries, where coarse china ware is made, but the clay is dug at several places in the neighbourhood and exported down the Teign all over the world, some of the finest Staffordshire china being made from it. Bovey Heath also has an interesting flora, especially of marsh plants. The lesser butterwort (*Pinguicula lusitanica*) grows there; both the sundews; the dwarf willow; and in every direction, as you tread the marshy soil, you brush against the delicious sweet-gale or bog myrtle.

But here we are at Bovey station, and if you have not secured lodgings (there are plenty of comfortable ones to be had) we will go to the "Dolphin" or the "Railway," those justly popular hotels.

Bovey Tracey was, says Risdon, the "ancient inheritance of the Tracies, Barons of Barnstaple." They have also historical notoriety for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket; and the ill-luck of the family has ever since been proverbial:—

"The Tracies

Always have the wind in their faces."

The fine old church which stands at the top of the town is dedicated to the Saint, and is popularly said to have been built by William de Tracey in expiation of the murder. The architecture is really in parts of earlier date. Devonshire church screens are as famous as Somersetshire towers, and at St. Thomas', Bovey, there is one of the best in the county. It is of carved wood, and painted. The figures in the panels are no doubt an attempt to restore old work; but, instead of each differing, the same four figures are repeated again and again.

However, Bovey folk will tell you that these represent St. Thomas and his murderers! Possibly this may have been the painter's idea, as the panels have upon them a bishop, a king, and two other people, who we may suppose are William de Tracey and Reginald Fitzurse, who killed the Saint in Canterbury Cathedral. The pulpit of St. Thomas is very interesting, being old plaster work of the same pattern and painting as the screen, with very good figures raised on it.

Near the potteries stands the new church of St. John, built by the "good Earl of Devon," small, but a beautiful piece of modern architecture, with a reredos by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Bovey House of Mercy is a sisterhood connected with Clewer. The town is rich in ancient crosses, possessing three. That outside the town hall has been recently restored, and stands very finely against the building. At St. Thomas' is another, replaced by the Earl of Devon, and down the lane leading to Lustleigh a third may be found by the careful observer, built against the wall. It is an inscribed shaft, on rude steps, and seems to have been a mark of the bounds, as it was formerly beaten by the Mayor of Bovey on "Mayor's Day."

On the west side, four miles above the town, rises that range of the three tors already mentioned, the outlying defence of the Moor, and you are probably longing to reach their rugged tops.

A choice of conveyances is at your disposal; for at either hotel you can hire a carriage or a saddle horse, or take the coach trip that daily goes from point to point on the Moor, giving, in the course of three days, a range from Hey Tor as far as New Bridge and Holne Chase, comprising really wild and distant places, including Grimspound. In any case I advise you to avail yourself of the coach to see Buckland Drives, as they are private, only being open to visitors three times a week, and then with many restrictions.

It is a merry sight on a summer morning to see the coaches start from the "Dolphin," and a sense of exhilaration is increased if we are to be among the passengers, for however fond we are of walking or

cycling, I think every Briton feels a satisfaction in finding himself behind a good team—and how good the “Dolphin” horses are, we shall presently perceive.

A brief delay to pick up any passengers who may have come by train, and we are off up that stiff uncompromising Hey Tor road, four miles all up-hill. Only those who have often walked it can really appreciate being driven all the way. The team, two chestnuts and two greys, take their own time over it, knowing they have a long day’s work before them.

Three dogs accompany us, two fox terriers and a Dalmatian, which scour the moor hither and thither, taking three times the distance in the run.

Luncheon we take with us, for Dartmoor does not provide wayside refreshments, and a sharp edge of hunger fills the keen fresh air. They know all about this at the “Dolphin,” and offer buns, biscuits, or sandwiches at starting, while the coach carries a further supply, besides bottled ale and lemonade. When the moor gate below Hey Tor is reached, the driver politely asks some of the gentlemen to walk up the very steep bit at the corner of the road, thus saving the horses. Below the Rock, a long pause is made, those who wish to clamber to the top quitting the coach, while the lightened vehicle takes the long steep pull upwards, and awaits them on the top of the hill. Off we then go, through Whitegate, and on the road below Ripon Tor towards Buckland Beacon. Descending again from our seats, we follow, somewhat like “well-bred ducks, all in a row straight one behind another,” the moor path that skirts a wall, and finally leads us out upon the rock of the Beacon, whence we can enjoy the broad view spread at our feet: the valley of the Dart, Holne and Buckland woods, beyond, Aune Head and Cator’s Beam, stern and bare, Corndon and Yar Tor to the right, and away, away in the distance the white roofs of Prince Town—some one is sure to point out Prince Town, because the moor folk regard it as the principal interest of Dartmoor. Down, down hill, over the turf we descend to find the coach awaiting us under the trees that shade the tiny village of Buckland-in-the-Moor, the driver having

taken advantage of the ramble to get down the steep, stony road. The charm of Dartmoor lies in its contrasts. From barren rocky hills we suddenly reach deep woodlands, and the shade is especially refreshing after the glare of the open moor. The horses pause on the tiny bridge to let us look at the gems of thatched cottages, with their gardens full of ferns and fuchsias; the bridge crosses the dashing Webburn, on its way into the Dart.

Facing us is a hill like the side of a house, with the road so narrow that the groom goes on ahead to see if the way is clear; the gentlemen are asked to walk, the driver flourishes his whip, and whistles to cheer the horses, and the gallant four take the hill at a gallop in a fashion simply marvellous.

This brings us up to the higher lodge of Buckland Court, and into the celebrated drives. We stop—the horses deserve a breathing space! Those who care to do so may enter the quaint little church, which stands inside the Park. Some of the party will probably afterwards prefer to walk down the steep hill that winds under the trees to the Dart, and passing the lower lodge we read a notice that “No dogs are admitted.” This naturally leads to the inquiry, “Where have our companions gone?”

And the groom laughingly shows them to us shut up in the boot of the coach, evidently quite happy in the imprisonment to which they are well accustomed. After the gates are closed behind us, the Webburn crossed, they are released, and recommence their ramblings over the moor.

There is a pause of an hour at Newbridge, the horses are taken out for a well-earned rest, while the excursionists disperse to amuse themselves as they please. Some walk through Holne Chase, with the intention of picking the coach up again on the other side of the woods; others linger by the river, lunch, chat, sketch, or take photographs, as their inclinations suggest, until it is time to take seats again and drive through the woods. Holne Hill is one of the longest and steepest in Dartmoor, the road very good, and apt after dry weather to be

like an iron slide. There are three brakes on the coach, and a ship's rope lashed round the wheels as well, to keep all back; and down we go, round winding turnings, until Holne Bridge is reached, assuredly the very loveliest of all the many bridges on Dartmoor. How thankful drivers and horses must feel when this worst part of the trip is over, and we are quietly trotting into Ashburton, taking the way back through Bickington, the team going as gaily as if they had started fresh, and everybody ready for the generous spread in the shape of a meat tea which awaits us at the "Dolphin."

The Holne drive is one of the best of which to avail yourself, as I have said, because Buckland woods are subjected to so many restrictions; but for the tourist who wants to see the moor, and prefers taking a coach drive to the more arduous effort of footing it, and can, perhaps, only make one such excursion, I would say, go on the Wednesday to Widdecombe and Grimspound, a round of thirty miles, affording the most extensive sight of Dartmoor imaginable.

Beginning again with the Hey Tor road, the coach passes through Whitegate, and descends Widdecombe Hill. I counsel the nervous to insist upon walking down Widdecombe Hill, for a more fearful descent to drive down on the top of a coach cannot well be imagined. One expects to be overturned every moment; the horses ears look to be below us, and the bottom of the descent is nowhere visible. An hour's halt in the village gives plenty of time for seeing the church, and lunching at the quaint little inn, when you will be surprised to find that though the coach comes regularly nothing is prepared, and the landlady has a weary air as if money-making on this scale were far too much trouble. Some well-intentioned people are hoping to "open up" Devon, but they will first have to put some energy into certain Devonians, and it will, I think, take more than another century to do this!

From Widdecombe the drive runs for a little while among lanes, curving into that valley which lies beyond Hamildon, the great hill which shelters the back of Widdecombe. It is a fine example of the curious mixture

of wild country and fertile pasture land, everywhere to be met with on Dartmoor—we are making the way down to Cator Court, and with a change as sudden as those of a kaleidoscope the cultivation vanishes, wild moor spreads on either side cut by brawling streams. The road by Cator Court has hitherto been called “private,” that is to say, it belongs to the owner of the house and not to the local authorities. I believe that lately the latter have taken it over, since (after the fashion of Devonian roads everywhere) all comers availed themselves of its usefulness. Some of the party will perhaps prefer to walk over a short cut, which is not a possible driving road, while the coach clammers a very steep rough hill.

But those who have stayed have the advantage of getting a yet further view into Dartmoor, and on a clear day it is possible to see far beyond Prince Town, in blue, hazy distance. Regaining our passengers we creep up until below Grimspound, which is not actually visible from the road, but rises into sight as we walk over the moor. We reach the ancient hut village; Challacombe avenues stand up white and erect on the ridge opposite. “Warren House Inn” can be seen, and Vitifer mines. For the benefit of those who do not know the locality, the driver acts as guide, and after taking the party through Grimspound, leads them over the corner of Hookner Tor, to rejoin the coach at the top of the hill. So vast, so wild is Dartmoor, that no amount of excursionists can make it commonplace. Last year I took this drive with a friend who is no walker; we were a party of eighty, in four coaches, and by the time they were scattered over the face of the moorland where Grimspound lies, they seemed a mere handful of individuals, whose voices were lost in the sound of the breeze, and whose persons were of no more account than the lumps of granite or the cattle that lie on the face of the moor.

For the next four or five miles the coach crosses the wild hilly road that stretches over the centre of the moor, and veering off at Becktor Cross passes along the lanes that thread the country above Manaton, going through the village by Becky Falls, and so back into

Bovey. It is a wonderful bit of work for the horses, and one is glad to know that as soon as they get in they have a mash with a bottle of gin in it; the drivers at the "Dolphin" having tried many "pick-me-ups" for the teams after this tremendous effort, and finding gin the best of all!

I am, however, going to take it for granted that you are coming over Dartmoor with me on foot, which, if you are a good walker, is really the most satisfactory way of seeing the country. We shall find our roads everywhere well provided with signposts, a fortunate circumstance, since in these lonely localities you may walk for miles without meeting a soul of whom to ask the way. You will observe that the moorland signpost is in many cases a good stout shaft, with the names painted down the sides, and usually so placed as to be sheltered from the rough winds, which would blow an ordinary way-post to pieces. On some of the high ground a stone with the initials of the localities serves as a way-mark, but the traveller must know what this means to avail himself of it.

Passing over the level crossing below Bovey station, the road goes for four miles up the hill to Hey Tor. On the way, near where a lovely brook babbles across the road, the remains of a granite track are to be seen. It looks most ancient, but is really the Granite Railway, already mentioned, fallen into disuse and ruin, one of the many speculations that have failed in attempting to get money out of stony Dartmoor.

A moor gate closes the top of the road; you will find them everywhere: they are put to prevent the cattle from straying. The twin rocks of Hey Tor now rise boldly before us; it is the finest tor of all, and might really not be ill-named a "tower," if that be, as some antiquarians have conjectured, the original derivation of the "tor."

But before you take the final steep pull up the turf, you may have the curiosity to turn down the lane to the left, where there are a few cottages and the little "Rock Inn." If we have brought no luncheon and are hungry (there's nothing like moor air for giving one an appetite) we can get a capital meal of eggs and bacon here, with good cider as well. Farther beyond is the mine,

no longer worked, of magnetic iron ore, where plenty of bright fragments are strewn about handy for the collector.

Heytor Rock is in the parish of Ilsington, which lies about a mile or so below, and is worthy of a few words of mention. The little place is hardly more than a cluster of pretty thatched cottages grouped round a 14th century church, built of granite with the familiar sturdy tower.



Photo by

HEY TOR.

[Blampey & Son.]

Inside there is a beautiful screen, though unfortunately the painted panels have perished. The special interest of the church is the unusual roof, the corbels of the nave terminating with image tabernacles, each of which still shows its carved saint; while beautiful perfect carvings decorate the bosses above. Epitaph hunters must look at the tomb outside the south wall, on which a curious

Latin "Chronogram" combines a prayer for the dead man with the date of his death. Ruins of some earlier building belonging to the church stand in the churchyard. In Ilington was born John Ford, a 17th century dramatist still remembered though his work is not of very great merit. He was one of the "Fords of Sigford," now a farm and mill in the valley below. Bagtor Farm is one of the prettiest places in the parish, and either here or in



[Photo 19]

THE LOGAN STONE: HAY TOR.

[Illustration by John.]

the village lodgings are to be had, where those who enjoy being "buried in the country" will find themselves among the most delightful surroundings of wood and stream and breezy moorland, replete with interests for the artist, archaeologist, and angler. I may add that Ilington is to be reached best from Newton, though the nearest stations would be Heathfield, or Bovey Tracy.

No one has seen Hay Tor who has not climbed the rock so we used to be told; there are steps cut and a railing

put by them. If it is at all windy the top is a very breezy place indeed, and we must look out for our hats!

Now you can see the low mountain range of Dartmoor Forest rolling away before you, belt beyond belt of undulating tableland. In the valley below lies Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, with Hamildon behind it. Down this valley a belt of fertility fills the hollow to Leusdon; on the left beyond it are the woods of Holne Chase, Buckland Drives, with Buckland Beacon. The conical hill conspicuous in the south is Brent Beacon. Ugborough Beacon stands beyond again, with Three Barrow Tor. Far away to the right, on the north, is Cawsand Beacon, which used to dispute height with dim Yes Tor, near it.

Looking close at hand, we see every ridge is topped with rock or "tor" of more or less importance. Hunter Tor, on the right, is a fine group of rock; Hound Tor can be singled out from among the wild "clatter" on the hill-side. They recall to us the legends of the "Wild Huntsman and the Whisht Hounds" who howl and hunt over the Moor on winter nights, the Whisht hounds being the souls of unbaptized babes.

It is a wild scene, the dim distance melting into thin air, until you cannot tell whether the furthest line is cloud or moor. Odd patches of fertility break into it; smiling townlets lie in the hollows; the graceful perpendicular towers characteristic of Devon cut the air. Groups of shaggy cattle and ponies nestle under the rocks for shadow if the day is hot; the little Dartmoor sheep are scarcely distinguishable from the granite clatter.

Humanity is as much belittled as the animals: picnic parties and excursionists come up to Hey Tor, and are lost to view among the boulders; their laughter and chatter ring as harmlessly in the air as the bird-cries; it is impossible to vulgarise the Moor.

The "little rock" of Hey Tor, which near at hand seems the bigger of the two, can also be ascended; but it is a more difficult achievement, especially in getting down again.

Crossing the Moor, coming perchance upon the end of that luckless Granite Railway, now transformed by



Photo by]

WIDDECOMBE CHURCH: THE CATHEDRAL OF THE MOOR.

[Blampsey & Son.

kindly Dame Nature into a pretty little pool, we pass Saddle Tor on the left, and go through White-gate. Here on the right, close under the wall, you may make your first acquaintance with a hut circle—there is one left, perhaps a relic out of many destroyed in putting up the wall; this is still very clear, with the stones all left in position—and having satisfied our curiosity over it we can turn to the left for Ripon Tor.

Only an ordnance cairn tops the summit of the “clatter,” but a long rock at the south side of it attracts attention. This is the Ripon Tor logan rock, which has unfortunately recently become jammed, and logs no longer.

The story of “Widdecombe Fair” is one of the quaintest of Mr. Baring Gould’s “Songs of the West,” and the best known of them all among the Devon folk. It tells the tale of how “Jan Pearce’s” grey mare was borrowed by a friend,

“For I wants to go to Widdecombe Fair,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all.”

But as neither the mare nor the party returned, Jan went to look after them, and

“When ‘e got to the top o’ the hill,
‘E see’d his old mare a-making of her will.”

For the poor old mare “took her sick, and her died,” and when you get to the top of the hill you won’t wonder! For steep and bad and stony is the way to Widdecombe, long down, and oh, so long up again! But you want to stand in Dartmoor, so we will descend to this the nearest place in “Venville.”

Widdecombe Church has been justly named the cathedral of the Moor; no one sees without astonishment the size of the building and the height of the tower of this obscure village church, where a mere handful of houses cluster in the dip through which the Webburn flows towards the Dart. It has been suggested that at the date it was built the tinnerns on the Moor were numerous enough to give large congregations to the very few churches. The tower of Widdecombe, later in date than

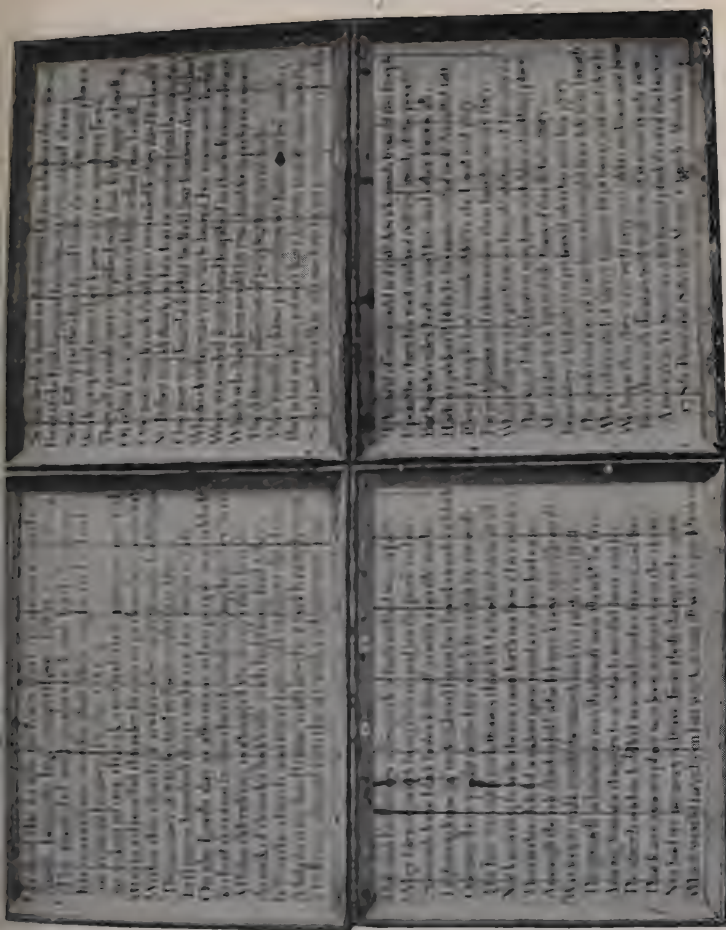


Photo by

THE TABLET IN WIDECOMBE CHURCH TOWER.

[Blampsey & Son.

the rest of the building, is said to have been erected as a thank-offering by some of these miners.

The top of the screen at Widdecombe has been destroyed, but the painted panels are left, all along the bottom, each with the figure of a Saint upon it, and the curious who study them will find them not hard to distinguish with their emblems. If you have not before been into a Devonshire church, you may be interested to know that these screens and painted panels are universal, dating from the fourteenth century, with such similarity in carvings and pictures that it can only be surmised that some particular "School" of artists must have been responsible for them all. Widdecombe is rich in crosses: there is one in the churchyard, another built into the vicarage wall, two or three more or less damaged have been carried into the church and lean up against the screen.

A row of quaint old almshouses stands close to the lych-gate; the branches of the church yew nearly touch them, the tree growing upon the base of the village cross. At the little inn opposite you can get a good luncheon, and eat it in a low-ceiled room with a deep window seat. Hard by the blacksmith's forge rings all day long, the rippling stream brawls through the valley, and that is all the village of Widdecombe.

Behind the forge, if we go down the road, is a pretty little well, natives call it Saxon, but the building round it looks later; it makes a pretty picture in the corner, with a sparkling water bubbling up under the sturdy granite stones that cover it in.

But Widdecombe Fair still exists, a sheep fair held on the second Tuesday in September, and then Widdecombe is a very stirring place indeed; and "you may see some proper ship" (sheep) "there," as an old farmer once said to me. They are mostly ruddled, that is, coloured red, and they fill up the green all round the church with pens, where they stand and bleat until they are sold and driven off over the Moor. In the inn there is a grand lunch of cold meats to be had, and you may hear the finest Devonshire imaginable talked all round you; and if you belong to the county your tongue slips into the

dialect quite naturally. And you will most certainly meet "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all"; ay, and recognise them too, with the grey mare herself.

Widdecombe on a summer's day does not however suggest its evil reputation as the haunt of his Satanic Majesty. "What do you know about your ghostly enemy?" asked the west-country parson in Sunday-school. "Please, sir, he lives to Widdecombe," came the prompt reply.

From the bitter cold of the winter fog and snow, from the wild winds that sweep down the valley, and, howling round Bell Tor, Hunter Tor, and Hounds Tor, echo the yell of the Whisht hounds, has Widdecombe earned its reputation. The story of the great storm everywhere repeated keeps this notoriety alive.

In October, 1638, on a Sunday when all the folk were in church, the tower was struck, and shows marks of the rents to this day; and the thunderbolt fell into the church, setting it on fire, injuring many of the congregation, while a storm of never-to-be-forgotten awfulness swept over the Moor. A long rude poem painted up in the tower tells the marvels of this storm, its ravages, and the miraculous (very miraculous) escapes which then occurred.

The verses are said to have been written by Hill, the village schoolmaster, who was related to Roger Hill, one of the victims of the storm.

Local legend has minute particulars to account for this fearful thunderstorm. At Poundsgate, near Leusdon, an old woman who happened to be at home that morning saw a man ride up on a coal-black horse. He inquired the way to Widdecombe and asked for a drink. This she gave him, and the awful identity of the stranger was revealed by the liquor hissing as it went down his throat! She fled with a scream, and the Evil One galloped all the way to Widdecombe. Here every one was in church, but, alas! a member of the congregation was asleep. This gave the devil his opportunity: he snatched up the culprit and flew with him through the roof of the church

tower, vanishing away with his victim on the wings of a storm so terrific, that it has never been forgotten.

Some say that the soul of the sleeper was due that day to the devil, who came to fetch him and caught him literally "napping."

There are four roads 'out of Widdecombe, without much to choose between them as regards steepness and stones.

Taking that to the north-west, we shall wind up the hill towards Manaton, and a walk of between four or five miles will bring us opposite Hayne Down, on which the strange rock figure "Bowerman's Nose" stands conspicuous against the sky. It is not surprising that past antiquaries have regarded this piece of natural formation as a rock idol,

"A granite god,
To whom in days long flown the suppliant knee
In homage bowed."

Carrington's lines are probably mere conjecture, and no more reliable than the tradition that "Bowerman" lived in the locality at the time of the Conquest. He must have had something peculiarly striking in the pattern of his nose! Still we like to keep our "Bowerman" as a personality, and feel hardly grateful to modern learning, which comes down upon us with ponderous weight and says we have ignorantly corrupted the Celtic name of *Vawr Maen*, the Great Stone.

Manaton is a typical English village. There is the green, surrounded with trees, where the geese are feeding, the thatched cottages, the church under the hill, and near it Church House, where you may lodge under a roof that has sheltered many celebrities; but the rugged rocks of Manaton Tor, just behind the church, give it an unmistakable local character. Each tor on the Moor has its distinguishing feature. Manaton flaunts from every cranny banners of holly and mountain ash, glorious in autumn with glowing berries.

In the church the saints on the carved screen have been sadly mutilated, their faces being scored through with a chisel by some barbaric hand; the cross, too, was taken away by one of the rectors, in a spirit of mistaken zeal.



Photo by

HECKY FALLS

[Blampy 25.5m]

Following the Bovey road below Manaton, we soon reach Becky Falls. The stream runs through the woods, and dashes over granite boulders; there is of course the inevitable mill leat above it, and in summer, when the water is drawn away for the mill, Becky Falls present the appearance of a fall of mossy stones, among which flash mere glimmers of water. But in autumn the stream dashes merrily downwards, splashing under the trees, which take the loveliest tints all along the valley.

What a beautiful gorge it is, this valley of the Becky! Leaving the falls, we emerge upon the "Terrace." The road, made during recent years, is one of the finest in the county. It circles Reddaford Down, and from it you look up the gorge, with the woods filling all the hollow until the crags of Lustleigh Cleave take the place of trees. At the bottom runs the Becky, under Horseman's Steps.

The turning to the left, at the foot of the Terrace, leads to Lustleigh, but you will probably prefer going from Bovey by train. It is the next station on the line. Although Lustleigh has no part in Dartmoor Forest, it would be a pity not to pay a short visit to this unique Devonshire village; nowhere else will you see so much granite. One would imagine that giants from Lustleigh Cleave had amused themselves with throwing rocks all over the place. There's granite in the gardens, granite in the fields; rocks crop up in the middle of the village, and are strewn in every direction. The church stands in the middle of the village, which, from a picturesque point of view, has been rather overbuilt with new houses, for Lustleigh has a well-deserved popularity. The pretty wood which was one of its fairest features has suffered much from thinning, though there are still lovely corners left where the stream falls among rocks and ferns.

Nothing can spoil the Cleave, where the granite, piled up like giants' castles, crowns the gorge, and is spread all the way to the stream below. On the left side, a little searching will discover the Nutcracker Rock, a logan whose name tells its popular use, and scattered nut-shells show the place, though, owing to the growth of the bracken, it has somewhat lost its powers.

In the church there is a fine screen, and two recumbent figures, a knight and a lady. The knight is Sir William Prouze, of Gidleigh Castle, near Chagford. On the threshold of the south door lies a red granite stone with an almost defaced Romano-British inscription, over which dispute the antiquarians who disagree as to the curiosities of Dartmoor. But now that I have mentioned Chagford you remind me that we have spent time enough in these rural prettinesses, and it is time that we found our way further into the Moor.

CHAPTER III.

FROM MORETONHAMPSTEAD INTO THE MOOR.

*Moreton—Fingle Bridge—Bradmere Pool—Drewsteignton Cromlech
—North Bovey—Easdon—Grimspond—Hookner Tor—Hamil-
don—Vitifer—Bennet's Cross—Warren House—Post Bridge.*

MORETONHAMPSTEAD is the terminus of the line. As the train creeps upwards from Lustleigh the effort of making the line at all must strike the traveller. For some distance a sheer wall of granite rises on either side; the surroundings are wild and picturesque; and when the train stops in the valley, the town is yet above the station on the hill.

The town needs little remark. At the "White Hart Hotel" the coaches stop which take excursionists from Moreton to Postbridge, Two Bridges, and Tavistock. They only run from June to September, and will carry a bag or some small amount of luggage, but do not undertake to convey heavy boxes over the Moor. On the east side of the town stands the church, with a row of picturesque seventeenth-century almshouses beyond it. Close to the gate is the "Dancing Tree" immortalized by Mr. Blackmore in "Christowell." The old elm needs enshrining in literature, for it is dying fast; the hollow trunk and withered branches are no longer strong enough to support the platform on which in bygone years the maids and lads of Moreton used to foot it with fantastic toe. It has also been known as the "Punchbowl Tree," Mrs. Bray recording how in her husband's boyhood, when at school

in Moreton, he knew the "President of the Punchbowl Tree," "a very old and very grotesque tree, cut and clipped into the form of a punchbowl, whilst a table and seats were literally affixed within the green enclosure, to which they ascended with a little ladder like the companion-ladder of a ship."

At the foot of the tree is the head of the market cross, all that now remains of it.

Fingle Bridge, though not on Dartmoor, is so completely one of the beauties of Devon, that no one must omit seeing it. It is about four miles from Moreton, and the road leads above the finest piece of the whole gorge of the Teign. Leaving Moreton by the Chagford road, a signpost on the top of the hill directs the way. After some further uphill walking we reach Cranbrook Castle, a British camp on the hill-top, to which we can go through a field gate. Hence you see the gorge to perfection, the hills lacing like a plait, or like interwoven fingers. The lofty height opposite is Prestonbury, where there is another camp. The descent is one of the longest, steepest, roughest hills in Devon, two miles down to the river, with lovely woods on either side, and everywhere breaks and peeps of that splendid gorge, while the colouring in summer of grey rock, greenwood, and purple heather is past description. At the foot of the hills a quaint old bridge spans the river, narrow, with jutting recesses for the shelter of foot-passengers who may meet anything on the way. Below the river splashes and sings among the stones, and the banks are lovely whichever way you turn, Prestonbury coming down in a sheer precipice to the water's edge. In sheltered nooks the osmunda grows, out of sight of the too frequent and, one regrets to add, despoiling tourist.

Crossing the bridge, we ascend the hill opposite to Drewsteignton (the Druids' town on the Teign), a quiet village, with its church perched on the very hill-top, and nothing to detain us, unless we like to lunch at the "Druid Inn." If you are of my tastes you will have had your "snack" on the rocks by the river.

Following the western road out of the village, and threading the winding lanes, another mile or so will bring



FINOLE BRIDGE: A DEVON BEAUTY SPOT.

us to the Spinsters' Rock, the only standing cromlech in Devon, and Bradmere Pool. I mention the latter first, for the cromlech is in the corner of a field, and very difficult to see from the road, while the pool is visible among the woods on the right, and exactly opposite the cromlech.

Bradmere is a little lakelet, said to be formed by the filling up of an old mine. You will not however cavil at its size or origin as you rest under the trees on the bank, watch the heron fly across, and hear the laugh of the woodpecker among the boughs. Then we cross the road, find the gate and the cromlech. The story runs that three sisters, spinsters, raised this one morning before breakfast *pour passer le temps*. Energetic dames they must have been, and as there are four stones, one of them must have carried two.

It is a small cromlech, but that is hardly surprising under the circumstances. The lane comes out into the high-road for Okehampton, and turning downhill, we will return to Moreton over Sandy Park Bridge, and make our way on to the Moor on our next excursion instead of lingering among the rustic prettinesses that fringe its borders.

As we shall be going some distance, perhaps you would like to drive; if so, a vehicle can be hired at the hotels. Starting on the Prince Town road, we will presently turn off for North Bovey, as it is a particularly pretty village lying at the foot of the hill, with a green, shaded by beautiful trees, on which stands a cross, plain and simple, like all the Devon crosses; they have not the elaborate decoration of those in Cornwall and Somerset. We shall also note in North Bovey a fine old house, with a deep porch, over which is the date of 1738. The stream at the foot of the village and the bridge over it are most picturesque. At the top of the hill the road forks for Manaton, but our way is to the right, and if we are on foot we can shorten it by taking the next turning on the right again, ascending Easdon Tor, which has long been discernible in the distance from the golden effect of the furze and bent on its rock-strewn side. The highest rock is the Whooping Stone, on which children with the

whooping cough were placed, under the impression that a sojourn among the sheep that cluster about it was good for the complaint.

There is a fine view up here: North Bovey; Manaton; Bowerman's Nose; the pretty rock group known as "Honey Hags"; Hey Tor and his companions to the south; Kes Tor and Cawand northwards. Indeed, if it is clear, Watern Tor is discernible, and range after range of



Photo by]

THE SPINSTERS' ROCK.

[Blampey & Son.

dim blue hills in the far west. The hill opposite is Hamildon; we shall soon be ascending his steep side. Next is Bug Tor, then Shapley Tor, the waste land below being Shapley Common. Did we follow the road to the right, we should re-enter the Prince Town road at Bee Tor Cross, perhaps seeing the Tavistock coach pass that way.

At Easdon Farm, which we reach as soon as we quit the hill, we may enjoy moorland hospitality, and study

moorland character to perfection. All the cooking is done on the open hearth, with peats, or "bags" as they call them, fetched by the farmer as part of his "venville rights" off the Moor. Sitting on the oaken settle by the hearth, enjoying bread-and-cream, we can get the farmer's wife to tell us of the Jacobean coins, the old jack knife, and apostle spoons which were found in the beams overhead; and if she waxes more confidential she will tell us of the haunted room upstairs, in which no one can sleep. And then, coming to matters of more moment, she will point out the way to Grimspound, for her husband goes there nearly every day in summer to cut and carry his peat.

I have brought you to Easdon as the simplest way to direct you for finding Grimspound, the ancient hut village on the Moor. Close by the house a lane runs downhill to Vogwell (doubtless it should be Fogwell), a farm in the valley. Thence you may follow a field path by the plantations of larch, rhododendrons, and young shrubs which indicate the grounds of the "Squire's" Newtake. Though private property, no one will interfere with us, and inquiries as to the path for Grimspound will be most pleasantly answered. There are a good many gates; we must be sure to shut them carefully behind us, the farmer's eleventh commandment being, "Shut the gate."

It is not possible to miss the rough steep road that climbs the hill-side, torn into ruts by the peat-cutters' trollies. A dancing stream runs in the hollow between Hamildon and Bug Tor. At the top a track more or less visible on the grass shows where the men have taken their peat carts, and this continues all the way to Grimspound, another two miles away. If you happen to be there late in the summer you will meet the moormen carrying their "bags." Each man has a right to so many, and they cut them in particular shapes that every one may know his own.

For a moment we will deviate our path and acquaint ourselves with the appearance of a Dartmoor mire. The emerald green patches are treacherous sphagnum moss, and where the cleft begins between the bosoms of the



two hills there is a broad, bright space dotted with marsh flowers and fringed with pale pink heather. Here the brook rises, becoming in a few yards a good-sized stream. The soil shakes as we venture on the edge; a stone thrown on the moss sinks sullenly, and is lost to sight; and we can guess why, in giving us our directions, the moor folk were so emphatic in telling us to keep up the hill to the right, away from the mire.

Grimspound lies on the right below Hookner Tor, and the moorman's information that "you can't see it till you get there" is very true. The circle is just the colour of the surrounding moor, lies a little below the slope of the hill; the massive stones are so much overgrown with fern and heather that it suddenly appears at our feet when we are wondering how soon we shall get there.

The peat carts have broken a gap in the wall; enter, and the mystery of the place overwhelms you. One of the huts has been restored in all but the roof, and railed in to keep off the cattle. On the north-east a spring rises, known as Grimslake, where the original builders got their water. Even now the vallum, though in ruins, would afford considerable defence to the huts within. They lie all around, with doorposts and threshold stones plainly evident. Mr. Page gives the measures of the enclosures as 154 yards from north to south, 121 from east to west, and 528 yards in circumference. The history of Grimspound is lost in the mists of ages; antiquaries may make what conjectures they please: the truth no one can know! Was it British, or did the Norsemen, who came for tin, build it to defend themselves from the native inhabitants? This supposition has been founded on the discovery of a Norse bronze dagger in a barrow on Hamildon.

It is an easy climb to the top of Hookner Tor, whence a very perfect view of the hut circle is afforded. The gaps and clefts in the Moor close by are the workings of Vitiifer Mine. You can discern the road below; it is that to Lower Cator Farm.

It is rather amusing to watch the coach stop and disgorge its passengers. What many of them expect to

see in a British village may be guessed by the address of a letter I was shown last year :—

“Easdon Farm, Grimspound, Dartmoor.”

By walking across the top of Hamildon in a direction due south from Hookner Tor, we shall find the rude cross on the top of the hill. One arm has gone, and the lettering, “H.C., D.S., 1854,” stands for the name of Hamildon Cross and the Duke of Somerset, who restored it in that year. Some distance farther is the large barrow on the hill. All this is very high ground, and stag’s-horn moss grows under the whortleberry bushes.

Returning to Grimspound, which we cannot see too often, we will cross the Moor towards Vitifer Mine. This was the last of the tin mines in working, and was only abandoned during late years. Mr. Page, whose book was published in 1892, writes, “In the heart of the Moor, Vitifer under Hamildon still makes some return.” Now it is silent and neglected, wheels still, iron girders rusting, a spot of weird markings and deep clefts, which add to the surrounding desolation.

Standing in Grimspound, with Hookner Tor on the right, we look straight across to the saddle of Challacombe Down, and perceive on the edge and crossing the ridge a row of stones that always seem to me to bear an odd resemblance to a number of men, whose backs, each bent with a burden, stoop forward as they laboriously climb the hill. These are the stones of Challacombe avenue, a triple row, which has a rather interesting history.

Rowe writes in the “Perambulation”: “On the saddle of Challacombe Down we shall cross at right angles an important parallellithon, or stone avenue, running north and south, much wider than those at Longstone or Merivale, although the stones are of the same size and character. But, unlike those, Challacombe avenue has a third line of stones, so that instead of a single aisle, a double one is formed. The line of this avenue may be traced clearly for eighty yards.” Thus Rowe, in 1848. Mr. Page, fifty years later, merely

speaks of the remains of an avenue of about eighty yards to be traced on Challacombe Down.

Now, if we scramble (and a considerable scramble it is—much farther than it looks) down the slope below Grimspound and up the side of Challacombe Down, we shall come upon this avenue of the largest, most important-looking stones on the moor, and you will wonder not a little that Mr. Page, who is such an enthusiast where “*parallellithons*” are concerned, hardly touches upon this one. It is in truth a restoration.

Fifty years of weather, of carting away granite, and the other mischances which attack even prehistoric avenues, had, between the time of Rowe’s “*Perambulation*,” and Mr. Page’s book, reduced the Challacombe avenue from an important stone row to remains that were merely traceable.

It was, however, discovered that nearly all the stones were there, “*in situ*,” prone on the moor, overgrown by fern and heather, and one after another they were raised and reset up during recent times. You will observe how white and clean they look, having emerged from their burial place free from those particles of dust and lichen which in time have darkened the more exposed stones.

Before reaching the road, another religious symbol stands on the turf, Bennet’s Cross, the rudest of crosses, giving the impression that those who raised it used a stone as suitable to the purpose as they could find without attempting too much shaping on the hard granite.

Once more we have gained the Prince Town road, which crosses right over the Moor. The little house close by is “*New Inn*,” or “*Warren House Inn*,” the second of its names. The first house, which stood on the other side of the road, is said to have been one of the oldest houses on Dartmoor. Mr. Page here lays the scene of the celebrated “*salting-in*” story, though Mrs. Bray, who was, I believe, the first to tell it, gives no locality. If you have ever been near the Moor you will have heard it, that tale of the traveller who on a wild, wintry night seeks shelter in a rough, lonely house, where the people, though kindly, do not look attractive characters. A

large chest in his room rouses his curiosity. He opens it, and, lo, a corpse lies inside! Horror-struck, he stays awake all night, imagining himself the next victim. As he is alive in the morning, he ventures to inquire who the dead man may be. "'Tis only feyther," replies the host. "'Twas too cold to take 'un to the buryin', so mother salted 'un down." I have given the story as briefly as may be. Mrs. Bray tells it admirably; and after reading her narrative one dares not "rush in" on classic ground.

Another mile along the lonely road, and then we are startled on looking down Merripit Hill to see below a flourishing colony—houses, chapels, schools, and inn. This is the hamlet of Post Bridge, and you will probably wish it away, that the old cyclopean bridge might stand, as of yore, alone in its grandeur in the very heart of the Moor. For this is the centre of Dartmoor, and a very fine centre piece it can boast of.

Post Bridge is as much a puzzle as Grimspound. The buttresses and piers are built of unmorticed granite, and support slabs of stone spanning them, which are fifteen feet long by seven wide and proportionately deep. Did they fall, what a pothor of cranes, and science, and machinery we should have putting them up again! Post Bridge makes *fin de siècle* civilization seem very small indeed.

Another bridge we are bound to call modern, though it has seen a century or two, crosses the river close by it, too near, in fact, for artistic effect. In former days, this was probably a ford, with Post Bridge for a foot-bridge.

Here you have your first view of the Dart, already a considerable river, this being the eastern stream rushing onwards to meet the West Dart at Dartmeet, four or five miles over the Moor.

You can, if you like, stay at Post Bridge, either taking rooms or remaining in the hotel, a small, unpretentious, and comfortable hostelry. If you want to go out there and have any quantity of luggage, you must either post from Moreton, or get Mr. Webb to send in for you from the hotel, as there is no regular communication over the Moor, except, as I have mentioned, the "Queen of the



Photo by]

POST BRIDGE, DARTMOOR.

[Blampey & Son.

Moor" coach, which does not undertake to carry a large quantity of luggage.

So here we rest for a while, for the excursion has been a long one. We are thirteen miles from Moreton by the road, and have been round out of our way besides. But as we sit on the old bridge and listen to the rush of the water I shall feel greatly disappointed if you do not express satisfaction in having penetrated into the heart of Dartmoor.



THE DANCING TREE AND THE REMAINS OF THE MARKET CROSS
AT MORETONHAMPSTEAD.

Photo by]

See page 48.)

[Blampey & Son,

CHAPTER IV.

WALKS FROM CHAGFORD.

Chagford—Holy Street Mill—Cross—Puggie Stone—Leigh Bridge—Gidleigh—Antiquities on the Teign—Scorhill Circle—Kes Tor Rock—Fernworthy—Grey Wethers—Cranmere Pool—Watern Tor—Cawsand Beacon—Raebarrow Pool—Belstone.

LITTLE Chagford might justly consider itself the most popular place on the Moor. Hither come the majority of visitors who are seeking change of air from the more relaxing Devonshire towns; and during the summer months the place is full of "fashionable residents," staying at the "Moor Park Hotel," Monte Rosa, Moorlands, Cannon House, or in the farms and houses close by.

Its winter climate has been summed up in the distich

"Chaggyvord—
Good Lord!"

But I have heard those who have "wintered it" declare the verse a libel.

There is so much to be seen in the neighbourhood, that I strongly counsel a sojourn of at least two or three days at Chagford, which is considered by many the prettiest and most interesting centre of the Moor.

It is four miles from Moretonhampstead, an omnibus meeting the trains, and bringing out visitors with their luggage for a moderate charge; and before the drive is over the town under the hills comes into view—the usual large Perpendicular church; a quaint market-place in the centre of the town; the "Three Crowns Hotel," of which Charles Kingsley wrote, "Here I am at Chagford, in a beautiful old mullioned and gabled Perpendicular inn." In the deep porch young Sidney Godolphin, the Cavalier, was killed; for Chagford, together with

many other places in Dartmoor, saw much fighting in the days of the Rebellion, and held out gallantly against the Puritans.

Not far from the inn a modest window holds local photographs and fishing tackle, and bears over it the name "Perrott, guide, etc." The Perrotts have been well-known guides for years, and if you want to learn the way about, you cannot do better than slip in and have a chat. They will drive you within reach of everything



Photo by]

THE "THREE CROWNS," CHAGFORD.

[Chapman & Son.

worth seeing, accompany you afoot, get ponies for you to ride upon the Moor, or, with infinite good-nature, tell you the best way to find places for yourself. If you are an angler they know what flies the fish are now taking, the best parts of the water; and it is here you get the day's fishing tickets for the locality.

Chagford provides for wet days in the comfortable little reading-room and library, to which visitors can subscribe. It boasts a garden, with seats under chestnut



Plate 331

75104 4330 631062

The figure is the engineer of the *Laurel*, and known to visitors of the Diamond Gulf.

Edwin S. Con.

trees, though such a place seems hardly needful where woods and moorlands abound; but some people like to be conventional and sit on iron benches even in Dartmoor. It is also surprising to find a "venville" town lit with electric light! One does not expect to find it in Chagford, while cities are content with gas. Factory buildings where serge was once made stand in the valley, and of late years the mill stream and machinery have been used for working electric light engines, which thus is really cheaper to produce than gas. An agency for repairing and hiring bicycles finally brings Chagford quite "up to date," and at the same address, "The Olde Curiosity Shoppe," quaint bits of moorland furniture can be bought.

For our first walk we will stroll down to the site of Holy Street Mill, so famous in art. Time was when an Academy never opened without having at least one picture of Holy Street Mill. It has now totally disappeared, and the pictures alone preserve its traditional beauty. The old Tudor house close by is Holy Street House. Up the hill, a little way farther on, a cross may be observed built into the left-hand side of the wall; this was formerly Chagford market cross. Casual visitors seem to have very odd notions about the old crosses and antiquities in such places. One day, as I was sketching this cross, a lady and gentleman passed me. "What on earth is that put there for?" asked she. "I'm sure I don't know what it means," he replied in an uninterested sort of tone.

Now we shall see a great many crosses before we have done with the Moor, and though much of their original purpose may have perished or been forgotten, I still think the old saying of Wynken de Worde, written in 1496, may be remembered when we see them:—

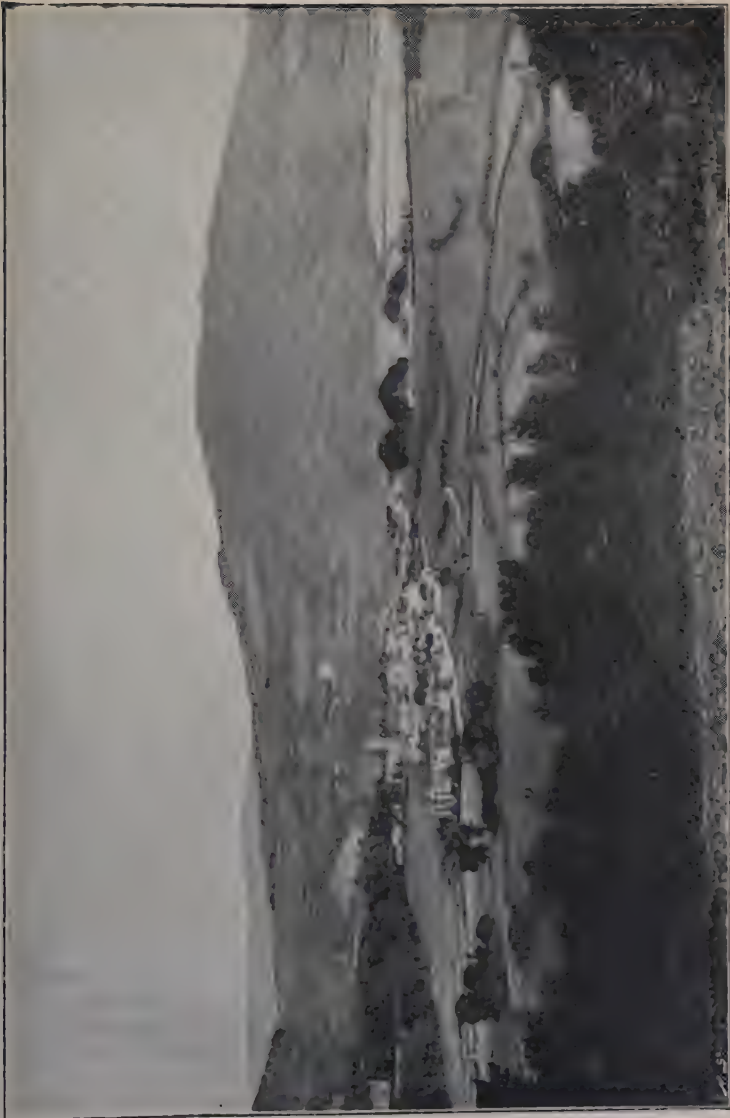
"For this reason ben crosses by ye waye, that
whan folk passynge see the crosses they sholde
thinke of Hym that deyed on the cross and worship
Him above all thynges."

As we continue the road uphill we shall see the Puggie Stone, or Pixie Stone, in a field on the right-hand side. It is a big granite boulder; mossy and overgrown;

Photo by

CHAGFORD.

[Chapman & Son.



a rock basin is said to be on the top, but there is no possibility of getting up without a ladder.

Leigh Bridge, at the foot of the hill, is one of the favourite meets of the Otter Hounds, and as pretty a place as you can find on the Teign, abounding though that river does in lovely bits of scenery. Gidleigh Park, marked "Private," is generally closed to those who would use it as a short cut. The river dashes over stones, through thickets of rhododendrons, and we linger on the rustic bridge, hardly able to tear ourselves away from so much beauty.

Gidleigh is the most infinitesimal of villages. One rarely sees any inhabitants, though there are a cottage, a letter-box, and some granite clothes-posts; the last-named look as if they might have upheld the lines for those ladies who erected the Spinsters' Rock. The church has not only a granite pulpit, but a granite lectern. The modern residence which we passed in the park is the third manor-house for this remote locality; near the church is another house, the manor and rectory, overlooked by the oldest residence of all, Gidleigh Castle. An ivy-mantled ruin, with scarcely a floor fit to stand on, is all that remains of the stronghold of the Gidleighs of Gidleigh—a thirteenth-century tower, a vaulted chamber that may have been either keep or dungeon, a staircase the adventurous can climb, and a chamber above where ash-trees grow out of the wall. Further ascent is impracticable, there is nothing to be seen, so we descend again, and quit the tangled garden of the ruin.

The last Gidleigh of Gidleigh died in 1776, and is buried in the church, but some centuries previously the castle had passed into the hands of the Prouzes through the marriage of Robert de Prouze with the heiress of Giles de Gidleigh in the reign of King John.

A sign-post close by the gate of Gidleigh Park points for Batsworthy, and thus we make our way towards one of the "Worthies of Dartmoor that lead to nowhere," as they say hereabouts. There are some nice-looking houses and cottages at Creaber, where those may lodge who want to be out of the world, and a long, hot, and needless to say, hilly lane takes us on to the Moor. Rude



walls mark an enclosure, a large space shut in at "drift" times, and forming Creaber Pound; across the stream that runs at the foot of the Moor (it is the Wallabrook) Batsworthy is conspicuous by being planted round with a group of conifers, which make a strong landmark in this bare region, being visible for miles. Away before us, at the very edge of the Moor, Watern Tor stands up boldly, distinguished by its "Rock with a hole through it," as the Tor appears from the distance.

A rough, very rough road leads over the moorland to the brook, and on the right hand, as we descend, we shall see Scorhill Circle, the finest of all the Stone Circles on Dartmoor, where on the whole the stones of the rings are not very large, and those who know the Cornish circles may be disappointed in them. Having examined it, we make our way to the water-side, and reach the "clam bridge on the Wallabrook," which has been the subject of so many a Dartmoor picture—those familiar with Widgery's paintings will have seen it sketched again and again—a huge single stone spanning the brawling brook, which here flows close to the young Teign and presently loses itself in the river. Cross it, turn to the left, and keep close to the water-side, and you will presently reach another bridge, a somewhat newer construction, or at any rate repaired, the stones being fastened with iron clamps. Still keeping by the water we soon find among all the clatter of big stones that lumber up the dashing stream foaming through them, the Tolmen on the Teign—a large rock with a hole in it, water worn, through which the active can squeeze themselves, though the attempt threatens a drop into the water. It is easier for a man than a woman; but the moor folk say you ought to get through the hole for good luck. Of course it has been regarded as a spot of ancient rites—Druidical, what-not, according to the "doxy" of the antiquarian of the hour.

With Watern Tor on the one hand, and Kestor Rock on the other, we cannot well miss our way upon this pathless moorland, where antiquities abound on every side. A stone row is traceable all the way from Scorhill to Fernworthy, and the number of hut circles

scattered over the face of the Moor suggest that this was a site for "desirable residences," as the modern builder advertises on many a spot far more dismal looking than this region of purple heather, yellow gorse and grey granite. It is a very moist locality in damp weather, and many a detour we may have to make to cross the



Photo by] 200. . . STONE BRIDGE OVER THE WALLABROOK.

Blampey & Son.

bogs and streams pouring in every direction to feed the Teign.

Keeping ever upwards, and slightly towards Kestor Rock, we shall presently see Thornworthy Tor in front of us, and Fernworthy, a farm lying among scrubby, wind-torn trees in the valley below. On the open Moor below Thornworthy Tor stands the Menhir, known as the Longstone, or Gidleigh Longstone; this last a somewhat misleading title, which makes people search vainly

for it among the rocks in Gidleigh Park. A very tall stone, it cannot well be mistaken, for it stands in solitude on a turfy spot where hardly any other rocks are seen.

Leaving Fernworthy for another day, we return to Chagford, past Kestor, stepping aside to climb the low rock to examine the great rock basin on the top: it is eight feet across, and two deep, and so often filled with water that it has a railing round it to prevent the sheep from falling in. It was discovered by the late Mr. G. W. Ormerod, who found it full of turf. What a delight it would have been to Mr. and Mrs. Bray with their Druidical tenets! for this is the largest rock basin on the moor, and would have afforded lustrations for a whole college of Druids.

Close to the roadside on Tincombe Down, beyond Kestor, is another "settlement" of hut circles, plainly to be discerned, the largest of which is locally known as "Roundy-Poundy"—the "round-pound" those who are particular about their English like to call it, but I doubt if this would convey any sense of the spot to "Chaggyvoord volk."

Fernworthy may be attained, as I have said, by following the line of "ancient stone monuments" all the way from Scorhill, but as this makes rather a lengthy excursion for one day, it would be better to leave it for a further excursion, and go there by the lanes from Chagford—a pleasant walk, and a very possible cycle ride. The cycle could be left at the farm, an old house with the date 1690 over the door. The people there will at once direct you to the circle, which lies a little way up the Moor behind the farm. At this end the stone avenue already alluded to is very distinct, and may be traced all the way up to the ruins of a cromlech known as the Three Boys, from the stones now left in it.

From Fernworthy a further ramble towards Sittaford Tor will take us to the Grey Wethers, two stone circles, placed as it were back to back, neither of them now complete (those who have seen the "Hurlers" in Cornwall will recognise a likeness). They are visible from many points on the Moor, and as you look at them from a distance, you cannot fail to be struck with that resem-

blance to sheep, which has earned their name. Often I have fancied I saw sheep in the hollow, and have realized I was looking at the Grey Wethers. They are said to have been the subject of a moorland practical joke. A stranger was induced to purchase so many sheep, and then directed to find them below Sittaford Tor. On reaching the spot and seeing only stones, he was jocosely informed that these were the "Grey Wethers."

An expedition to Cranmere Pool is an undertaking to be approached with much consideration. The weather should be of the finest; indeed, a season of settled dryness is almost necessary for reaching the place at all. From 18 to 20 miles of hard walking must be expected, which can only be a little relieved by taking Moor ponies for part of the distance.

But the adventurer who reaches Cranmere Pool may claim to know the Moor, having learnt not only its beauties, but its wildest, loneliest aspect. Cranmere Pool, I will venture to assert, is the dreariest, most untamable spot in England.

As there is no road, royal or otherwise, to the pathless morass, you can but choose the way thither that seems most practicable. Mr. Page gives his route from Okehampton. This is probably shorter; but anyway it is always an arduous undertaking. I went there from Chagford, directed by old Mr. Perrott, the guide, whom we visited the evening before we started.

Leaving Chagford fairly early, we walked up the road for Tincombe Down and Kes Tor. Leaving the rock on our left, we struck across the Moor for Watern Tor. This was somewhat out of our way, as Cranmere Pool lies to the south of Newtake. But I have never regretted the extra distance, as we had the pleasure of making personal acquaintance with Watern Tor, which is worth climbing.

Near the North Teign we came across some interesting traces of the old tin streaming. The ascent of Watern Tor was very steep. From a distance the rock has the appearance of having a hole through it; close by this resolves itself into a split in the disintegrated granite, which has worn into slabs resembling the Cornish Cheesewring.

Cultivation has been left far behind; all around we saw nothing but rolling hills and heather. The day was wonderfully fine and clear, so that our view extended right into Cornwall, where we could see Brown Willy on Bodmin Moor.

The sides of the tor have in many places been dragged bare by winter ice and snow that have scored the soil off the rocky surface. Shaping our course southwards along the base of the hill, progress became every moment more difficult. The ground is rent in every direction into fissures by the perpetual moisture and frequent streams. From tussock to tussock of heathery bent we had to leap, often going out of the way to find some spot narrow enough to cross, the soft black soil some depth below not looking inviting for the feet. We were of course provided with iron-tipped alpenstocks; moreover, it was one of those exceptionally dry summers with which we were favoured during the "nineties." And let me add that I do not believe any lady could get to Cranmere in a damp year, when every crack in the soil would be filled with water, and the ground soaking and shaking underfoot. Indeed, I presently grew quite exhausted; we knew the pool must be quite close to us, yet could not find it. My companion proposed that I should rest upon the marsh while he made a further cast round for the place. Tying a handkerchief to my alpenstock and setting it up as a landmark, he left me.

I shall never forget the impression of utter loneliness that seemed to gather over the Moor—as far as I could see only dark swampy soil; the very heather seemed no colour in that dreary hollow. I could see no distance beyond the rolling ridges, and the great tors seemed to shut me in. They hide the spot, as well they may, from every eye. A desperate wish to get up and run away seized me, yet I dared not stir for fear lest my companion should lose me altogether; and how long he seemed gone!

My anticipations of being lost were not altogether unfounded, for after lighting upon the pool he failed for some time to find his way back to the point where he had left me, so vast and trackless is the spot.

Fortunately one cannot fail to recognise Cranmere

Pool when once there. For Mr. Perrott thoughtfully built a cairn at the edge of the hollow and put a tin pot there, into which the adventurer may slip his name and address.

Though I have but little patience with those who want to write themselves up everywhere, I must own there is some satisfaction in thus dropping a card on "Bingie," in Cranmere Pool. People might so easily affirm one had never got there, or the boastful might assert they had been to Cranmere when they had never seen it at all. But the Perrotts make periodical visits to that tin pot, bringing the cards home as mementoes of the visitors who have found their way to Cranmere Pool. The pool must be described as a moist expanse of peaty soil, too soft to tread on, yet seldom covered with any great depth of water. In truth the whole locality is the "urn" of the Moor, whence the rivers have their birth.

The two streams of the Dart, the Teign, the Ockment, the Taw, and the Tavy all take their rise here in the hollow, with the Kneesets on the west, Watern and Sittaford Tors eastwards, Cawsand and Yes Tor away in the north.

I have mentioned "Bingie"; he is the bogey one would expect to find in this weird spot. In life he was one Benjamin Geare, the very wicked Mayor of Okehampton, who for his sins is condemned to bale out Cranmere Pool with a sieve.

After years of unavailing effort, this wicked spirit one day found a dead sheep, stretched the skin over the sieve, and having thus made it watertight, filled it with the contents of Cranmere and flooded Okehampton, which proved so amusing that he returned to the pool, and setting up his residence there, now and then repeats the joke.

To continue our excursion, we rested some time on the edge of the pool, and then made our way back by Sittaford Tor, taking our directions from Mr. Page's map, which we carried with us. (I should like to see this map reprinted in a portable form, it is quite the best I have ever seen of Dartmoor, and the whole book is

rather cumbrous to carry, though I have taken it with me for miles.)

Sittaford Tor proved an easy climb; we looked down at the Grey Wethers, found our way across to the cairn on Long Ridge, and accomplished our walk home with less fatigue than the outward journey.

The purple eminence of Cawsand Beacon usually tempts the visitor to try the ascent. Some spirit of evil must lurk there, who hopes to lure the unwary into the bogs, for Cawsand is the very wettest hill that can be imagined. Geographers mildly term it a "watershed." A very small experience assures one that the water here, properly applied, would fertilize the Sahara. Rarely does one approach its neighbourhood without being greeted with a shower, or more than a shower, a down-pour; so, walking in this direction, we must be prepared for wet weather.

As we shall now be thinking of moving our centre from Chagford to Okehampton, I am going to suggest that you should have energy enough to walk to the last-named over Cawsand. It is about ten miles by the road; we shall make it a mile or two longer, as we go over the Moor.

Taking the road through Gidleigh and Throwleigh for Cawsand, we shall see, when Throwleigh is in sight, some hut circles by the roadside. Throwleigh, though larger than Gidleigh, is hardly more important. If you are impatient to reach the Moor, we can turn off the road near these circles, and make for the hill.

Keep slightly to the north, for Raebarrow Pool lies at the foot of Cawsand, really the most formidable of the Dartmoor mires, though Fox Tor has the worst reputation. After crossing a beautiful stream that flows into the Teign, and following its gorge a little way, Raebarrow suddenly confronts you. Cradled in the bosom of the mountains is a spot of smooth greenness, where appears no water at all. Here and there a point of yet brighter green marks the surface, islets of treacherous bog moss; the soft soil underfoot sobs, and oozes, and trickles whichever way you tread while pursuing a zigzag course to get away from the mire.

Those who love the moorland scarcely regret these adventures; but, as I have said, by keeping to the north Raebarrow may be avoided.

For some time Cawsand, with its elevation of 1,799 feet, was considered the highest point on Dartmoor. Yes Tor, opposite, is now known to reach the altitude of 2,029 feet; but it lost its distinction during the last Ordnance survey, High Wilhays proving ten feet the better of its lofty neighbour.

Cawsand has had its attention from the "old men," whose cairns and barrows have been found there. One would think it a wet place either for the living or the dead; but in later centuries, as we learn from Mr. Baring Gould's novel of "John Herring," the side of Cawsand was the residence of the Cobbledicks, a remarkable family who lived in barrels, and though they have found their way into fiction, really did exist on the Moor. There is a cairn on the top of the hill (which, by the time we have climbed it, we shall be quite ready to call a "mountain") whence we get a fine view of Yes Tor, Mil Tor, Row Tor, High Wilhays, and a distance that widens away far into Cornwall. The gorge of the East Ockment is below us, and the ridge above it is Belstone Tor, which from this elevation looks no size at all.

Once, when on the top of Cawsand, we were treated to a sight of the terrors of the Moor. Gradually we saw that gorge filled with densest black mist, which, rising, swept over us like a pall; it was dry, cold, chilly as ice, with the cutting wind sending it on. We crouched against the cairn, expecting every moment that a thunderstorm would sweep upon us. But the thunder confined itself to the valley, and the terror of the darkness passed away in a heavy shower of rain and a cold wind storm. We had been face to face with one of nature's most terrible moods, which leave an impression never to be forgotten, a glimpse of hell on a summer's day.

It is an easy descent to Belstone, almost the most moorland of the Dartmoor villages, the rough uncultivated soil coming up to the cottage doors. Under the circumstances, one is not surprised to learn that the Belstone folk are very tenacious of their "rights,"

resenting every encroachment upon the common land. It has been important as a mining centre, Belstone Consols being a mine of some consideration. Nowadays Belstone has no reputation, save as an excursion for the visitors to Okehampton who may like to explore the cleave, find the sacred circle known as the Nine Stones, and climb the tor.

CHAPTER V.

OKEHAMPTON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Okehampton—The Castle—Lady Howard—Fitz's Well—Yes Tor—Belstone Cleave—Sticklepath—South Zeal—Meldon Viaduct—Sourton—Links Tor—Brac Tor—Lydford—Brent Tor—Tavy Cleave.

THERE are a great many advantages for the stranger who approaches Dartmoor from Okehampton. He can get there direct from London by the South-Western Railway, changing trains without delay at Queen Street, Exeter, and stepping out upon forest bounds as soon as he alights at Okehampton Station. The station stands so high that an easy walk leads to the top of the highest tors, Yes Tor and Links Tor being reached by comparatively slight ascents, though I must admit myself that the grandeur of the hills seems lessened on this side from road and town being so near their summits.

An omnibus from the "White Hart" meets the trains. The newly built villas on the station road offer a choice of lodgings; Meecham's Temperance Hotel will be found quiet and comfortable, especially by ladies who may arrive when the artillery camp has come into its summer quarters on Blackdown. Sturdy little Moor ponies can be hired for riding, which jog along the road at no speed at all, then astonish you by continuing the same pace over the moorland, and up to the very top of the tors.

The angler has a choice of rivers. Fishing in the Ockment (artillery practice permitting) is free on the Moor; he must get permission from the landowners to fish in the Taw; tickets can be had for the Torridge.

The church stands away from the town, approached by a grand avenue of beech-trees: it contains little of interest, only the tower being old, as the rest was rebuilt after a fire.

The ruins of the castle of Baldwin de Redvers jut out above the trees overhanging the river, and are reached by winding paths through the woods, for which there is an



Photo by]

ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT OKEHAMPTON.

[T. Lugg & Son.

admission fee of 3*d.* The castle has had many owners since William the Conqueror gave it to his follower Baldwin de Redvers. William himself stayed here during his progress through the West. Two centuries later it passed by marriage into the possession of the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, who, with many ups and downs, deaths, marriages with the Mohuns, attainders, and the like, held it and lost it, until during recent years it was sold

to its present owner. (A useful little guide is sold at the gateway.)

The ruins are very fine: gateway, keep, chapel, and

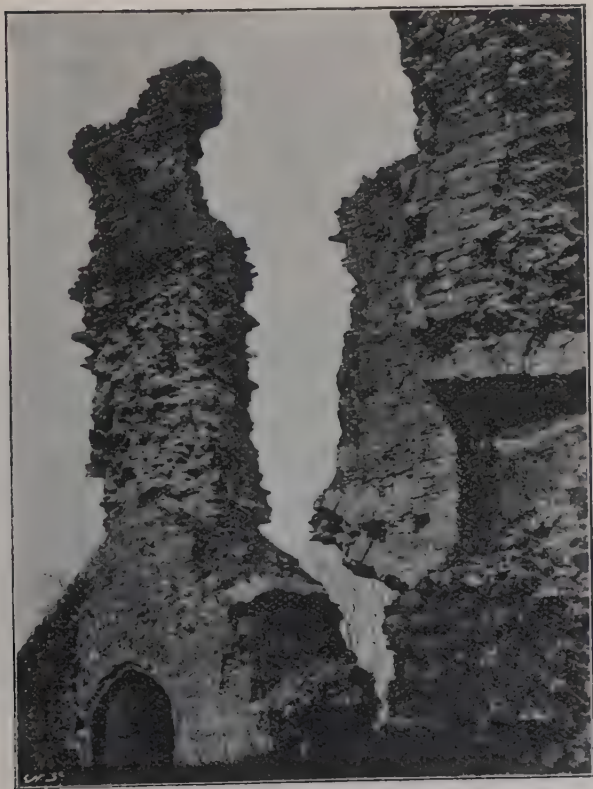


Photo by]

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

[T. Lugg & Son.

chambers. As we thread our way among the grey walls we emerge again and again upon the edge of the escarpment, and look across the wild valley known as Okehampton Park towards the tors beyond the railway and

Meldon Viaduct, spanning the gorge of the river. The remains of the chapel are the finest fragments; a Latin sentence upon the wall is said to have been cut by one of the French prisoners who were permitted to live in Okehampton, instead of Prince Town, if they could find any one to take them in. The castle has been a ruin for centuries, being dismantled and disparked by



Photo by,

AT OKEHAMPTON.

[T. Lugg & Son.

Henry VIII. on the attainder of the Marquis of Exeter. Its last expiring effort at greatness was during the Parliamentary wars, when Prince Maurice occupied it for a few days.

While the antiquary studies the shattered walls, which even his imagination finds hard to restore to their original plan, the folk-lorist will be rejoicing in the legend of Lady Howard of notorious memory. She was the

daughter of Sir John Fitz, of Fitzford Tavistock (not the Elizabethan astrologer, whose well we shall presently see, but a later knight of the same name, and a notorious duellist), very beautiful and very wicked. Three husbands had she, of whom two are said to have been killed by her contrivance, yet she still remained one of the most notable dames of the court of Henrietta Maria. She always chose to be called by the title of her second husband, Sir Charles Howard, son of the Duke of Suffolk; but her third was Sir Richard Grenville, the most detestable of all the detestable governors of Lydford Castle. As you read this sketch of family history, I doubt not that you will be inclined to say with "Alice," "I think they were all very unpleasant persons," and so they were!

In the Rebellion Lady Howard chose to espouse the Parliamentary cause, which doubtless aggravated her crimes in the opinions of loyal west-countrymen. She died in a state of mental misery and agony at a house near Okehampton, and to this day expiates her wickedness by driving nightly from Fitzford Tavistock to Okehampton Castle in a coach of bones, that glides noiselessly over the Moor. Other stories say that she wears the form of a black dog, and is doomed to run the distance nightly and bring away from the castle a blade of grass. When all the grass is plucked the day of judgment will come, and her penance be ended. Sometimes the dog is described as accompanying the coach. Mr. Baring Gould preserves the story among "Songs of the West" in a ballad gruesome both in words and tune:—

" My Ladye hath a sable coach,
 With horses two and four;
 My Ladye hath a gaunt bloodhound,
 That goeth on before:
 My Ladye's coach hath nodding plumes,
 The driver hath no head;
 My Ladye is an ashen white,
 As one that long is dead."

It is needless to add that misfortune is sure to follow the luckless individual who meets "my Ladye" in her weird journey across the Moor.

Ascending the hill to the station, passing under the railway arch, and taking the road to the camp, we shall soon see Fitz's Well on the right-hand side. A casual observer might easily pass it by, for the cross once erected there lies prostrate on the heap of stones, and the well is but a marshy spring, doubtless once built round, but now a ruin.

Later on we shall see near Mis Tor another Fitz's Well, put up by the same man, and connected with a similar pixie story, which shall be told in that place.

We need not go through the camp to reach Yes Tor, but will take the road to our left. A word of caution is necessary for the summer visitor who ventures here while the artillery are practising : "Take care of the firing." On Mil Tor and Yes Tor are Government cairns, with flags, which signal the times of firing and the direction. Information is given in the town and at the camp gates ; the notices should be examined before going upon the Moor. Some years ago less care was taken, the gunners imagining that Cranmere Pool, towards which they fire, is so lonely, no accident could possibly happen. Consequently two gentlemen who were on a walking tour suddenly found themselves bombarded in Cranmere Pool ! The incident read most humorously in the *Western Morning News*, but was, I believe, most extremely unpleasant for the heroes of the adventure during the experience.

You will recognise Cawsand on the extreme left, with the rugged ridge of Belstone Tor running north and south, the East Ockment glittering in the cleave below. Beyond the fertile "North Hams" lies Exmoor ; we can discern Dunkerry Beacon, and a dim blue line of Welsh coast, if the day be fine. Eastwards the country we are already familiar with rolls away towards Somersetshire. There is Bodmin Moor on the west, marked by Brown Willy and Rough Tor, a hazy line of Cornish land, with mine chimneys breaking the scene.

Immediately near us we have crag and tor and ridge of the forest, from the "clatter" close at our feet to the dimmest blue of the distance. Cranmere lies in the dark morass below ; it can be reached from this side, a shorter

walk perhaps than from Chagford, but equally rough and arduous.

A second visit to Belstone will repay us, for on our expedition up Cawsand we hardly did justice to the cleave. A choice of ways is afforded us from Okehampton. Those who like a scramble can go up the station road, and turning to the left, pass under the stone viaduct of Fallaford, and find the way among rocks and bogs up the East Ockment. The surroundings are beautiful, but the ground extremely boggy, requiring the utmost care in walking over it. The river is crossed by stepping-stones at Halstock Woods, "the Chapel Ford," with the remains of St. Michael's Chapel visible behind the farm. On this side of the water are the "Nine Stones" towards the ascent of the tor. Legend asserts they were individuals changed into stones for dancing on a Sunday, a similar story being attached to nearly every Cornish circle. The "Nine Stones" of Belstone (of which, by the way, there are sixteen) continue their dance every day at noon. This Mr. Page explains by those

"Tremulous vapours of dim noontide"

which rise over the sunny moorland, and make the stones appear to move. But I have heard of other stones in Devon of which it is said, "'E turns round at nune." There is one that performs this gyration at Denbury Down.

Belstone lies between the East Ockment and the tor, and when the tor is crossed, we descend upon the latter river. A very pretty walk along its banks leads into Sticklepath, one of the most delightful hamlets imaginable. As we enter, we see the Lady Well and inscribed stone on the hill-side. A large cottoneaster drapes the well, on the front of which is inscribed

" Lady Well—
Drink and be thankful."

The inscribed stone is just above it. It bears a Latin cross on either side, and on the front curious twisted markings, which are the distraction of all antiquarians.

A pretty, ivy-grown bridge crosses the Taw, a mill leat falling like a cascade into the river near it. We will

ascend the hill towards South Zeal, for though this village is entirely outside the Duchy, it is worth a visit.

South Zeal, with its grey stone houses, has a somewhat stern appearance. The "Oxenham Inn"—see "John



Photo by]

INSCRIBED STONE, STICKLEPATH.

[Blampey & Son.

Herring"—is another of the deep-porched gabled hosteleries one meets in the West. In the centre of the village a tall slender cross, which has been well restored, stands in front of a quaint belfry. The church is some distance

away. Passing straight up the hill, above the cross, we can return to Sticklepath by another road, and feel ourselves ready after the walk to have tea at the "Taw River Hotel": tea, bread-and-jam, and cream of course; such is the *menu* we may always expect on the Moor. Returning to Okehampton by the Exeter road, on the right, we shall see another menhir, which ought to be an inscribed stone; but weather has worn away the



SOUTH ZEAL.

original markings, and Government has inscribed it with the broad arrow as a boundary.

Our next excursion must be up the West Ockment, below the castle ruins, and towards Meldon Viaduct. The slender ironwork spans the gorge, trees cover the slopes on either side, and Yes Tor stands out boldly behind. It is one of those localities where the railway adds to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Some steep and scrambling walking will take us over the edge of Amicombe Hill to Sourton Tor, thence into the road which passes through Sourton village. At the four cross-roads above the houses stands a wayside cross, tall and peculiar for the shortness of its arms, which has led to the conjecture that it has been a menhir, hacked into a cross as a waymark. Beyond Sourton, Links Tor looks so easy a climb, that, though the ground is somewhat marshy, we cannot neglect it. There are two rocks which have been likened to a couple of anvils. A cross stands boldly on the summit of Brae Tor, close by. It was erected in the Jubilee of 1887 by the artist Mr. W. Widgey, and now forms a lasting memorial of the Dartmoor painter.

Lydford is ten miles by road from Okehampton. If you like you can go there by rail; but I would rather advise reaching it by road, as you will then first see the castle and church, and descend the hill to the gorge. This runs through private grounds, open to visitors on a Monday, so we had better arrange to go to Lydford that day.

Risdon had a poor opinion of Lydford, "a place of which no nice nation would have made a choice," says he, "so overlooked with Dartmoor hills, unto whose storms, without any shelter, it is subject."

Mrs. Bray tells us that Lydford is reputed to have entertained Julius Cæsar and his whole army on his second visit to Britain! It was rated equally with London, had its own coinage, made its own laws—that oft-quoted and most unpleasant Lydford law, "Hang to-day; try to-morrow."

"In the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."

"Is this the place?" you will cry as soon as we turn down by the "Dartmoor Inn," and Lydford comes at once in sight.

The castle, a grey ruin, stands on a mound near the church; a few houses cluster round it; the street is empty,

"For of its great name, I wis,
It only now the shadow is."

So wrote Risdon two centuries ago.

A rustic gate serves for a portal to guard this once formidable fortress, and if you do not want to take the trouble to find the caretaker, whose name is on the gate, you can enter unmolested, and stroll round the mound unquestioned. Little remains but walls, with a chamber or two, ascended by rude wooden steps. Even the ferns grow sparsely on these walls of bloody memory. "One of the most hainous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm," as it is called in a charter of Henry VIII. It was far preferable to be hanged than imprisoned in Lydford Castle, for the Black Hole of Calcutta was not worse than the dungeon of the Stannary Prison, where was incarcerated the luckless tinner who infringed forest laws. Sir Richard Grenville was, perhaps, the worst governor; but Judge Jeffreys bears most of the odium of the place, which he is said still to haunt in the form of a black pig.

The ruin of Lydford Castle is a sign that we have fallen upon happier times; we will linger there no longer, but go into the quiet little church, which has granite pillars, low aisles, the steps that once led to the rood, and a Saxon font, not much to see, and certainly small for the parish church of all Dartmoor. Lydford is at once the largest and least inhabited parish in England; it includes all the Duchy, and even in the thirteenth century proved so inconvenient, that the then Bishop of Exeter was petitioned to allow certain of the inhabitants to use another parish for bridal or burial rather than Lydford, which was eight miles off in fine weather and fifteen in foul! So permission was granted to make a second parochial district of Widdecombe, or, as we should now call it, a chapel-of-ease. When you know Dartmoor well, you will find many occasions when a walk is "eight miles in fine weather and fifteen in foul."

A curious punning epitaph on a watchmaker in Lydford Churchyard, near the south door, is fast becoming undecipherable, and will attract those who are interested in these grotesque curiosities.

"Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession; integrity was the mainspring and prudence

the regulator of all the actions of his life ; humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress ; so nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key, even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time so well, that the hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky moment put a period to his existence. He departed this life November 14th, 1802, aged 57. Wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come."

A steep winding road leads to the celebrated bridge and gorge. From above it is not particularly striking, though when leaning over the parapet the water is audible, but scarcely to be seen, so deeply does it flow under the rocks. A path with handrails and tiny bridges skirts the bank and goes under the bridge, thus displaying the full height. It is slippery, and should only be traversed by those of steady head and sure feet. Still I must own that the gorge always appears to me very narrow, and the story of the horse leaping it one night when the bridge was washed away nowise remarkable. Further up the Lyd is Kitts Steps, another series of waterfalls, where the mountain torrent foams over the stones.

Half a mile beyond the gorge, another Lydford of new houses has grown round the two stations of the Great Western and South-Western Railways.

The "Manor Hotel" is a large hotel, where for a fee of 2*d.* we can enter the woods and see the cascade. The scenery of wood and water, with glimpses of the moorland and the castle on the hill, is very picturesque, but the cascade in summer suffers, like all Devonshire waterfalls, from the inevitable mill leat.

This beautiful valley, down which the tourist wanders without fear, was once the headquarters of the dreaded savages, the "Gubbins," who took advantage of the general lawlessness during the Rebellion to become the banditti of the Moor and the terror of the country round. They left their mark upon the neighbourhood as late as the beginning of this century ; Mrs. Bray describing the



Photo by]

LYDFORD GORGE.

[Blampey & Son.

D.

G

people of Brent Tor as particularly rough and uncouth, and sometimes designated by their exasperated neighbours as "Gubbins."



Photo by]

THE CHURCH ON THE HILL: BRENT TOR, [Blampey & Son.

Brent Tor is a lofty peak guarding the outskirts of the western Moor, as Hay Tor does the east, and Brent Beacon the south. In a couple of miles we reach it, and walk up to the top to look at the tiny church on the summit. The story runs that a seaman, encountering a

heavy storm in the Channel, vowed to erect a church on the first land he saw. This proved to be Brent Tor. The Evil One, however, objected to the building, removing the stones as soon as they were put up, until the church was dedicated to St. Michael, who at once protected his property, so that the building was finished without further molestation. But Brent Tor Church still retains a weird reputation. Readers of Mr. Baring Gould's "*Margery Quether*" will remember that that unpleasant relict lived in the tower and descended by the bell-rope on Christmas Eve. The church is perfect, and extremely tiny, yet has nave, aisles, and chancel complete. The fine rock on which it stands is trap dyke; perhaps the natives of the locality have assumed that a volcanic must be a satanic origin.

We will not quit the neighbourhood of Lydford without visiting Tavy Cleave, either by taking the train to Mary Tavy and walking up to Peter Tavy and Cudlip-town, or striking from Lydford over the down to Lane End, crossing the river over the stones if it be shallow or going on to the bridge at Wapsworthy. All this neighbourhood reminds us of another novel of Mr. Baring Gould's, "*Urith*," which you should certainly read while staying in this locality, of which it is the scene.

Tavy Cleave seems to have been a play-place of giants, some building castles, while others knocked them down with stones, piling and scattering the rocks into every possible fantastic form. Among them mass the ferns, whortleberries, and low bushes. Great and Little Kneeset, with Fur Tor, wall it in at the top, until it seems a marvel to find out where they open to give the river egress from its birthplace in Cranmere Pool.

CHAPTER VI.

TAVISTOCK AND BACK TO THE MOOR.

Tavistock—Elfrida—The Abbey—The Church—Pixie Cross—Pew Tor—Vixen Tor—Windy Post—Merivale—The Avenues—Rundlestone—Fitz's Well—Mis Tor—Cowsic Valley—Two Bridges—Crockern Tor—Wistman's Wood.

WE can reach Tavistock by rail from either Lydford or Plymouth, and have the choice of either the South-Western or Great Western line from both places.

Though one of the old Stannary towns, Tavistock lies wholly outside forest bounds, but has so much connection with the Moor, which is but some two miles away, that we could not consider our "perambulation" complete without paying it a visit. Indeed, we might, with a pardonable stretch of accuracy, call it the "capital of Dartmoor." Lydford, in all its grim sovereignty, could never have been the bright, prosperous town that Tavistock now is, with its broad streets, handsome buildings, and good shops, in addition to the beautiful natural surroundings.

From the station we cross the river by the Abbey Bridge, and pause a moment to look at the Tavy speeding over the weir. Directly afterwards we find ourselves in a handsome square, close to the Guildhall, post-office, church, and Bedford Hotel. The modern buildings are a fair imitation of the old abbey ruins, which can be easily recognised among the new walls, a bit here, a bit there, telling the tale of former greatness. We must not quit the vicinity of this new square without noticing the meteorological office, where the weather reports for this district are taken.

Tavistock weather has had a bad reputation for many years, ever since Charles II. summed it up in the dictum, "It always rains at Tavistock," that being his experience of the place when he stayed there during the Rebellion to raise troops in the West for his father. Like other sweeping condemnations, this is not always true: I have seen Tavistock rejoicing in the most lovely weather.

Many a stormy scene has Tavistock endured, and from its earliest days furnishes some of the romances of history, one of which will remind you of the story of Tristram and Iseulte.

Orgar, Earl of Devon in the tenth century, had a daughter, Elfrida, whose beauty was so great that the fame of it reached the ears of King Edgar. He deputed his henchman, Earl Ethelwold, to visit Orgar's court, see the lady, and, if her beauty equalled its reputation, to arrange for her marriage with the King. Ethelwold came to Tavistock, found Elfrida even lovelier than reported, and determined to marry her himself. He asked royal permission for this, asserting that the good looks of the young lady had been much exaggerated, and that she was more suited for a humble thane's wife than a queen. However, after they had been a short time married, and Elfrida's beauty still continued a theme for praises, Edgar's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to see her himself. Ethelwold was greatly alarmed when the royal visit was announced, and told his wife not to look her best when the King came, lest he should fall in love with her. More impolitic advice cannot be imagined: judging from what we learn of Elfrida's character, her suspicions must at once have been awakened; and she, hitherto proud of being a countess, found out that she might have been a queen. Under the circumstances, it is not remarkable that she should have lamented little when the death of Ethelwold by Edgar's arrow removed this obstacle to the throne. For, as Ethelwold had foreseen, the King's visit proved fatal to him: he was killed in Dartmoor during a hunt; and the King married Elfrida shortly afterwards. Thence she passes out of the history of Tavistock, but not from that of England, for this was the same Elfrida who at Corfe Castle

murdered her saintly stepson, Edward, King of the West Saxons.

Orgar's son Ordulph seems to have been as pious as his sister was the reverse. It is difficult to judge whether he or his father was really the first founder of Tavistock Abbey. Legend ascribes it to Ordulph, who was prompted to the work by a vision seen in prayer. For us it will suffice to know that either he or he and his father together established the monastery, which for centuries was one of the most important places in the West, scarcely second to Exeter Cathedral. Early in its existence the abbey was destroyed by the Danes, who burnt the whole town, and slaughtered so many inhabitants, that

"The blood that flowed in West Street
Would have heaved a pound weight."

At the dissolution of monasteries, Tavistock Abbey was given to Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford, and the property belongs to the dukes of Bedford at the present day. The size of the abbey may be judged by the area of the scattered ruins in Tavistock. From the Abbey Bridge a very pleasant path runs along the river banks under the battlemented walls, broken by the building known as the Still House, and going on to the meadows where stood Lady Howard's oak. Inside these walls is the vicarage garden, with Betsy Grimbald's Tower, so called after a murdered woman, some say nun, who is said still to haunt the spot. In the garden are some interesting inscribed stones of the Romano-British period, which were found on various parts of the Moor, and placed here by that enthusiastic "moorman" Mr. Bray.

The fine ruin known as Ordulph's Tomb, in the churchyard, will at once attract your attention; it is of far later architecture than the date of the Saxon founder.

The church, dedicated to St. Eustachius, though frequently restored, is very handsome. The tomb in the north aisle is considered to be that of Sir John Fitz, of Fitzford. On the south is the recumbent figure of Judge Glanville; at his feet kneel his children and Lady Alicia, his wife, a dame so severe-looking that one feels sure the face is a portrait.

A good many interesting old relics—coins, books, deeds, etc.—have been carefully labelled and placed in the church, and demand inspection. Some gigantic bones found in a stone coffin while digging the foundations of the Bedford Hotel are regarded as those of Ordulph, whose Christianity, if report be true, was of the muscular kind.

The poet Browne, born here in 1590, makes many allusions to localities in the neighbourhood in his “*Britannia’s Pastorals*,” pedantic verses that do not now gain much attention. He has won more lasting fame by his half-jesting ballad of “*Lydford Law*.”

A far greater name is associated with the town : that of Sir Francis Drake. His birthplace in Crowndale no longer stands ; and Mrs. Bray lamented in her days that no memorial of him existed in Tavistock. She would be satisfied now to see the fine bronze statue which stands by the gateway of Fitzford. On the south side of the pedestal is a most spirited relief representing the celebrated game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe.

Admiral Kelly left £100,000 for the founding of a boys’ school in Tavistock to be called by his name, and made specially for the education of the sons of naval men or boys going into the navy. It was opened in 1878, and has added not a little to the popularity of Tavistock, Kelly College having already acquired a reputation which promises to equal that of Westward Ho ! or even Blundell’s at Tiverton.

There is a great variety of pleasant walks and excursions to be taken round Tavistock, but I cannot linger over them in this volume. A sixpenny guide can be purchased in the town which gives clear directions for some dozen expeditions and the distances.

Crossing the Tavy, we will start for Dartmoor over Whitchurch Down.

Soon after ascending the steep lane that leads to the down, we shall see on the left-hand side, near the path, the top of a broken cross ; farther off, on the same side, the Pixie Cross stands among the golf links. This is sometimes called Monk’s Cross, surely a better name. It is a good-sized monument, and we must

regard it with special interest as the first of that line of crosses many of which we shall be finding, and which indicated the track over the Moor from Tavistock Abbey to that of Buckfastleigh.



Photo by]

PIXIE CROSS, TAVISTOCK.

[Blampey & Son.

Along the range of hills at the left we see Cocks Tor, Staple Tor, Little M's Tor. Pow Tor, in the south-east, is straight before us, and we will strike for it to reach the Moor that way. When on the rocks of Pew Tor a

fantastic granite group below will at once catch the eye. This is Vixen Tor, whose rocks have been likened to forms innumerable. You may see in them a lion, a sphinx, a knight on horseback, or a lady, as you please. We see Plymouth Sound glittering in the distance, the Walkham river gleams along the valley, and there is Sampford Spinney Church. Instead of descending on to Vixen Tor, we will keep along the ridge of the



oto by]

VIXEN TOR.

[Blampey & So

hill, crossing Rouge Tor and Feather Tor. In a line with the last-named, and not far from it, is Windy Post, another cross of that route I have already mentioned. A very windy post indeed this breezy "Barn Down" can prove; and hence we regain the road, and descend to Merivale Bridge.

It crosses the Walkham, and a few cottages with an inn are close beside it, bare little refuges of which we may be glad to avail ourselves if bad weather comes

down from Great Mis Tor overhead, who loves to send storm after storm along the valley.

The hill is long and steep; this is the Moretonhampstead road, which at Mrs. Bray's date was not so very old, and of which she often praises the convenience. "We now get to London from Plymouth in twenty-seven hours." Little could she imagine the time when twenty of those hours would be taken from the journey, and the road no longer used for it.

At the place where the Cyclists' Touring Club have a danger board you can see that the road has cut through a group of hut circles which lie on either side of it. These are some of the most famous antiquities on the Moor, the Merivale Avenues. Stepping on to the turf on the right hand, you at once find yourself surrounded with traces of a bygone habitation. Innumerable hut circles are all round us; farther off a tall menhir attracts attention, and as we make our way to it we cross the double row of stone avenues which threads its way down the turf westwards. Between the stone row a shallow ditch recently cut disturbs the evenness of the pathway, which is broad, and bounded at either side with a narrow double row of stones. Nothing can be more distinct; they run together, apart from the others which are scattered around, a clear line on the turfy Moor. I cannot pretend to offer antiquarian opinions; most writers consider them two separate sacred tracks, traces of the unknown religion of which everything has perished save the stones on the hill. Here the hut circles, the tall menhir, the sacred circle of stones, the ruined cromlechs, are voiceless fragments of what may have been a busy, important town, with houses, temples, and monuments, the last perchance to some hero raised to the honours of a demi-god.

Such does the imagination picture in the relics at Merivale; others only perceive a confused mass of stones, more or less spoiled by the farmer and quarryman, who are certainly responsible for a good deal of wrecking among these too handy antiquities. "There's nothing much to be seen," a visitor at the "Two Bridges Hotel" observed to me after we had spent a morning on

the spot. So you must take the gift of seeing with you to Merivale, or come away disappointed.

The moorfolk have a certain veneration for the place, which they call the Potato Market. It is said that when the plague raged at Tavistock in 1625, and no one dared go into the town, food was brought to the top of the hill and laid among the hut circles. Then the Tavistock men came and fetched it away, leaving the money for payment in the same place.

While we stand among these ancient monuments we suddenly hear a snorting and a panting as if one of the dragons of the old snake worship were coming towards us. But a modern dragon it is who creeps round the curve of the tor, the railway looking ridiculously insignificant, the train panting in frantic effort as it ascends the height and winds along the bends. The line is so invisible that the train seems to come from nowhere; it is going to Prince Town, and having watched it out of sight, we continue our walk.

A dreary piece of moorland lies before us, dominated by Great Mis Tor's stormy head. The stone walls mark out the convicts' fields, and the very moorland seems in durance vile, dressed in prison garb. Often when other places are bright mists close this district on every side.

The few cottages we pass constitute Rundlestone, so named from the tall boundary stone we see by the roadside.

Beyond this, up the turf, "in the prison ground," as a cottager will tell you, bubbles Fitz's Well, the other well connected with the astrologer Sir John Fitz, of Fitzford.

He was riding over this part of the Moor with his lady; there was no road in the year 1568, and mists overtaking them, they were completely "pixie-led." Now, as every one knows, pixie spells can be broken by turning your clothes inside out, or drinking running water. Either the first charm did not commend itself to the knight and his lady, or failed. So they looked for water, and presently found a spring, of which they drank. The effect was truly magical: the mist

lifted, and they found themselves not very far out of their way.

After his safe return home Sir John Fitz built a little cover over the well, which bears his initials and the date.

As the Okehampton well we have already visited boasts the same story, Mrs. Bray observes that Sir John Fitz had a nice fancy for water; the irreverent modern mind hears the legend and fancies that the knight's potations were of some stronger fluid before he started for his rides home.

The cottagers at Rundlestone call the place "Vice's Well," and will tell you "'tis properly swampy, sure 'nuff."

Pursuing our way upwards, we may climb to the top of Great Mis Tor without any arduous effort, though the hill is long. Druidical origin is still claimed for the great rock basin on the top, which is very perfect, and even appears to have a channel for letting off the water. Druids are poor creatures in the moorman's opinion. He is always on the look-out for traces of another power, and will tell you that Mis Tor Pan is the devil's frying-pan.

To avoid the marshes round Blackabrook, we had better regain the road, and as we descend towards Two Bridges the Cowsic valley tempts exploration, especially as we see, peeping through the trees, the prettiest little clapper bridge imaginable, spanning the Cowsic river. It is Post Bridge in miniature, with five openings and tiny piers of piled stones. When we have crossed it we stand on classic ground, for the Cowsic valley, below Bair Down, is replete with associations of Mr. and Mrs. Bray.

This century was about twenty years old when, as we may express it, Dartmoor came into fashion. Mr. Rowe, first incumbent of St. George's, Plymouth, and afterwards vicar of Crediton, brought it into notice at the Plymouth Institute, and from 1822 onwards worked at the "Perambulation," published in 1848. No doubt his efforts aroused the attention of Mr. Bray, who was a Tavistock man, and made vicar of that town in 1811. To his wife's friendship with Southey we owe her delightful book "The Borders of the Tamar and the

Tavy," largely compiled from her husband's journals, and addressed as letters to the poet.

Mr. Bray's father had a "summer house" in the Cowsic valley. Hither they frequently came, riding up from Tavistock, to make further excursions on the Moor, searching for antiquities, and for what they dearly loved: traces of the Druids. Everything, in their opinion and Mr. Rowe's, was druidical: the stones; the rock basins; the names of the hills. No place was too inaccessible, no rock too hard, for the handling of this marvellous priesthood, with whose rites they almost re-peopled the Moor. And, as the druidical bards had left no written traces, Mr. Bray determined to put inscriptions upon the rocks at Bair Down, whose name he asserted to signify "The Hill of the Bards," though a more simple derivation might be suggested by another change of vowel.

These inscriptions, written in runes of the author's invention, were painted by him upon the granite, and hacked out by a labourer with a pickaxe. Time, weather, and mosses, soon effaced them; in a few years many were undecipherable by the inventor himself, and it is doubtful now whether any could be found. For some cause the granite of this side is far more friable than that on the eastern quarter, which partly accounts for the rock basins and other druidical relics discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Bray.

We have now wandered down the Cowsic valley, finding it a bit marshy in places, but extremely pretty, an oasis in this wilderness of rock and heather. Crossing the Dart, we reach Two Bridges and the "Saracen's Head Hotel," where the warm welcome awaiting us makes us determine upon a halt before we pursue our rambles any farther.

If the Cowsic valley be an oasis, the "Saracen's Head" is a palace in the wilderness, replete with unexpected comforts, of which we gladly avail ourselves. And what a feast is spread before us, and what justice we do to the meal, from the joints to the cream! If you don't instantly want to stay a night or two at Two Bridges, I shall be surprised; but let me hint that it is

advisable to write for rooms beforehand, for during the fishing season the house is often full, and having set one's heart on Two Bridges, it is disappointing to be sent on to other lodgings, however comfortable they may be.

In his survey, Risdon describes as one of the wonders of the Moor "a high rock called Crockern Tor, where the parliament for Stannary causes is kept, where there is a table and seats of moorstone, hewn out of the rock, lying in the face of all weather, no house or refuge being near it." We shall now, however, see a good many "newtakes," as the enclosed, cultivated land is called, when we leave the hotel and prepare to ascend Crockern Tor, which is no great distance behind it. The parliament on Crockern Tor lasted till very late, it being finally the custom to assemble there, swear in the jurors, and then adjourn to one of the Stannary towns, where debates and business would be less liable to interruptions from the weather. The climb up the rock is not a difficult one, and the seats in tiers of rude steps still remain on the hill-side.

Proceeding along the ridge, either scrambling among the rocks and heather, or following the edge of cultivated land skirting the tor, we find Risdon's third wonder of the Moor: Wistman's Wood. It is, in truth, the most remarkable thing on all Dartmoor, with perhaps the exception of Post Bridge, "some acres of wood and trees that are a fathom about, and yet no taller than a man may touch to top with his hand." So it was in Risdon's time; so it appears now; so, strangest of all, it was at the date of the Norman Conquest, as may be seen from an old perambulation made at that time. Low, gnarled, stunted oaks, grey with lichen and eld, standing like weird, crooked dwarfs, tangled so as to be almost impenetrable, massed with boulders at the root so that one scarcely ventures to set foot among the treacherous stones, not knowing how deep a hole one may step into. "We only ventured in two or three trees deep," a friend said one day to me. "They were so gnarled, and the undergrowth so tangled, we could not stand upright. It was impossible to see



Photo by]

THE FOREST OF DARTMOOR.

[Blampey & Son.

among the boulders where to put one's foot, and we heard the snakes rustle away as we pushed in. The dog from 'Two Bridges Hotel' who had come with us hung back, and refused to enter the wood."

A "whisht" place this; we steal away awestruck, as those who have encountered something "just na canny."

Ascending the hill above the hotel, we reach a cross-way, the road to the left being that for Moreton, over Post Bridge, four miles away; the right is the Ashburton road, and in about three miles we should reach Dartmeet, passing Dennabridge Pound on the way. I mention these places here as you may like to visit them from Two Bridges, though I mean to reach them, and more fully particularize them, from the Ashburton side.

Turning westwards, we will cross the West Dart, and take the road to the left for Prince Town.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM PRINCE TOWN INTO THE SOUTH QUARTER.

Prince Town—The Prison—Classenwell Pool—Siward's Cross — Plymouth Leat—Sheeps Tor —Merchants' Cross —Caddaford Bridge—Trowlsworthy—Dewerstone—Romans' Cross—Cornwood—Ivybridge.

I HAVE always had a suspicion that the moorman has a secret pride in Prince Town. He feels that a sense of importance and responsibility is accorded by the establishment of the convict prison in the Duchy. You are sure to be asked if you have seen Prince Town, and if you do not reply in the affirmative, you are at once told you ought to go there. And in truth in the town there is nothing to see. Prince Town would be a mere hamlet but for the prison, instead of which it hugs the dignity of being the highest place in England (save Shap, in Westmoreland) that can be called a town, with a population of a mere handful of honest folk and 900 convicts. This, by the way, may be regarded as the example of moral force, for did the convicts mutiny, where would the honest folk be?

A very brief acquaintance with Dartmoor Prison and the neighbourhood removes all romance that may hang round the prisoner and captive, for when from time to time one escapes, he always proves so big a rascal that nobody can be sorry when he is again caught, which usually happens from his innate villainy. He steals from the hamlets, and is discovered with the stolen goods in his possession; one got as far as Plymouth, where the mere following of a dog so alarmed his tender conscience that he began to run, so that the police, surprised

to see a man running for nothing, suspected something amiss, and found out who they had got when they secured the runaway. Another *en passant* left his boots in the back kitchen of a house near Chagford; he did not go away barefooted, and authorities afterwards identified the "borrowed" pair.

But this is a digression, and the prison gateway bears the motto "*Parcere subjectis.*" ("To spare the fallen.") It is a massive gate, erected for the original building, which in 1806 was established to hold the French prisoners of war.

Prince Town is extremely healthy, and Dartmoor the invalid convict prison, situated 1,400 feet above the sea. The bracing air keeps pulmonary complaints at a distance, and the town accordingly is becoming famous as a sanatorium. Much of the work of the convicts is done in the open air; the prison has its own gardens, hay-fields, and cattle, makes its own bread, and does all its own work; while if any special necessity demands extra hands on the Moor, gangs of convicts are sent out. In the heavy snowfall of 1898, when the railway was blocked, and all the road, the convicts were at once despatched to clear both the high-road and the line.

Only during the last decade has the railway been open for general passenger traffic. From Plymouth or Tavistock we change at Yelverton Junction for Prince Town and take a journey in the train we have already seen threading its way among the tors.

The "Duchy Hotel" offers good accommodation. Let us pray for fine weather and be off early across the free moorland, taking the Plymouth road towards Black Tor and Lether Tor, on the search for Classenwell Pool.

The so-called lake of the Moor is not much more than two miles from Prince Town, but not very easy to find. It lies almost in a line with Lether Tor, and we must strike off the road, hit upon the Devonport Leat, which crosses the moorland, and walking up the stream, come in time to Classenwell Pool. There is a cottage below the hill-side, just before we reach Lether Tor, where you may ask for further directions. On our way along the Leat we should come near the remains of a ruined

cross. Classenwell Pool is close by ; like so many points on the Moor, we see it suddenly, for our course has been over many a ridge and tor : bog and heather delight in concealing as long as they can the secrets of the forest. Classenwell, also known as Crazywell, lies in a deep hollow ; probably it is another old mine. Like most lakes, it was said to be bottomless, until a very dry summer, together with the drain from the Leat, dispelled the illusion, and the further fancy that it ebbs and flows is pretty rather than true. Classenwell has its story : hither came Piers Gaveston, hiding in Dartmoor what time he was supposed to be banished from England. There was a witch at Classenwell, whom he came to consult ; how the charm was worked we are not told, but in some mystic fashion, as he bent over the water at dawning, her face grew slowly up from the reflection of his own, and an oracular utterance greeted him :—

“ Fear not, thou favourite of a king :
Thy humbled head shall soon be high.”

So he quitted the Pool contented, little dreaming that the elevation would be a spike on Temple Bar.

This piece of the Moor is Walkhampton Common, and about a mile on the eastern side of Classenwell we shall find Siward's Cross ; for we are now upon that track of crosses between the abbeys that I mentioned some time ago. We must be careful where we walk, for we are not far from treacherous Fox Tor mire. No place more desolate than this part of the Moor can be well imagined. Though we are near civilization, we see nothing of it. Waste land surrounds us, with clatter of granite, heather, and trickling streams. The very scene wears a bare grimness ; the hills are less rock-crowned ; the sweep of Cator's Beam bounds the right, Sheeps Tor lies in front of us, and on the left the mountainous ridge of Lether Tor. Nothing is likely to disturb the solitude, for the foot of the excursionist seldom penetrates into this part of the Moor.

The Plymouth Leat begins here, owing its existence to Sir Francis Drake, though not perhaps quite as the story runs. Plymouth needed water, and Drake undertook to supply it ; so he rode up to Dartmoor, found a

suitable spring, muttered some magic words, struck the water, then his horse, with the lash, and galloped back to Plymouth, the stream flowing after him all the way. "Assuredly," writes Mrs. Bray, "the most cheap and expeditious way of forming a canal ever known or reported."

Since this little book was published, another "lake" has been added to Dartmoor, in Burrator Reservoir, near Dousland, which was opened by the Mayor of Plymouth in the autumn of 1898. The Three Towns have grown far more than Drake can ever have imagined, and his celebrated leat no longer proved sufficient for the water supply—nor was the newer Devonport leat found to be enough. Fortunately, there is above Plymouth, up on the moor, water enough for the whole kingdom, only needing engineering. We have not been required to submerge a Devonshire village for the benefit of the cruel greedy town—only to gather up the bright streamlets into one reservoir and direct their course to the valleys below. Drake's magic powers are unfortunately no longer available. It took the engineers many months to build the reservoir formerly opened in due course of time, and now lying a glittering lake on the hill side under the grey old Tors.

Taking the Devonport Leat as our guide, we walk by Sheeps Tor to the Meavy. Sheeps Tor has a grand rock, which makes a landmark for a long distance. On the side, but difficult to find, is the Pixie Cave, which was used as a Cavalier hiding-place during the Civil War. From Sheeps Tor village we very soon reach the river Meavy, and near the bridge should see Merchants' Cross. Sometimes the bridge is called Merchants' Bridge; it is put on the signposts as Caddover, one of the perplexing confusions of names so common on the Moor.

At Merchants' Cross, we are told, the traveller used to stop and pray for his safe journey, for now he must leave all semblance of a road and strike into the wild Moor; wild enough in these days of cultivation, how much more so when that slender symbol was erected, when road and hamlet were alike unknown, and the wolf, it may be, still lingered among the mires and mountains!

If you are inclined to spend a day or two in exploring this part of Dartmoor, lodgings can be had at Yelverton, or in the new settlement that has grown up round Dousland station. But since we are not far from Cornwood, and have, I trust, a long summer day before us, I think we might as well continue our walk over Caddover Bridge, and up the steep lane that will bring us to the top of Ringmoor Down, whence we descend to Caddaford Bridge, on the Plym. A broad valley spreads in front of us, with the Plym flowing through it. The hill on the left is Trowlsworthy Tor, with the Warren House reached by a little path near the river. Here there is an outcrop of red granite, but very brittle, and seldom worked. Trowlsworthy Tor has some traces of antiquities, but, as they are of more interest to the enthusiastic antiquary than any one else, we will pass them by, and look for more evident objects close at hand.

We must not pass the rude stone that stands by the road on the right of the bridge, for it proves to be a broken cross. The walk along the banks of the Plym is most lovely as we go towards Shaugh village and Tor. The fantastic crag overhanging the river is the Dewerstone, fringed with ivy, with bushes nestling among the crags. Here Nicholas Carrington, the Dartmoor poet, would lie and write his verses; his name with the date of his death are cut on a rock above the stone.

From Shaugh we can walk across the Moor towards the left, making for Romans' Cross and passing the Roman camp on our way. The camp has been the subject of much discussion (antiquities being a fruitful source of dispute), but we shall like to think of the tradition that when St. Paul came to Britain he preached at Romans' Cross! If the population were no larger than at present he could not have had a crowded congregation.

This is Lee Moor; we look back at Trowlsworthy, Shell Top, and Pen Beacon, with the bare head of Cator's Beam. We note the clay works in the valley of the Plym, and pause regretfully by the cross, for ere long the Moor gate will have closed behind us, and we shall be on our way to Cornwood and Ivybridge out of the forest.

Typical Devonshire lanes these are, and since we have had the energy to make this excursion all in one day, we feel the contrast between their rural prettiness and the grim Prince Town we quitted this morning, which is twelve miles away by road, while our detours have given us a tramp of from fifteen to eighteen miles.

We shall feel that this has been a realm of rivers as we cross the Yealm at Cornwood—just such another brawling trout stream as the others we have seen to-day. Ivybridge brings us to the Erme, spanned by the picturesque bridge that gives the town its name. Since we have got here, we may as well see this place, which is one of the beauties of Devon. Leaving as soon as we can the vicinity of the paper mills, which spoil its looks, we ascend the road to Harford woods, where beautiful walks under the trees lead by the rushing river, which pours in white foam over the dark mossy rocks. It is a pity you should not come here to see one of the prettiest places on the borders of Dartmoor, but, save for its river, Ivybridge has few attractions.

The town is of little interest, and the railway viaducts that spanned the valley have lost something both of beauty and peculiarity since the Great Western replaced the wood with stone.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME EXCURSIONS IN THE SOUTH QUARTER.

*Wrangerton Station—Ugborough Beacon—Three Barrows—
Brent—Lydia Bridge—The Avon—Shipley Bridge—Black
Tor—Hut-circles—Petre's Cross—Aune Head—Childe the
Hunter—Brent Beacon—Deane Coombe—Deane Prior.*

WE shall take our next rambles in another direction, on the unfrequented south quarter, where the attractions for the ordinary visitor are fewer, and certainly far between.

A total lack of roads makes the coaching jaunt an impossibility. Ponies and vehicles can be hired either at Brent or Ivybridge, but we must go afoot if we really want to reach the points of interest on the Moor. And you must love the moorland for its own sake, not for any wish to see belauded views or famous scenery, when you find your way among the turfy hills that lie behind Wrangerton and Brent.

Yet the south quarter has the merit of being within fairly easy reach by rail either from Plymouth, Totnes, or Newton Abbot. I have frequently taken day excursions there with friends who wished to see something of Dartmoor, and whom I have known to be indifferent pedestrians.

We have already learnt that there are many spots of great beauty in those neighbourhoods, and the Erme and the Avon, though they be smaller, can well compete in loveliness with the Dart and the Teign. Indeed, I think the Avon is one of Devon's most lovely rivers.

Letting the train drop us at Wrangerton (it used to be Kingsbridge Road before the new line was opened), we shall see a lane not far from the station, which turns to the right, exactly opposite the "Kingsbridge Road Hotel."

A walk of barely two miles takes us to Ugborough Beacon. It seems no distance when we have entered the Moor gate and are on the turf; nor is it steep to the rock that crowns the hill. Thence we can walk across the ridge of the Moor to Three Barrows, whose triple top will be evident in a line north-westerly from Ugborough Beacon. Path there is none, and we must keep up to avoid the bogs which surround the Ballabrook we see glittering in the valley.

The centre of the Three Barrows Mr. Rowe considers to be the largest in Devonshire. One wonders who were the three laid to rest on the top of this lofty hill, where when we climb the top of the mound, trusting that the hero will pardon this desecration of his grave, we can see the green undulating country round us, the South Hams to the left, the valley of the Avon behind us, and that of the Erme in front. A lovely prospect spreads all the way to Plymouth, edged with the silver gleam of the Sound, while northwards the Moor rolls away silent and sullen in its wilderness.

Mr. Page describes further explorations from Three Barrows as "the wearisome walk from Three Barrows to Erme Head"; and since we are on pleasure bent, not research for obscure cairns, kistvæns, avenues, and the like, we will descend the cairn, walk down the hill-side to the stream of the Ballabrook, and thence find our way into the road for South Brent.

Brent is a quaint little town, with very crooked streets, and one glory, the bridge over the Avon, called, no one quite knows why, "Lydia Bridge." Leaning over the ivy-grown parapet, you look down at the Avon, five-and-twenty feet below. Then, making your way round by a footpath, you reach the river bank, where, resting under the beech-trees, you watch the white water coming out of the deep shadow under the bridge, and if you are an artist or photographer you must needs try your skill on

the scene, only to acknowledge yourself baffled by its tantalizing beauty.

And you want to see more of the Avon, which fascinates like a Lorelei, so that you have to return thither again and again. We will make another excursion from Brent through those crooked streets, and up the steep rough hill, then down again—for, being in Devon, the road must



LYDIA BRIDGE ON THE AVON: BRENT.

perforce go up and down—to the level of the river, which tumbles among the rocks, with narrow coves on either side, where we can see the river gleaming through the boughs.

Our destination is Shipley Bridge. We cannot well miss the way, as the road goes all along the river; if we want directions we must ask for Dalworthy (another Dartmoor "worthy," you see), a name we may now and then perceive on the rather infrequent signposts.

Didworthy, a large farm lying right under the shelter of the hills, stands in the loveliest situation imaginable. A few trees shelter it; Black Tor and Shipley Tor look down on it; the ruin of an old factory is close by; near is the rushing river, spanned by Shipley Bridge. Just one narrow arch thrown over the water; above, great mossy rocks and the deep shadow of trees; below the water has wider, freer range, and runs sparkling in the sunshine. It is the land of ferns. They cluster in the crannies of the old house, beautifying the bare walls; they hang from the bridge, thicken the banks, and droop into the river: lady-fern and *Lastrea dilatata* on the rocks, hay-fern where there is a hedge, mountain fern, black-stem, scaly hart's-tongue, and false maidenhair, which last is the prettiest of all. For luckily at Brent the hand of the spoiler seldom comes to root them out of the earth.

The road runs up the riverside a little further, then comes to an abrupt conclusion on the Moor. Along the edge of the path we observe a rude stone, on which names are cut, and you may well pause to ask why Trelawney, Bulteel, and Carewe have mention here. They are the names of former worthies of the hunting field, whom an eccentric owner of Brent Moor House had immortalized here many years ago. A modest fame, for though the granite is long-lasting, few come this way to see the stone.

Black Tor and Shipley Tor are small, compact masses of rock. Ascending towards the first-named, we shall find innumerable hut-circles scattered on the face of the Moor. They have no vallum, like Grimspound, and are less regularly grouped than those at Merivale; but that there was also a village here is unmistakable, and its fragmentary condition is explainable by the traces of carting away granite that are very evident in the locality. Indeed, the owner of Didworthy has had to put up notices forbidding its removal without permission. We can sit among the hut ruins and look across to Three Barrows. It seems a mere jump, and is not more than four miles off as the crow flies, but a more difficult and fatiguing effort than the walk over those four miles of up and down, bog and turf, cannot be imagined; I do

not advise any one to try it. As at Merivale and Kes Tor, we cannot help connecting the village on the hill with the barrows on the mountain-side, the one a dwelling-place, the other the tomb, of some demi-god or hero.

Continuing our walk northwards on the heather, we reach Rider's Plain, where there are more circles, known as Rider's Rings. The plain is very wild and barren, undignified by any height, unbroken by rock or tor. Keeping straight on, the gorge of the river at the right hand below us serving as a guide, we shall presently find a cairn with a shaft upon it; this was anciently Petre's Cross, which for some time served as part of the factory building near Didworthy, but as the house fell into ruins was discovered, very much injured, and replaced here by the ordnance surveyors.

We are now close to the Abbots' Way, or the Jobbers' Path as it is sometimes called, the track from Buckfastleigh to Tavistock Abbey, and the line of crosses already alluded to. Many are broken; all stand at scattered distances, on country so rough and boggy that none but the enthusiast is likely to search them out. The Abbots' Way is only a green path across the moorland, winding in and out among the marshes, which often are difficult to pass, as doubtless they have encroached on the track since it has been abandoned by regular travellers.

The wool trade, which still prospers at Buckfastleigh, was formerly one of the revenues of its abbey, and it has been conjectured that the Jobbers' Path was employed to carry bales of merchandise from there to the monks at Tavistock.

From where we stand we look towards Aune (or Avon) Head and Fox Tor Mire, the scene of one of the most picturesque legends on the Moor: the story of Childe the hunter.

Amyas Childe, of Plymstock, is supposed to have lived during the fourteenth century. Mr. Baring Gould preserves among "Songs of the West" the Dartmoor ballad that tells his story:—

"It so befell, as I've heard tell,
There came the hunter Childe;
All day he chased on heath and waste
On Dart-a-moor so wild.

"Cold blew the blast, the snow fell fast
And darker grew the night ;
He wandered high, he wandered low,
And nowhere saw a light.

"His knife he drew, his horse he slew
As on the ground it lay ;
He cut full deep, therein to creep
And tarry till the day.

"The wind did blow, fast fell the snow,
And darker grew the night ;
Then well he wot, he hope might not
Again to see the light.

"So with his fingers dipped in blood
He scribbled on the stone"—

One is grateful to the ballad for telling us on what substance Childe wrote that last will and testament, found when the snow had melted beside his dead body:—

"The first that fyndes and bringes me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstock he shall have."

In due course of time the discovery of the body and the writing was reported, and it instantly occurred to the Abbot of Tavistock that the very best person to be the heir of Amyas Childe was himself, to the advantage of the abbey. So the monks started for Fox Tor to fetch the body. Meanwhile the men of Plymstock saw no reason for the Abbot's resolution, and determined to have the honour of burying Childe and inheriting the property themselves. But they allowed the monks to have the arduous task of getting to Fox Tor and bringing the corpse over the Moor. A number of them waited by Tavy Bridge, with the intention of stirring up a fight and carrying off the body before it reached Tavistock Abbey. But the monks suspected the assault, and tricked them in a truly monkish manner, throwing another bridge over the Tavy, at a higher point, by which they quietly carried the hunter's body to the abbey, while the Plymstock worthies waited elsewhere. Childe the hunter was buried with due honours, and the abbey inherited the property. The bridge remained, called Guile Bridge. Some say that it is that one at Tavistock which is now known as the Abbey Bridge.

The learned have rejected this legend, because it tallies with other similar folk-tales. We would rather let it rest, adding to the weird picturesqueness of this quarter of the Moor. The vandalism of the farmer has unfortunately destroyed the cross which once marked that spot known as "Childe's Grave," and regarded by Risdon as the third wonder of Dartmoor.

We can turn back by Shipley Tor and the lanes that lead down the side of Brent Beacon, or, as it should more correctly be called, Brent Hill. In nearly every excursion this conical hill has been a prominent feature in the landscape, but when quite close at hand we must own that Brent Beacon is of no interest, except as a landmark; and if we happen to ascend the side it is very steep indeed.

As we tramp eastwards we will choose the old Plymouth road, though it is rough and hilly, for then we cross Brent Harberton Ford, a lovely out-of-the-way spot, left behind by modern traffic. Attaining the top of the hill, we find a lane to the left, with a signpost for Deane Coombe.

This is one of those places where the wild scenery of the moorland comes in touch with the cultivation of the border. A stream is tearing among rocks and wood through a picturesque valley. This is that Deane Bourne of which Herrick wrote,

"Deane Bourne, farewell; I never wish to see
Thee or thy rocky incivility."

He was not polite to the locality, as we shall presently see. But first we must find the Hound's Pool, where a vicar of Deane Prior (he must have been long before Herrick's time) transformed the spirit of a wicked weaver, who had been a trouble to the village, into a black dog, and set him to bale out the pool with a nut-shell. The story makes us think of Bingie in Cranmere, and Tregeagle, who, over the Cornish border, is emptying Dosmary Pool with a limpet-shell.

After we leave the Coombe, we shall reach Deane Church, where we must pause for Herrick's sake. Of all the poets who have written in Devonshire, he has left most impression on English literature, of whom he is the

Theocritus. His lyrics seem replete with the spirit of the lovely county he lived in; he tried in vain to be artificial; he hated his surroundings, yet was fain to own their influences.

" I must confess
I ne'er have written such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loathed so much."

He was ejected from the living by the Puritans in 1648, and quitted the place with all appearance of rejoicing, uttering the "Farewell to Deane Bourne," of which I have quoted a couple of lines. His description of the inhabitants is not flattering :—

" O men, O manners, now and ever known
To be a rockie generation!
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages,
With whom I did, and shall resoourn when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers into men."

But, as others have done, he protested too much, being glad enough to get back to his living after the Restoration; perhaps finding the folk at Deane Prior, if somewhat rougher, more honest than the courtiers of Charles II. He died at Deane, and was probably buried under the altar, as so many vicars of old churches. Only a modern brass commemorates his name.

Nothing need detain us this time in Buckfastleigh, which we reach in three miles from Deane Prior. We will get to the station, and take the train for Ashburton.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM ASHBURTON INTO DARTMOOR.

*Ashburton—Buckland Drives—Holne Chase—New Bridge—
Leusdon—Poundsgate—Dartmeet—Dennabridge Pound—
Holne Village—Buckfastleigh.*

It is seven miles by road from Newton Abbot and three from Buckfastleigh, a pleasant little country town of four streets named after the points of the compass, which meet at a central drinking fountain, known as the Bull Ring. On the monthly market-day they are crowded with horned beasts to a somewhat alarming extent; at other times Ashburton is quiet enough, priding itself on its cakes and surroundings, which we shall soon visit. It was one of the Stannary towns, thus holding a connection with the Duchy, though at first sight its solid prosperity offers little suggestion of the unconventional Moor.

Lodgings are to be had, or comfortable accommodation in the "Golden Lion," at the top of East Street. The church of St. Andrew is fine, but the restoration in 1882, though well carried out, has left few interesting features. We see there have been three side chapels; some old carving remains on the roof of the north aisle; nothing else detains us. A good many old houses are standing in the town, especially in North Street.

When leaving the town by West Street a house at the turn of the hill may be observed, bearing a date of the seventeenth century, and with a little figure of a man on horseback at the edge of the roof. There are many such houses up and down Devon, and the figure is no child's toy, but in the troublous times of the Civil War this unpretentious little man, only noticeable if you were looking out for him, denoted that here a Cavalier might find safe shelter, and possibly assistance in getting off to France.

The quaint old tower standing in East Street and known as St. Laurence's Tower is the remains of an old chantry chapel, and now part of the building of the grammar school.

Although you may possibly have taken advantage of the Bovey coach to visit Holne Chase and Buckland Drives, we will go over them again from Ashburton.



Photo by]

ASHBURTON CHURCH.

[Blampey & Son.

Through the kindness of the owner of Buckland Court, the drives are open two days in the week *for driving parties only*. The exclusion of pedestrians is due to the bad manners of the many spoiling the enjoyment of the few, it being found impossible in so large a property to prevent the rooting up of ferns and flowers, the trespassing on private paths—in short, the ill-conditioned behaviour so unfortunately common in the tripper.

Plenty of vehicles for the drives are to be found

waiting in Ashburton on Tuesdays and Thursdays ; they meet the trains, or may be hired from the "Golden Lion," and you may either have a private conveyance, or share with a party.

The drivers usually go up North Street, or ascend to the top of the hill by Auswell Rock in view of Buckland Beacon and the village of Buckland-in-the-Moor. Then, entering the drives from above, they descend to the Dart, and return along the road that winds close by the river. Holne Park, or Chase, is on the opposite side of the water, somewhat wilder in aspect than the Buckland estate. This is the only really wooded part of Dartmoor (indeed, I am not sure that it is all within forest bounds). The trees clothe the hills to their summits, birch and oak in winter scarcely to be distinguished from the grey trap dyke, which here and there lies in long clatters on the hillsides. Dark firs towards the top break the monotony of tint, while Auswell Rock crowns the height above all.

Very lovely is the road through Holne Chase, which rises on a terrace above the river, and winds through the woods, with the Dart ever rushing down below. But it is tantalising sometimes not to be able to get near the water. Holne Bridge, too, which is two miles from Ashburton, will compete with any of the picturesque bridges we have seen on Dartmoor. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Holne Park is open for driving, or walking, but not to large picnic parties, who must first ask permission.

At Holne Bridge the water comes splashing, laughing, as it were, from the woods, and suddenly falls into silence under the bridge, and slips along so swiftly, so silently ; on a summer's day when the trees make shadow overhead there is a mystery in the spot which can be felt, but never expressed.

The river, the Dart, makes the glory of the place, fairest of all the fair rivers of Devon, the third river of the world, counting in fame only behind the Nile and the Rhine. Here you see it at its loveliest, now dashing in wild waves over the rocks, then sinking into a lull in some deep, still pool, which reflects the shore on either

side, so quiet, so swift, gliding to a bend, rushing on, then still again, as if the dancing water were fain to take a rest.

All such spots of wood and water have had their "lovers' leap"; one fancies the same pair of lovers must have been at each. I do not know of any story told of the "Lovers' Leap" in Buckland Drives. The crag overhanging the Dart below Auswell Rock is Lovers' Leap; that is all. I believe the Prince Consort stood on the spot where the iron bar is driven in. A bench on the top is cut with initials of more recent lovers, who have left their marks in this less distinguished fashion.

When Buckland Drives were open to pedestrians, a botanical friend of mine found there *Sibthorpia Europea*, growing by the river. It is one of those plants of the south of Europe that are to be found in Ireland and the west of England. The botanist who regrets that he cannot now walk through Buckland Drives in search of it must console himself with the reflection that the restriction conduces to the preservation of a somewhat rare plant.

Buckland-in-the-Moor is a little gem, two or three cottages clustered in the woods, close by the Webburn, here crossed by a narrow bridge; it is not quite four miles from Ashburton, and if you are an artist you will want to come again and pay it a longer visit than the coach drive allows. Farther on a little waterfall splashes into the road, and the shades of Buckland woods that close in the whole spot are deliciously refreshing after a drive or walk on the glaring Moor. The church stands in the park, its quaintness not a little enhanced by still retaining the high pews of early years. The church seats eighty people, and the population of this most miniature parish is seventy-one. We see the same carved patterns on the screen, and the painted saints are traceable on the panels, which have been decorated not only outside but within, in the latter place with larger figures, the similarities to which can be seen at Ashton, near Chudleigh.

Beyond the steep hill that leads to Buckland-in-the-Moor, Leusdon faces us. Its little modern church has



Photo. by

THE LOVERS' LEAP. BUCKLAND DRIVES.

[Blamfey & Son.

been built and endowed during recent years by a generous donor. The Webburn crosses the road, tearing down from Widdecombe-in-the-Moor to reach the Dart. Leusdon Rocks are just above us—a couple of fantastic groups, some of which are locally named the “Batch Loaves.” Then we leave the Drives, with their beautiful woods, behind, and pass out by the side of New Bridge to the wild, open Moor.

For a moment we pause to look across the hills, where the Dart runs like a silver thread. New Bridge spans it at the end of Holne Chase, and on one side of the river there lies a broad, marshy basin. Two white houses stand on the opposite hill; the farther of these is Holne Cot, where Charles Kingsley was born in 1819. He was taken away while still an infant, and did not see Dartmoor again till thirty years later.

In this marshy hollow grows the *osmunda*. The particularly bright green fronds are distinguishable among the other vegetation where in summer it crops up by the bog-bean. So terribly has the king-fern been rooted up in Dartmoor, that I would not disclose any locality of its growth were it not that here it is defiantly out of reach, the bog being well-nigh unapproachable even barefoot. So the *osmunda* flourishes, and mocks the depredator.

There are so many signposts for Poundsgate, that one would think it quite an important spot. Far from it: there are a few cottages, “Poundsgate Post-office” (largely announced), and the inn. Here you can have rooms if you like, and I know at least one lover of the Moor who makes this a yearly summer resort, far from the madding crowd. It was here that the Evil One first came on the Sunday of that Widdecombe storm, the occurrence altogether so unusual that it may be the importance of Poundsgate dates from that hour. The name of the hamlet identifies it as the “gate” for Dennabridge Pound, which we shall presently reach.

First we have a fine bit of moor to cross, below the heights of Corndon and Yar Tor, and we note again the variety of the scenery, which bears its own characteristics, after the fashion which makes no two parts of Dartmoor

the least alike, then down one of the longest, steepest, roughest hills in Dartmoor—really, I think, the very worst (Fingle Bridge, with Cranbrook, is hard to beat, but then that isn't the forest)—which takes us down to Dartmeet.

If you are driving, you will probably prefer to descend this safely on foot to remaining in any kind of vehicle; the driver, too, will most likely suggest alighting. So we may as well turn off the road as we descend, and look on the left-hand side for a grassy tract whereon stands the Coffin Stone, used for generations as a resting-place when the moorman's funeral is on its way to Widdecombe. A sense of awed reverence creeps upon us as we look at the broken block, cut with five rude crosses. Around us is scenery the grandest that can be conceived. It should bring consolation with it, for surely those who come here with their dead must have a sense of the nearness of God.

The three parishes of Lydford, Holne, and Widdecombe touch at Dartmeet, and the two streams of the East and West Dart join just below the bridge. On the East Dart the remains of a clapper bridge, similar to Post Bridge, can be seen; evidently it was less competent to withstand the rush of the water. Fantastic rocks are heaped in every direction on this side. The West Dart flows through more open ground in a broader, brighter stream. The mill-house above provides accommodation for man and beast and lodgings for the angler or explorer, either of whom will find plenty to do by the river or on the hills.

Ascending the road across the river, a further walk of two or three miles will bring us to Dennabridge Pound, which stands not far from the right-hand side of the way. Mr. Page describes this as "an enclosure of uncertain age, and in itself in no wise remarkable." It is still used for impounding cattle, especially those left unclaimed after the "drives." Our particular interest will be the Judge's Chair, at the entrance of the Pound, surely one of the seats of the mighty. It consists of a roofing slab eight feet long, with supporters six feet high on either side, below which some blocks of stone form seats, another large slab serving

as a back to the chair. Mr. and Mrs. Bray of course saw in this the seat of the "arch-Druid." It is popularly supposed to be the Judge's Chair of the Miners' Parliament, brought from Crockern Tor together with the Judge's Table, which may be seen in a less complete condition at Dennabridge Farm, close by. Some antiquaries have judged the chair to be the remains of a cromlech erected in the circle which doubtless forms the base of the Pound. One can hardly imagine that at a time when little respect was paid to "rude stone monuments" the Judge's Table and Chair, with their huge stones, were taken from Crockern Tor, several miles away, and brought for preservation to Dennabridge.

We need not follow the high-road farther; if we did, we should presently reach Two Bridges, where we have already been.

Retracing our steps towards Dartmeet, we will follow the road which turns off at the western side of the river, and presently cross the Dart again at Hexworthy Bridge, taking the Holne road through the hamlet of Hexworthy or Hessary. We now have a walk before us of between four or five miles to Holne, very beautiful, but with mighty ascents and descents, such as seem particularly frequent in the hills that surround the Dart. Down we go to "Skir Gut," and cross the stream, then up over the ridge of Bench Tor into Holne. By the time we get there we shall be ready for the tea which will soon be prepared for us in Church House, the charming inn at the top of the village, and it may be added, the hill. You will at once fall in love with Church House, and of Holne will be able to say with Charles Kingsley, "What I saw more than justified your praises of it." The deep porch, the lattice window under the thatch, the massive chimneys, will inspire you with the keenest desire to make a picture or possess one as soon as possible; and, instead of the familiar ivy, the building is draped with virginian creeper, which in autumn throws a gorgeous mantle of scarlet from chimney to base. Presently we will ask leave to go upstairs and look at the pictures in the quaint little room above the porch. Many of them are sketches by well-known artists who have

stayed at the inn; among other names we see that of Stacy Marks, and the whole little collection is very interesting.

Charles Kingsley must have been christened in the church, as his father was vicar here. The lych-gate and stile are particularly pretty, and overgrown with ferns.



Photo by]

CAMPING ON DARTMOOR.

[Blampey & Son.

The churchyard cross has been restored; and close beside it is a grand old yew-tree, which must have borne the Dartmoor breezes for generations.

Mr. Blampey, of Ashburton, to whose kindness in supplying me with photographs I cannot refer in sufficiently grateful fashion, has given me one of a camp on the Moor. Camping out on Dartmoor in fine weather is one of the most delightful experiences possible; for the time being one feels "monarch of all one surveys," the

"Duchy" and the Prince of Wales being merely convenient individuals who provide a charming landed estate for the benefit of the appreciative. Tented out by some brawling stream that lulls you to sleep at night, and serves for bathing, washing, and fishing in the day, a sense of delicious repose comes over one, excursions far afield seem too arduous—you want to lie on your back all day and stare at the sky, or now and then make a sketch, or try and catch a trout, just for the appearance of employment.

Remember, the Moor is actually free—no one will prevent you from pitching your tent anywhere you please—but just for convenience (we are but amateur gipsies after all) it is worth while to be near some farm so that the food supply is easily attainable. Dartmoor farmers are extremely good-tempered about camping; they look upon it with mild amusement, as an unexplained eccentricity, and show themselves most kind and willing to give every assistance in their power, and, should the weather become hopelessly wet, will arrange their whole house for the campers' convenience. On the whole it is wiser to get permission from some farmer to pitch the tent on his land or Newtake, as the actual common land is frequently infested with gipsies, who, vulture-like, scent out a camp and come and bring their own camp near it to worry, beg, and pilfer to an intolerable degree. Nothing can be imagined more absolutely independent than a cycle camp on Dartmoor—your house costs nothing, your land is rent free, and it is your own fault if you cannot declare with the vagabond,

"Who so contented as I?"

Leaving Holne for Buckfastleigh, we pass Hembury Fort on our way. A British camp stands on the hill-top, and if we climb up we get a magnificent view across country we have been traversing, not this time only, but in the distance we shall note many a mark that will remind us of these our rambles over the forest of Dartmoor. For, though doubtless you have made this expedition from Ashburton (which I have thus sketched as a whole) the work of two or three days, thus doing justice to the scene, and sparing the fatigue of the long hilly roads, the

time is come for leaving Dartmoor altogether. We are going our last journey as we walk down the hill into Buckfastleigh. The road winds round the back of the town, but by crossing the churchyard we cut off a corner. The spire, so unusual on a Devonshire church, has been visible many a time. From the churchyard on the hill a long flight of nearly two hundred steps leads into the town. Buckfastleigh is the Bristol of the Moor, a prosperous town, whose woollen factories of Devonshire serge employ many hands from Ashburton, Deane, and the neighbouring localities. The factories have one merit: that of antiquity; and we pardon their existence when we remember that the woollen trade was one of the industries of Buckfastleigh Abbey during the Middle Ages. Risdon mentions the abbey, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as founded before the Conquest. Recently the monastery has been restored by French Benedictines, and once more as we wander by the side of the Dart we may hear the convent bells ringing out the hours across the water.

Within the limited space given me in these pages, I have tried to guide you to some of the beauties and antiquities of Dartmoor, scarcely hoping to do more than instil you with the love of the inexhaustible moorland, which will bring you hither again and again, I trust with some better guide than myself for your further explorations.

The photographs used to illustrate these pages have, with a few exceptions, been taken by Mr. Blampey, of Ashburton, who allowed me to make a selection out of his large and varied collection of Dartmoor views.

I must express my obligation to a recent writer for information and pleasure gleaned from his book, not only in writing these chapters, but during many a ramble on the Moor. I allude, of course, to Mr. Page's "*Dartmoor and its Antiquities*," which has been a delightful companion upon nearly every excursion I have taken since its publication.

Will you now say, "Good-bye" (or dare I ask for "Au revoir"?), contented with my effort, concerning which I pray you and any critics into whose hands it may fall to

"Say not that she did ill or well,
Only she did her best."

CHAPTER X.

ANGLING IN THE DARTMOOR DISTRICT.

BY EDGAR S. SHRUBSOLE.

WITHIN easy reach of the various towns and villages included in the present guide very decent trout fishing is obtainable by the quiet courteous angler. He may wander at his own sweet will, stern tors rearing their height by his side, and the coloured stream foaming between peat bogs, amidst mossy boulders, at his feet; or he may cast angle where only the wild moorland surrounds him as he twitches out the tiny, dark, gold-hued troutlets. A civil request will gain for him the necessary information as to whether or not permission has to be obtained or paid for, and in the latter case where and to whom payment is to be made before he starts in search of his quarry. Should Piscator sigh for more important game, peel fishing and salmon fishing are available, only a few hours' railway journey at most being necessarily accomplished before the fishing ground is reached.

On Dartmoor proper all the streamlets are good alike, and it matters little which you operate upon, so long as the water fished is slightly discoloured. If the streams are very low, and bright, your chances of sport are considerably diminished, but your surroundings are none the less attractive, nor your walk less pleasant. A long day's tramp on Dartmoor is rather trying to the visitor, the walking is none of the easiest, and where angling is pursued it is not done, in many cases, without encountering vexatious difficulties. The exercise of plodding patience is a *sine quâ non* if success is to attend your efforts. A detailed description of the various

streams is not considered necessary by the writer of these notes. There is little to pick or choose one from the other. Upon your arrival in the district information is at once available as to which stream is fishing well, and go ye there. To-morrow some other stream may obtain your attention, for the water fished successfully to-day is "off" in twenty-four hours perhaps.

Rather let us deal generally with the subject, and first as to your outfit. This should be as light and as compact as possible. Wading is not absolutely necessary, so heavy, cumbersome waders and brogues may be dispensed with. Occasionally, however, the angler will find it useful to enter the water or to cross the stream, hence some protection for the feet and legs up to the knee is advisable, and the following covering is recommended: a short pair of waders made from light material (the "Silverburn" is an approved pattern), and a light pair of brogues fashioned to fit, and made with canvas tops and fairly strong leather soles, protected by common hob-nails. These light, short waders and light canvas brogues will be found more serviceable and much less tiring than top-boots; they have the additional advantage of being easily dried at night. A light wicker creel should be carried, and also a landing net, which should have a folding handle of simple pattern. Some anglers on Dartmoor streams pooh-pooh the idea of carrying a landing net, but one of a proper and simple pattern is so little increase to the weight of an angler's *impedimenta*, and at times it is so useful, that it should always accompany Piscator. Granted that, for the most part, the contents of your basket will consist of tiny troutlings, nevertheless there *are* bigger fish in the streams, and as you may get fast into one at any time, you will be glad then you have a net with you. Very long casting is not required on the streams of Dartmoor; therefore a nine-feet, two-piece rod is all that is necessary. Indeed, an eight-feet six-inch is perhaps the more suitable weapon. The reel-line should be proportionately light and handy, and the gut-cast of the finest.

Dealing with the all-important matter of lures, the artificial fly ranks first, and of the various patterns that

known as the Blue Upright is most successful; next follows the Red Hackle, and other good flies are the Half Stone, the Black Gnat, and, for evening fishing, the Coachman. In bright weather a Black Hackle with a turn or two of silver twist on the body is a very killing pattern. Should the angler use two flies, undoubtedly the most approved patterns are point Blue Upright and dropper Red Hackle. Most Devonshire flies are hackle-dressed, and they are fished slightly beneath the surface. Your keen angler, though, will at times spot a decent fish rising, and put over it a floating upright-winged fly. This often does the trick, but then most probably the hackle-flies fished wet would be equally successful. There is, however, a peculiar charm in the use of a dry-fly, and the exponent of this style should carry with him a few specimens of his favourite lures.

It is a mistake to undervalue your quarry because they run small in size. Dartmoor trout are very artful, and give really excellent sport. Fish for them with the finest gut procurable, and you will find that the fun in handling them is not by any means all on the side of the angler.

The less fastidious fly-fisher will find the Alexandra a most useful fly, especially in a fining water. It should be fished across and down stream, and must be worked in fits and starts, and constantly kept in motion.

A very attractive method, and, in a suitable water, a very killing one, of fishing for trout in this district is the natural minnow, of very small size, fished as a fly on the finest tackle. The same rod will do as for fly fishing proper, but the reel line should be extremely fine, and *level*, not tapered. A tiny triangle and a wee lip-hook is all the armament required, and a couple only of very small swivels are sufficient for the trace. It requires some skill and practice to enable one to manipulate this tackle properly, but once learned, it is invaluable on other waters as well as those of Dartmoor. The principal thing to study in casting the minnow as a fly is to pick your line neatly off the water and send it well back behind you. As soon as the line has extended itself fully behind you, then with a steady but decided movement

propel the bait forward in the desired direction, taking great care not to give the slightest jerky motion to the lure, or its position on the hook will be spoiled, if, indeed, the bait is not entirely torn away and lost. Fish across and down stream. The trout does not swim on Dartmoor that can refuse a minnow placed before it in a workmanlike manner. Many anglers use artificial minnows. Devon minnows are known all over the angling world, but in the most skilful hands they are a sorry substitute for the natural bait.

When the water is very thick the best bait is a well-scoured worm, and the same lure is a good one in bright water, if fished in the following manner: rod as before, reel-line same as recommended above for minnow fishing, cast as fine as can be procured, hook of fine wire, round-bend, whipped with red silk. Keep as far as possible away from your quarry, and fish as with a minnow, only up stream if you possibly can. Drop the worm in all the little runs, in the slack water behind boulders, and, in fact, in any and every spot at all likely to hold a trout. If the stream is rather fast squeeze a small shot on the cast just above the hook.

A very popular method of negotiating the capture of trout on Dartmoor is dapping for them with natural insects, a black-beetle being an especially attractive lure. There are two methods of dapping. One is to squirm along the brookside and, with shortened line, advance the point of your rod so that the lure may be lowered to the surface of the water at the desired spot. The other method is to be preferred, and is carried out in the following manner. From a point of vantage carefully chosen with regard to wind, &c., let your line of floss silk, with a single length of gut and hook attached, float out with the wind, and as soon as the line has fairly well extended itself lower the point of your rod and permit the bait to alight on the surface of the water. Should the stream favour, you may let the line travel down. Great care is absolutely necessary in the manipulation of the fine floss silk line, which, by-the-bye, should be wound on a light wood winch of contracted shape, *i.e.*, large in diameter and narrow in the barrel. If from any reason a

tangle should occur, there is nothing for it but to break off the length of line entangled, and start again. It is capital sport handling the lively little Devonshire trout on this tackle.

In conclusion, we would appeal to the sportsmanlike feeling of those who visit the district. Granted the fish run small, it is none the less wrong to retain the *very* small specimens, which unfortunately is done by some anglers. Don't fish anywhere until you have ascertained you are not doing wrong. Most of the water is available either through the kindness of the owners—who seldom refuse permission if approached in a proper manner—or by the purchase of tickets from some hotel adjacent, or from the local angling society, which may have the fishing rights. Devonshire people are extremely kind and courteous to those who respect their rights, and the true sportsman will enjoy his angling holiday far more if he knows that everything is “fixed up” all right before he starts to fish.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME NOTES FOR CYCLISTS.

Now that the swift wheel has become so useful and universal a vehicle, I am frequently asked whether it is worth while to take a bicycle into Dartmoor. To this question I reply with an emphatic affirmative; cycling in the Moor may be rough, not of the quality which recommends itself either to the butterfly rider or to the "scorcher," but the saving of time and fatigue is immense in getting from place to place where there is no local means of communication.

Of course it is hilly, very hilly, especially the Moreton road across the centre of the Moor to Tavistock; and after dry summer weather, when the coaches have cut it up, the surface is extremely rough. True, you may reckon in places for three-quarters of a mile up to half of downhill, and for pace you cannot expect a progress of more than seven miles an hour at the quickest; but there is so much to see, one hardly grudges the delay of walking, and the advantages are very many, so that the rider who cares more for pleasure than pace will find his cycle a real convenience. The wheel is fast making its way into the Moor for practical purposes; residents in obscure localities ride; we meet the postman on his bicycle in a great many places, and he will tell us how glad he is to be saved walking the weary miles of his long rounds.

It is not worth while to attempt cycling on the rough, steep road which leads through Lustleigh to Moreton from Bovey Tracey. This piece should always be taken by train, to save the time and temper of the cyclist, who otherwise will find himself walking up a perpetual ascent of the vilest road imaginable. Let him save his powers for the Moor.

In the sixteen miles from Moreton to Okehampton he will find on the whole a very good road, especially after passing Sandy Park Bridge. In damp weather it is rather muddy as far as the Chagford turning, compensated for by being nearly all downhill. Passing the turning to Drewsteignton, the ascent of Whiddon Down follows, all ridable for the average hill-climber. A brisk descent to South Zeal is most enjoyable; it is then undulating to Okehampton, with a steep hill down into the town.

From Okehampton, crossing the Ockment, the Tavistock road runs on the extreme left parallel with the railway and river, a good road, with a well-made surface the whole way.

If the detour into Lydford is made, I do not think the hill to the gorge ridable; it is long, steep, narrow, and winds so much that there is too great risk of accident in meeting traffic. Near Lydford Station the Tavistock road ascends the hill opposite the "Manor Hotel" and crosses Brent Beacon.

The six miles between Tavistock and Prince Town are very hilly, I might add very uphilly, though long stretches are ridable; still it is well to give one's self plenty of time for the journey. The road continues good past Prince Town and Two Bridges as far as Post Bridge, this being the Tavistock division of the Moor, where the roads are well made and rolled. Merivale Hill bears a danger-board: it is very long and unfit to ride. I have already alluded to the hilly quality of the rest of the Moreton road, though the gradient from Post Bridge is easier than the other way. Merripit is a long hill up to the Warren House; the road then ascends and descends, with more or less sharpness and not really one yard of level ground, to Warm Hill, a very long winding descent; after this come Bec Tor Cross, very steep, and the hilly road into Moreton. Many of the descents are ridable with care and a good brake, and offer great impetus for the opposite ascents; indeed, it is all to be condemned for roughness of surface more than steepness of incline.

Cyclists will be deceived by the pleasant ride from Two Bridges past Dennabridge Pound to Dartmeet. So far

very good. Beyond this I advise no further cycling, the hill from Dartmeet being frightfully steep, and the roads afterwards rough beyond description. In Holne Chase we again find well-kept surface, but the hills are so tremendous, impossible of ascent, and no one with a desire to keep his neck whole will try to ride down them. Altogether the laboriousness of these few miles deprives them of all pleasure, and makes the distance seem twice as long as surveyors compute it. Buckland Drives are closed to cyclists.

It is a pleasant ride from Prince Town, on the Plymouth road, to Dousland and Yelverton. At the top of the first hill after Prince Town, another danger-board warns of the sharp invisible corner at the bottom. This and the board at Merivale are the only two danger-boards I know of on the Moor. It has been justly observed that, judging by the quality of "dangerous hills" in other localities, *all* the hills of Dartmoor might have danger-boards; possibly we should then find familiarity-bred contempt. Besides, "to the county the hills thereof"; the Devonian coasts what the Fen-man walks.

Detouring off the main road from Dousland station, a very possible ride can be taken by Caddaford Bridge to Cornwood. Here, in the south quarter, cycling is far more arduous, the roads mere lanes, narrow and rough, and, except to gain time in returning down hills often precariously steep, it is scarcely worth while to push the bicycle into the moorland.

When we come to consider the by-roads of Dartmoor, much depends on whether the rider is making some locality a centre or merely passing through. A cycling tour from point to point with a pause for walking excursions on the hills is really more satisfactory than a ride round; and the wheelman can use his own judgment about using the cycle or "Shanks his mare" on the lanes in each neighbourhood. The roads round Chagford are on the whole very steep, but here the bicycle will allow of day excursions which would not be possible on foot.

Starting for Fernworthy, after pushing the machine up the steep hill beyond the reading-room, the moorland will be found very ridable all the way to the farm, where

the machine can be safely left while exploring the antiquities on the Teign. A return might be made along the Ashburton road, for which there is a signpost, and so back to Moreton in time to catch the last train.

Another excursion could be made leaving Chagford by the Okehampton road (there are some very sharp hills), passing through Gidleigh, Throwleigh, to South Zeal and Sticklepath, returning over Whiddon Down by the Moreton road.

Grimspound is best reached by taking the Prince Town road at Moreton, turning to the left (on the Ashburton road) at Bec Tor Cross, leaving the machine at Easdon Farm, and walking to the hut village across the Moor.

I have described at length the route taken by the "Dolphin" coach to Cator Court, through Challacombe to Grimspound. All this might be done awheel, though a rough hilly ride; still, the saving of time would be immense, and on a long Summer's day opportunity would be found to get up to Challacombe avenues; or Grimspound might be thus included in a tourist's day, taking Hey Tor, Widdecombe, Grimspound, Challacombe, Post Bridge, and Two Bridges, stopping the night at the Hotel here, for further excursions in the centre of the Moor next day.

There is a very pretty road from here into Widdecombe, not too steep for pleasant riding (of course the climb out of the village is very stiff). It is best to take the Ashburton road, though this does entail pushing the machine nearly up to Ripon Tor. Above here a beautiful road crosses the Moor, either to Moreton or Manaton. By Hey Tor to Bovey Tracey it is very rough and steep, though rideable; not so the way down Halshanger Hill into Newton Abbot, which is fearfully steep. From Manaton the Terrace road by Becky Falls into Bovey is delightful, but riders should be careful of rough stones at the very bottom of the hill.

In this way the visitor who stays in the neighbourhood, though not on the actual Moor, might have some very enjoyable excursions for the day, and see more of Dartmoor with the bicycle's help than would otherwise

be possible. He is also much more independent of the trains, and saved tedious delays at country junctions. I think a cyclist, riding alone on the Moor for the first time, should use the utmost caution. Those to whom the roads are familiar know what to expect, and when to dismount; it seems absurd to speak emphatically of the necessity for a brake: some prudent riders deem two advisable, one for the back wheel, but I do not think this is really necessary.

The north and west have the best roads, and the easiest riding, and the gradients are preferable from the north downwards. It would be toilsome work to ride up from Plymouth. The surface is everywhere better in spring and autumn than summer, when the roads get loose and dry, and are cut into innumerable ruts.

As most of the interests of the Moor lie across the heather, they must be reached on foot. If no cottage or shelter is handy, the machine may be left in safety by the roadside or against a bank, no further caution being required than a consideration that no inquisitive cattle are near. I have often left my bicycle for quite a long time without its suffering the least interference, so lonely is the Moor.

These notes are written from personal experience, as I have cycled on every possible road up and down all over Dartmoor, and found great convenience and pleasure in the possession of the ubiquitous wheel.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

FOR THE THIRD EDITION.

I HAVE once more the pleasure of adding further notes to another edition of this little book.

Every year the popularity of our beautiful Moor increases, and the whole district promises to afford a prosperity to those who live in it little anticipated by those early writers who saw more terrors than beauties in its wild grandeur.

EXCURSIONS.—There are now daily excursion coaches from Okehampton, affording visitors opportunities of driving upon Dartmoor, and also to the less known localities of Hatherleigh Moor, Broadbury Down (with its fine British camp, Broadbury Castle), North Lew, and Ashbury, where a military camp is located.

BELSTONE has grown out of all knowledge, say those formerly acquainted with it. Truth is that people have discovered the charms of Belstone, and gladly avail themselves of the increased accommodation which affords the opportunity of rambling among the most picturesque scenery of moor, rock, and river.

HEY TOR HOTELS.—This present year has seen two hotels opened at Hey Tor. One is practically at Ilsington, not very far from the village, and is under the management of a company, with a view to making it a *pension* and health resort. The other, just below the Rock, belongs to Messrs Hellier and Lee, the well known proprietors of "The Dolphin" at Bovey Tracey. I can imagine many circumstances when the sight of a comfortable shelter at this locality will be a welcome sight to the tired, wet, and footsore wanderer.

JAY'S GRAVE.—I have been several times asked what is the story of "Jay's Grave," pointed out by the coach drivers at the cross-way between Heatree Lane and the Ashburton road. Jay's Grave, sometimes written "J.'s Grave," is a puzzle for everyone. Tradition asserts that "Jay" was a servant-girl at Manaton Ford Farm, who

hanged herself, and was buried here in a suicide's grave at the cross-roads by night. There is weirdness in the very vague lines of the tale.

YELVERTON.—A special request has reached me to speak more particularly of Yelverton, recently grown up round its railway station. The locality affords opportunity for delightful rambles among that beautiful scenery which characterises the borders of Dartmoor, and it has been pointed out that Yelverton possesses the advantage of offering *level* walks at a high elevation and in bracing air. Dousland, the next station, is becoming very popular with visitors to Dartmoor, as it is close to real moorland. Here, again, another "health resort" is in progress.

LITERATURE.—Several useful books have been added to Dartmoor literature during recent years. "Dartmoor Illustrated" (Commin, Exeter) is a beautiful collection of photographs with good descriptions, especially intended to illustrate the new and excellent edition of Rowe's Survey.

Mr. Crossing's "One Hundred Years on Dartmoor" (*Western Morning News*) gives a most interesting account of the Moor and everything connected with it during the past century. His appendix, giving a complete survey of Dartmoor Forest and the surrounding country, is invaluable in helping readers to identify all points of interest on any quarter of the Moor.

So inexhaustible a fount for literature does Dartmoor prove that we might imagine the Muses have quitted Parnassus to settle on Yes Tor. Among new novelists of the Moor the tales by Mr. Eden Phillpotts are the best known. A volume of "West Country Ballads and Verses," by Mr. Arthur L. Salmon (Blackwood), should be by no means neglected by those who love both poetry and the West Country. Its only fault is that readers will demand more of these charming verses, some of which speak in the rich old Devon dialect, while others have really caught that spirit of the moorland so many try to versify with so little success.

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

Dawlish, 1902

ROAD DISTANCES.

A Table of some Road Distances from Principal Towns.

FROM	TO	MILES
Ashburton ..	Holne Bridge ..	2
.. ..	Buckland-in-the-Moor ..	3½
.. ..	New Bridge ..	4
.. ..	Dartmeet ..	8
.. ..	Dennabridge Pound ..	11
Bovey Tracey ..	Hey Tor ..	4
.. ..	Widdecombe ..	8
.. ..	Becky Falls ..	4
.. ..	Manaton ..	6
.. ..	Lustleigh ..	3
.. ..	Moretonhampstead ..	7
Brent ..	Shipley Bridge ..	4
Buckfastleigh ..	Deane Prior ..	3
.. ..	Deane Coombe ..	5
Chagford ..	Fernworthy ..	4
.. ..	Gidleigh ..	3
.. ..	Throwleigh ..	6
.. ..	Okehampton ..	10
Moretonhampstead ..	North Bovey ..	3
.. ..	Easdon ..	5
.. ..	Post Bridge ..	11
.. ..	Two Bridges ..	15
.. ..	Tavistock ..	22
.. ..	Chagford ..	5
.. ..	Fingle Bridge ..	4
.. ..	Drewsteignton ..	6
.. ..	South Zeal ..	11
.. ..	Sticklepath ..	12
.. ..	Okehampton ..	16
Okehampton ..	Sourton ..	5
.. ..	Lydford ..	10
.. ..	Peter Tavy ..	13
.. ..	Tavistock ..	14
.. ..	.. by-Lydford ..	16
Prince Town ..	Two Bridges ..	1
.. ..	Dousland Station ..	4
.. ..	Sheeps Tor ..	5
.. ..	Caddaford Bridge ..	7
.. ..	Cornwood ..	12
Tavistock ..	Prince Town ..	6

INDEX.

- ABBOT'S WAY, The, 115.
 Angling notes, 130.
 Artillery practice, 78.
 Ashburton, 119.
 Becky Falls, 46.
 Belstone, 75, 83, 140.
 Belstone "Nine Stones," 83.
 Bennet's Cross, 57.
 Bovey Church, 29.
 Bovey Heath, 29.
 Bovey Tracey, 28.
 Bradleigh Woods, 15.
 Bradmere, 51.
 Brent, 111.
 Brent Tor, 90.
 Bridford Church, 10.
 Brixham, 15.
 Buckfastleigh, 129.
 Buckland Drives, 31, 122.
 Cattle drifts, 22.
 Cawsand Beacon, 75.
 Chagford, 61.
 Childe the Hunter, 115.
 Chudleigh, 14.
 Classenwell Pool, 107.
 Coach Drives, 30.
 Coffin Stone, The, 125.
 Compton Castle, 16.
 Cranmere "Bingie," 73.
 Cranmere Pool, 71.
 Crockern Tor, 102.
 Cyclist notes, 135.
 Dartmoor, antiquities of, 25.
 Dartmoor dangers, 26.
 Dartmoor, divisions of, 23.
 Dartmoor, Forest of, 25.
 Dartmoor maps, 27.
 Dartmoor mire, 26.
 Dartmoor roads, 26.
 Deane Bourne, 109, 117.
 Dennabridge Pound, 125.
 Dewerstone, The, 109.
 Didworthy, 113.
 Dousland, 141.
 Easdon Farm, 52.
 Exeter, 8.
 Exeter Cathedral, 8.
 Fernworthy Circle, 70.
 Fingle Bridge, 49.
 Fitz's Well, 32, 99.
 Gidleigh, 66.
 Gidleigh Castle, 66.
 Gidleigh Park, 66.
 Grey Wethers, 71.
 Grimspound, 55.
 "Gubbins," The, 88.
 Herrick and Deane Bourne, 117.
 Hey Tor, 35.
 Hey Tor, view from, 35.
 Holne, 126.
 Holne Chase, 121.
 Holy Street Mill, 64.
 Hookner Tor, 55.
 Hotels, 140.
 Ilsington, 36.
 Ivybridge, 110.
 Jay's Grave, 140.
 Kes Tor Rock, 70.
 Lady Howard of Okehampton, 81.
 Leigh Bridge, 66.
 Lovers' Leap, 114.
 Lustleigh, 46.

Lustleigh Church, 47.
 Lustleigh Cleave, 46.
 Lydford, 86,
 Lydford Castle, 87.
 Lydford Church, 87.
 Lydia Bridge, 113.

Manaton, 44.
 Merchants' Cross, 108.
 Merivale avenues, 98.
 Mis Tor, 100.
 Moorland crosses, 64.
 Moretonhampstead, 48.

Newton Abbot, 15.
 North Bovey, 51.

Okehampton, 77.
 Okehampton Castle, 78.

Pixie, or Monk's Cross, 96.
 Plymouth, 16.
 Plymouth Leat, 107.
 Post Bridge, 58.
 Poundsgate, 124,
 Prince Town, 105.
 Puggie, or Pixie Stone, 64.

Raebarrow Pool, 74.
 Road distances, 140.

Scorhill Circle, 68.
 Sir Walter Raleigh, 16.
 South Zeal, 85.
 Spinsters' Rock, The, 51.
 Sticklepath, 83.
 Sticklepath Inscribed Stone, 83.

Tavistock, 92.
 Tavistock Abbey, 93.
 Teignmouth, 12.
 "Three Crowns," Chagford, 62.
 Torquay, 14.
 Two Bridges, 101.

Ugborough Beacon, 112.

"Venville," 24,
 Vitiifer Mine, 56.
 Vixen Tor, 97.

"Warren House Inn," 57.
 Whooping Stone, The, 51.
 Widdecombe Church, 40.
 "Widdecombe Fair," 34, 38, 42.
 Wistman's Wood, 102.
 Wrangaton, 111.

Yelverton, 141.
 Yes Tor, 82.

BARR'S ^{SUPERIOR} SEEDS FOR FLOWER & KITCHEN GARDEN

THE best Seeds in the world for securing a supply of Vegetables "the year round," and for keeping the Flower Garden and Greenhouse always gay, and with abundance of Flowers to cut for vases and bouquets.

Barr's Seeds are of the finest selected strains only, and of good growth; they cannot fail to give the fullest satisfaction.

Barr's Collections of Vegetable Seeds, 5/6, 7/6, 12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- and 105/-, contain a liberal assortment of the best Seeds for a supply of Vegetables "the year round." Full particulars sent on application.

Barr's Choice Flower Seeds: Barr's Seed Guide contains a Select List of all the most beautiful Annuals and Perennials. Special Collections for all purposes, 2/6, 3/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, to 63/-, and many Sterling Novelties.

BARR'S BEAUTIFUL HARDY DAFFODILS GOLD MEDAL THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

BARR'S DAFFODILS were awarded the only **Gold Medal** at the Royal Horticultural Society's First Great Daffodil Conference; the **Premier Prize** at the Birmingham Daffodil Show, 1894; the **Gold Medal** at Wolverhampton, 1896; the **Gold Medal** at Wisbech, 1899; **Gold Medal and First Prize** at Shrewsbury, April 10th, 1901; **Gold Medal and £10 10s. Challenge Cup** at Manchester, April 18th, 1901; also many Silver and Silver-Gilt Medals, Certificates of Merit, etc., at London and Country Flower Shows.

Barr's 21/- Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each or 27 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

Barr's 12/6 Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each or 16 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

COLLECTIONS OF BULBS for the Greenhouse, Flower Garden, Rockery, or for Woodlands, 12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- to 105/-.—See *BARR'S BULB CATALOGUE*.

BARR'S Seed Guide, ready 1st January, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Hardy Perennials and Alpines, ready in February, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of the Best Bulbs and Tubers for Spring Planting, ready in Jan., Free.

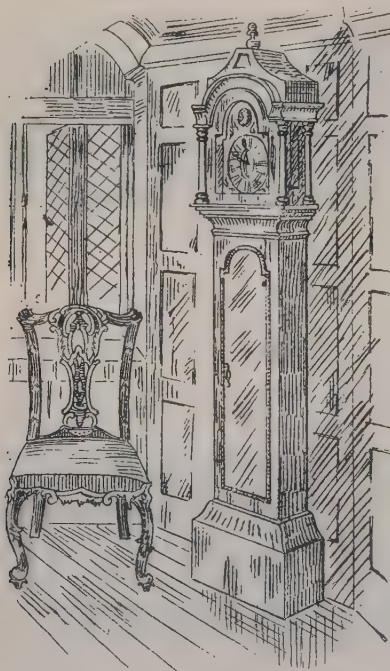
BARR'S List of Autumn-flowering Bulbs, ready 1st July, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Beautiful Daffodils, ready in August, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Bulbs for Garden and Greenhouse, ready 1st September, Free.

BARR & SONS, 11, 12 & 13, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

Nurseries: *Ditton Hill, near Surbiton, Surrey.*



J. William Hallett,
ANTIQUE DEALER,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
CYCLE AGENT,
Ye Olde Curiositie Shoppe,
CHAGFORD.

ANTIQUÉ FURNITURE AND
 CURIOS OF ALL KINDS. . .
 Collected from the Country *only*.
 Sales attended on Commission.

A good stock of
 WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY,
 SILVER, and E.-P. GOODS.
 Good value at low prices. Re-
 pairs in every branch executed
 thoroughly and promptly. Over
 12 years' experience in the trade.

CYCLE ACCESSORIES & REPAIRS.
 Agent for all the leading Cycles.
 CYCLES ON HIRE.

IMPORTER OF CHINA & GLASS.
 HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and
 MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
 supplied at shortest notice.

Instantaneous and Artistic Photography.

UNDER ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

J. BLAMPEY & SONS,

(Medalists),

Photographers, Artists in Oil & Water Colours,
PUBLISHERS, &c.,

Are prepared to take Portraits, Groups, Mansions, Villas, Cottages,
 Landscapes, Cattle, Animals, Machinery, &c., &c.

All persons wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, kindly leave their Orders
 at the following address—**ASHBURTON**—which will receive prompt attention.

All the Principal Views of South Devon may be had.

Tavistock District Laundry.

E. C. SPOONER, Proprietor.

Telephones: TAVISTOCK 28. PLYMOUTH 0876.

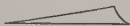
Plymouth Agents:

Messrs. LEACH & SON, 4, Whimple Street.

Also at Yelverton, Princetown, Okehampton, &c.

Price List and all particulars on application to the MANAGERESS,
...PARKWOOD ROAD, TAVISTOCK.

Established Half-a-Century.

The West of England 
Saddlery & Harness Works & Cycle Depot,

J. D. WILLIAMS & SON, Proprietors.

85, 86, & 87, WEST STREET, TAVISTOCK.

Apply to the OLD FIRM of Manufacturers for their prices of . . .

**SADDLERY AND HARNESS, hand-made, of
guaranteed pure Oak Bark Tanned Leathers,**

now so well-known and appreciated for their durability and style in all parts of England and abroad.

A large assortment of Portmanteaus, Bags, Dress Baskets, etc., Waterproof Carriage Rugs, Hunting, Shooting, Walking, and Driving Coats, Nicholson's Rain-proof (yet porous) Garments. Croquet, Golf, Tennis, Hockey, etc., by best makers. Cycle and Motor Agents for all the reliable makers. Cycles on Hire and Repairs.

Note the Address, and buy direct from the Makers at a saving of from 15 to 20 per cent.

J. D. WILLIAMS & SON, TAVISTOCK.

TO MAKE ANYTHING KNOWN [ADVERTISE IN . . .

The Western Morning News,

THE LEADING WEST OF ENGLAND DAILY.

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS is a first-class Daily Paper, the oldest in the District. Independent in opinions. The earliest and fullest in News. Circulates among all classes and parties, and is the best medium for Advertisers, *having a far larger circulation than any Two Papers published in the district combined.*

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS is the only Paper published South of Liverpool which HAS ITS OWN PRIVATE WIRE connecting the London Office, 47, Fleet Street, with the Chief Office at Plymouth. Special Advertisements are received at the London Offices up to 10 p.m., for insertion in Next Day's Issue.

The Western Weekly News

Has the largest circulation of any Weekly Paper in the West of England.

Recently Enlarged to 32 Pages. Illustrated Throughout.

All the Latest News up to Friday and Saturday Mornings.

The Naval and Military Record,

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The only weekly Service Newspaper (as distinct from a Review) with Correspondents in all the Royal Dockyards, Naval and Military Centres, and on all the Foreign Stations.

VICE-ADMIRAL FITZ-GERALD writes:—"I write to you, sir, because yours is by far the most widely-read Naval Paper in existence. You have the ear of the lower deck, as well as of the Officers' messes, more than anyone I know of, perhaps even not excepting Miss Weston."

Published by 

The Western Morning News Co., Ltd.,

Secretary and Manager: ERNEST CROFT.

Chief Office: 31, GEORGE STREET, PLYMOUTH. Branch Offices: 14, MARLBOROUGH STREET, DEVONPORT; 27, HIGH STREET, EXETER; 67, EASTOVER, BRIDGWATER, &c. London and Private Wire Office: 47, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Devonshire Publications.

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN.

Newspapers for the Western District ; nine papers for various towns. Published Wednesdays & Thursdays, 1d.

THE TOTNES TIMES.

Established forty years. Circulates in the important Totnes Union District. Published Friday Evenings, 1d.

Books for Visitors.

GUIDE TO THE RIVER DART.

A descriptive sketch of a Trip down the English Rhine, with Map and Views. Price 6d., by post 7d.

BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

An historical and descriptive sketch of the Ancient Ruins and Lordly Occupiers of the Castle. Price 6d., by post, 7d.

“ BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.”

A thrilling and interesting Novel, by Edward Montague. Price 1/-, by post 1/3.

ALBUM OF TOTNES, BERRY CASTLE, AND THE RIVER DART.

A charming Souvenir. Twenty-four picturesque Views from photographs. Price 6d., by post 7d.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS, 3D. PER PACKET OF 6.

REPRODUCED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

TOTNES TIMES AND WESTERN GUARDIAN

Steam Printing Works, TOTNES.

MORTIMER BROS, M.J.L.,

. . PROPRIETORS.

AWARDED

TWO

PRIZE

MEDALS,



INTERNATIONAL
FISHERIES
EXHIBITION,
LONDON, 1883.

E. F. Prickman,

Fishing Rod and . . .

Tackle Manufacturer,

189, HIGH ST., EXETER,
(Late NORTH STREET)

Has the Largest and Best Stock of

Salmon and Trout Tackle

In the West of England.

*Sole Maker of the celebrated "Angel"
or "Totnes" Minnow.*

SPORTING GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

ASHBURTON.

Walking Sticks.

Gilbey's Wines and Spirits.

Tabloids. Foot Powder. .

. . etc., etc. . .

EVANS, Chemist and Druggist.

SOUTH DEVON.

Hotel, Boarding House, and
Apartments advt, will be in-
serted in future editions of
this Handbook at a Moderate
Charge.

Address:

The Homeland Association,
24, Bride Lane, Fleet St., E.C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW HOMELAND HANDBOOKS are in active preparation
for the following Towns and Districts:—

PLYMOUTH, Devon.

EASTBOURNE, Sussex.

LYNTON, North Devon.

PENZANCE, Cornwall.

TAUNTON, Somerset.

THE QUANTOCK HILLS.

HENRY J. ALMOND,

TIMBER MERCHANT,

Builder, House Decorator, etc.,

ASHBURTON.

J. W. MARTIN,

Pharmaceutical Chemist,

ASHBURTON.

MINERAL WATERS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

G. PITTS, Family Butcher,

THE OLD AND NOTED CARD HOUSE,

NORTH STREET, ASHBURTON.

Prime Beef, Mutton, Pork (Veal and Lamb in Season).

FAMILIES SUPPLIED DAILY.

CHARLES E. EVANS & SON,

Members of the Pharmaceutical Society,

Dispensing Chemists,

MORETONHAMPSTEAD and CHAGFORD.

Chagford business under the management of Mr. A. E. Evans.

Camwal Gold Medal Table Waters. Photographic Materials.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION AND WHAT IT SEEKS TO DO. ❁



*"While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?"*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION was founded in 1897 with the view of collecting and publishing useful information regarding the towns and country districts of Great Britain and Ireland, the motherland of our Empire.

The result of its work appears in a concrete form as the series of **Homeland Handbooks** which are issued from time to time, and which usefully provide an adequate local guide to a district. They contain particulars of the History, Traditions, Worthies, Sport, Natural History, Antiquities—in fact, everything likely to interest that can be gleaned concerning a neighbourhood.

By express command a copy of each volume issued by The Homeland Association is sent to His Majesty the King.

In each case the books are written by a qualified author with special local knowledge, and the Association has been so fortunate as to be helped in some cases by eminent men and women of letters. The late Sir Walter Besant with great kindness contributed an introduction to the Handbook for the Isles of Scilly; Miss Edna Lyall wrote some interesting personal recollections for "Farnham"; while the introduction to "Epsom" is signed by "A. R.," initials which, according to leading newspapers, veil the identity of none other than the Earl of Rosebery himself.

The Association has been fortunate in its authors, who have made their tasks a labour of love, and have spared no time or trouble in their investigations. We can only briefly indicate Mr. Gibson Thompson's "Wolfe-Land," the story of the corner of Kent that gave to the Empire the immortal Wolfe; Mr. J. E. Morris's "Guildford," and other

most interesting Surrey volumes; while among the books on the West Country, Miss Beatrix Cresswell's "Dartmoor" is already quoted as an authority. The Association must acknowledge with thanks the valuable help afforded by Mr. Gordon Home, whose clever pencil has illustrated many of the volumes, and who has contributed two books to the series—"Farnham" and "Epsom"—written and completely illustrated by himself.

The Association desires through the medium of its publications to encourage Englishmen to tour in and appreciate their own country, taking as a motto the words of old Thomas Fuller, "Knowest thou the rooms of thy own country before thou goest over the limits thereof."

At your feet lies a land of inexhaustible charm, every inch of which is hallowed with some stirring story of the past. "The charming friendly English landscape," wrote Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," "is there anything in the world like it?"—and if we can lead Englishmen to enjoy more fully their possessions, we have our reward. Up to the time of writing twenty-eight books have been published, all dealing with England. As funds will permit, other books will be issued. Up to now the work has been carried on, we hope, for the public good, but without any aid from public money. The expenses of publication, printing and illustration are naturally heavy; the books to be useful must be widely distributed, and consequently must be published at a low price to be within the reach of all; and a large number must be sold to make them self-supporting. May we appeal to you, if you are pleased with the book you are reading, to tell your friends of the series, and if possible to become a subscriber for the other books issued by the Association. The whole form a most valuable topographical library, and you will be helping in what Mr. George R. Sims, in writing of the Homeland Association, has called "a national and patriotic work."

PRESCOTT ROW,

Editor and General Manager.

*Offices of The Homeland Association, Ltd.,
St. Bride's House, 21, Bride Lane,
Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

December, 1902.



This List cancels all previous issues.—DECEMBER, 1902.

HOMELAND HANDBOOKS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

POSTAGE 2d. ALL PRICES ARE NETT.

No.		Cloth	Paper
1	TONBRIDGE FOR THE ANGLER, THE HOLIDAY-MAKER, AND THE RESIDENT By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.	1/-	6d.
2	TUNBRIDGE WELLS OF TO-DAY By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.	1/-	6d.
3	"LONDON TOWN" By ERIC HAMMOND.	1/-	6d.
4	"LYONESSE": THE ISLES OF SCILLY Third Edition (1902). Cloth Edition contains Map. With Introduction by the late Sir WALTER BESANT.	1/-	6d.
5	"WOLFE-LAND": THE WESTERHAM DISTRICT, KENT Second Edition (1900). By GIBSON THOMPSON. With Map.	1/-	6d.
6	"KENT'S CAPITAL": MAIDSTONE Second Edition (1900). By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW. With Map.	1/-	6d.
7	CROYDON, NEW AND OLD Second Edition (1901). By EDWARD A. MARTIN, F.G.S., and J. E. MORRIS, B.A. With Map and Plan.	1/6	6d.
8	DARTMOOR AND ITS SURROUNDINGS Third Edition (1903). By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. With Map.	1/6	6d.
9	ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM WITH PEN AND CAMERA Second Edition (1901). By A. G. MUNRO, B.A. With Map.	1/6	6d.

HOMELAND HANDBOOKS—*continued.*

No.		Cloth.	Paper
10	THE HOLMESDALE TOWNS: REIGATE AND REDHILL By T. FRANCIS W. HAMILTON. With Map.	1/-	6d.
11	"SURREY'S CAPITAL": GUILDFORD AND DISTRICT.. Second Edition (1901). By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. With Map.	1/6	6d.
12	DULVERTON AND DISTRICT: THE COUNTRY OF THE WILD RED DEER Second Edition (1901). By F. J. SNELL, B.A. Cloth Edition contains Map.	1/6	6d.
13	FARNHAM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS Second Edition (1902). By GORDON HOME. With Introduction by EDNA LYALL. With Map.	2/-	1/-
14	GODALMING AND ITS SURROUNDINGS (1900) By T. FRANCIS W. HAMILTON. With Map.	1/6	6d.
15	TEIGNMOUTH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS (1901) By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. With Map.	1/6	6d.
16	HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS (1901) By W. H. SANDERS. With Plan.	1/6	6d.
17	EPSOM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS (1902) By GORDON HOME. With a Prefatory Note by "A. R." With Map.	1/6	9d.
18	MINEHEAD, PORLOCK, AND DUNSTER: THE SEA- BOARD OF EXMOOR (1902). By C. E. LARTER. .. Cloth Edition contains Map.	1/6	6d.
19	CRANBROOK: THE TOWN OF THE KENTISH WEALD Second Edition (1902). By STANLEY MARTIN. With Map.	1/6	6d.
20	DAWLISH, AND THE ESTUARY OF THE EXE (1902) .. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Cloth Edition contains Map.	1/-	6d.
21	ST. ALBANS: ITS ABBEY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS By C. H. ASHDOWN, F.R.G.S., F.C.S. With Map. (1902.)	2/6	1/-
22	BROMLEY AND THE BROMLEY DISTRICT, BECKENHAM, AND CHISLEHURST. By GEORGE CLINCH, F.G.S. With an Introduction by PHILIP NORMAN, F.S.A. With Map. (1902.)	2/6	1/-
23	THE ANCIENT AND LOYAL CITY OF EXETER, THE CATHEDRAL AND SUBURBS. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. With Map. (1902.)	1/-	6d.
24	KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, SURBITON AND ITS SUR- ROUNDINGS. By DR. W. E. ST. LAWRENCE FINNY. With Map. (1902.)	2/6	1/-
25	EVESHAM AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, INCLUDING BROADWAY. By W. SMITH. With Map. (1902.) ..	1/6	1/-
26	PETWORTH AND MID-WEST SUSSEX By L. C. BARNES. With Map. (1902.) Cloth Edition only.	1/-	—
27	NEWQUAY (CORNWALL), THE VALE OF LANHERNE, AND PERRANZABULOE. By FANNIE GODDARD .. With Map. (1903.)	1/-	6d.
28	HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. With Map. (1903.)	2/6	1/-
	WEEK ENDS IN DICKENS' LAND. With Map		9d.
	WEEK ENDS IN HOP LAND. With Map		9d.

Many other Towns and Districts are in active Preparation.

THOROUGH GUIDE SERIES.

Edited by M. J. B. Baddeley, B.A., and C. S. Ward, M.A.

Maps by Bartholomew.

N.B.—CYCLING specially treated in both text and maps.

"The first place in guide-book writing belongs of right to Messrs. Baddeley and Ward, the authors having earned the position of the most practical of all the guide-writers of the present time and country."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mr. Baddeley's guide-books are well-known to every tourist in the British Isles, whether he travels by coach, cycle, or rail, or prefers the laborious delights of tramping afoot. They are as accurate as human fallibility can make them, they are bountifully supplied with excellent coloured maps which show every road, and the descriptions of scenery are written with good literary taste—a happy medium between the baldness of some guide-books and the stilted jargon of others."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 30th, 1901.

NET PRICES.

- I.—THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. 5s. 16 maps and plans. 9th Edition.
- II.—SCOTLAND, Part I. "THE HIGHLANDS" as far as Aberdeen, Inverness and Stornoway, and including Edinburgh and Glasgow. 6s. 6d. 50 maps and plans. 9th Edition.
- III.—NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL, with a full description of EXMOOR and the SCILLY ISLES. 3s. 6d. 23 maps and plans. 7th Edition.
- IV.—THE PEAK DISTRICT of Derbyshire, &c. 3s. 8 maps and plan of Buxton. 7th Edition.
- V.—SCOTLAND, Part II. "NORTHERN HIGHLANDS," from Aberdeen, Inverness and Gairloch to Cape Wrath and "John o'Groats." 3s. 6d. 14 maps and plans. 6th Edition.
- VI.—THE EASTERN COUNTIES. (Watering-places, Cathedral-cities, &c., 3s. 6d. 21 maps and plans. 5th Edition.
- VII.—SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL, and the SCILLY ISLES. 4s. 21 maps and plans. 6th Edition.
- VIII.—NORTH WALES, Part I. Chester, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, Llanrwst, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, Llanberis, Beddgelert and Ffestiniog Sections. 3s. 18 maps, plans, and panoramas. 7th Edition.
- IX.—NORTH WALES, Part II. Llangollen, Bala, Dolgelley, Barmouth, Shrewsbury, Machynlleth and Aberystwyth Sections. 2s. 6d. 15 maps and plans, and panorama. 5th Edition.
(THE TWO IN ONE VOL., 5s.)
- X.—SOUTH WALES and THE WYE District of Monmouthshire. 3s. 6d. 19 maps and plans. 4th Edition.
- XI.—SCOTLAND, Part III. "THE LOWLANDS," including Edinburgh and Glasgow. 4s. 20 maps and plans. 4th Edition.
- XII.—IRELAND, Part I. Northern Division, including Dublin. 4s. 20 maps and plans. 5th Edition.
- XIII.—IRELAND, Part II. Southern Division, including Dublin. 5s. 26 maps and plans. 4th Edition.
- XIV.—SURREY AND SUSSEX, including Tunbridge Wells. 3s. 6d. 19 maps and plans. 2nd Edition.
- XV.—YORKSHIRE, Part I. (East). 2s. 6d. 12 maps and plans. 4th Edition.
- XVI.—YORKSHIRE, Part II. (West). 3s. 18 maps and plans. 4th Edition.
(THE TWO IN ONE VOL., 5s.)
- XVII.—ISLE OF WIGHT. 8 maps and plans. 2s. 6d.
- XVIII.—BATH AND BRISTOL and 40 miles round. 19 maps and plans. 5s.
- XIX.—ORKNEY AND SHETLAND. 9 maps. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

London: DULAU & CO., 37, Soho Square, W.

St. Bride's Press Publications.

THE SURVEYOR & MUNICIPAL & COUNTY ENGINEER.

EVERY FRIDAY, **3d.**

Yearly, **15/-** (post Free).

For Municipal and County Engineers,
Consulting Engineers, Contractors,
and Members of Local Authorities.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL TIMES.

EVERY SATURDAY, **3d.**

Yearly, **12/-** (post free).

The Official Organ of the County
Councils of the United Kingdom.

TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS.

10. **Drainage Works and Sanitary Fittings.** By WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E.
Second Edition. Price **1s.**, post free.
- Table of Discharge from Circular Sewers when Running Full, in Cubic Feet per Minute.** By a Municipal Engineer. *Second Edition.* Price **1s.**, post free.
13. **The Sewerage Engineer's Note-Book**, being Standard Notes on Sewer Formulæ and Sewerage Calculations. By ALBERT WOLLHEIM, A.M.I.C.E. *Second (Revised Edition).* Price **3s. 6d.**, post free.
14. **Flow of Sewage.** By JOHN P. DALTON. Price **6d.**, post free.
17. **House Drainage: Its Inspection and Testing, &c.** By R. J. JENKINS, M.S.A., P.A.S.I., &c. Price **1s.**, post free.
18. **Testing of Portland Cement for Smaller Municipal Works.** By H. H. HUMPHREYS, A.M.I.C.E. Price **1s.**, post free.
19. **Description of Various Sewage Disposal Works.** By R. O. WYNNE ROBERTS, A.M.I.C.E. Price **1s.**, post free.
22. **Diagrams Exhibiting the Discharges and Velocities of Circular and Oval Sewers and Water Conduits, together with Notes on the Design of Sewerage Schemes.** By EDWIN B. NEWTON, F.S.I., A.M.I.C.E., &c. Price **2s. 6d.**, post free.
23. **The Construction of Roads and Streets**, with Historical Sketch of the Art of Road-Making; and numerous specially-prepared Illustrations. By WM. H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E. Price **3s. 6d.**, post free.
25. **Electric Tramway Traction.** By ALBERT D. GREATOREX, A.M.I.C.E., M.S.A. Price **2s. 6d.**, post free.
26. **Theory of Engineering Construction.** A reference book for Civil Engineers and Students. Comprising a selection of notes and formulæ on the theory of construction, arranged in the form of answers to the questions set at examinations for the election of Associate Members of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By ERNEST H. ESSEX, A.M.I.C.E. Price **5s.** nett, post free.
27. **How to Become a Municipal Engineer.** By J. FREEBAIRN STOW, M.S.E. Cloth, **1s.** nett, post free.

ST. BRIDE'S PRESS PUBLICATIONS,

London : The St. Bride's Press, Ltd., 24, Bride Lane,
and 3, 4, & 13, New Street Hill, Fleet Street, E.C.

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS

.....

Bath and Bristol. 6d.
 Belfast & the North of Ireland. 1s.
 Bournemouth. 6d.
 Brighton and Environs. 6d.
 Buckinghamshire. 2s. 6d.
 Buxton and the Peak Country. 1s.
 Canterbury and East Kent. 1s.
 Channel Islands. 1s.; cloth, with extra Maps, 2s. 6d.
 Clyde, The. 1s.
 Cornwall & Scilly Islands. 2s. 6d.
 Derbyshire. 1s.
 Devonshire. 2s. 6d.
 Dorsetshire. 2s. 6d.
 Dublin & the East of Ireland. 1s.
 Edinburgh. 6d.
 English Lakes. 3s. 6d.
 English Lakes. Cheap Edition. 1s.
 Exeter and East Devon. 1s.
 Galway and West of Ireland. 1s.
 Glasgow. 1s.
 Gloucestershire. 1s.
 Guernsey, Herm, Sark and Alderney. 6d.
 Hampshire. 2s. 6d.
 Harrogate. 1s.
 Hastings and Eastbourne (Bexhill, &c.) 1s.
 Ilfracombe and North Devon. 6d.
 Ireland. 5s.
 Ireland. Cheap Edition. 1s.
 Isle of Man. 1s.
 Isle of Wight. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Jersey. 6d.
 Kent. 2s. 6d.
 Kent, East (Canterbury, Margate, Ramsgate, &c.) 1s.
 Kent, West (Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, &c.) 1s.

Kentish Coast, Zig Zag Guide to the. By F. C. BURNAND. Illustrated by PHIL MAY. 1s.
 Killarney & the South of Ireland. 1s.
 Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, &c. 1s.
 Liverpool and District. 1s.
 London and Environs. 1s.
 London Environs. South. 6d.
 London Environs. West. 6d.
 Manchester and Salford. 1s.
 Margate & East Coast of Kent. 1s.
 Matlock, Dovedale, and Central Derbyshire. 1s.
 Moffat. 1s.
 Paris. With Cycling Supplement. 1s.
 Plymouth and South Devon. 1s.
 Scarborough and Whitby. 1s.
 Scotland. 8s. 6d.
 Scotland. Cheap Edition. 1s.
 Somerset. 2s. 6d.
 Surrey. 2s. 6d.
 Sussex. 2s. 6d.
 Torquay and the South Hams. 6d.
 Trossachs and Loch Lomond. 1s.
 Tunbridge Wells & West Kent. 1s.
 Wales, North. 3s. 6d.
 Wales, South. 3s. 6d.
 Wales. Cheap Edition. 1s.
 Warwickshire. 2s. 6d.
 Where Shall We Go? (A Guide to the Watering Places of Great Britain.) 3s. 6d.
 Where to Go Abroad. (A Guide to the Watering Places and Health Resorts of Europe, the Mediterranean, &c., including a Trip through India.) Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
 Wye, The. 1s.
 Yorkshire. 1s.

A Detailed List of Home and Foreign Guide Books will be sent on application.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

WORLD TRAVEL.

Organised by HENRY S. LUNN, M.D., F.R.G.S.

W. HOLDSWORTH LUNN and CONNOP F. S. PEROWNE.

CRUISES.

On the Magnificent Ocean Yacht "ARGONAUT."

Tonnage, 3273; H.P., 4000. Electric Light. First-Class Cuisine.

Autumn, Winter and Spring Cruises to the Mediterranean, including The Riviera, Naples, Sicily, Algiers, Malta, Greece, Constantinople, Smyrna, Palestine, Egypt, etc.

Summer and Autumn Cruises to the Baltic,
Including the NORTHERN CAPITALS OF EUROPE,
St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Copenhagen.

£11 11s., £12 12s., and £16 16s. Cruises to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS and NORTH CAPE.

CRUISE to the WEST INDIES.

These Cruises are under the auspices of the "Co-operative Company, Limited."

£10 10s., £11 11s., £13 13s. and £14 14s. TOURS TO ROME
via the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard Routes.

TOURS to FLORENCE and VENICE, visiting Lucerne, Lugano and Milan.

£7 7s. and £7 10s. TOURS to CHAMONIX & GRINDELWALD.
£6 6s. TOURS to GENEVA and to LUCERNE.

Extensions to Zermatt, The Oberland, The Engadine, The Tyrol and the Italian Lakes.

TOURS to BERCHTESGADEN for the BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS, THE TYROL, and the SALZKAMMERGUT.

All Tours can be prolonged. Passengers return independently.

THE GRAND CORONATION DURBAR at DELHI, and
WORLD'S FAIR.

CAMPING TOUR through PALESTINE and SYRIA.

NILE TOUR to ASSOUAN and THE CATARACTS.

Tickets supplied to all parts to passengers travelling independently, and
passengers booked by all principal Steamship Companies.

Full particulars from the SECRETARY—

5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

NEW

[JANUARY, 1903.]

West Country Books

Contributed by

BEATRIX F.

CRESSWELL

and other Authors.

Issued by

The HOMELAND ASSOCIATION

for the Encouragement of

Touring in Great Britain.

No. 4.—**Lyoness: The Isles of Scilly.** Third Edition now ready.
Cloth, 1/- Paper, 6d. Cloth Edition contains Map.

No. 8.—**Dartmoor and its Surroundings.** By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Third Edition. Cloth, 1/6. Paper, 6d.

No. 15.—**Teignmouth: its past History and present Interests.**
By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Cloth, 1/6. Paper, 6d.

No. 12.—**The Country of the Wild Red Deer: Dulverton and the District (Exmoor).** By F. J. SNELL, M.A. Second Edition. Cloth, 1/6. Paper, 6d.

No. 18.—**Minehead, Porlock, and Dunster: the Sea-board of Exmoor.** By C. E. LARTER. Cloth, 1/6. Paper, 6d.

No. 20.—**Dawlish and the Estuary of the Exe.** With Notes on Chudleigh. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Cloth, 1/- (with Map). Paper, 6d.

No. 23.—**Exeter and the Cathedral.** By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Cloth, 1/- Paper, 6d. With Plan of City.

No. 27.—**Newquay, The Vale of Lanherne, and Perranzabuloe.** By FANNIE GODDARD. Cloth, 1/- Paper, 6d. With Map.

In preparation :

Plymouth. By W. H. K. WRIGHT, Borough Librarian.

Taunton and Taunton Deane. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

Penzance. By JOSEPH E. MORRIS.

All Prices are nett.

Of all Booksellers.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LD.,

St Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane,

Fleet Street, London, E.C.

DULVERTON, West Somerset.

**"Where to stay . .
in the West Country."**

COPYRIGHT.



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON STAYED HERE IN JUNE, 1891.

CARNARVON ARMS HOTEL,

On the borders of Exmoor,
in the "Country
of the Wild Red Deer."

420 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



DULVERTON STATION.

(Great Western Railway.)

5 HOURS FROM LONDON, 1 HOUR FROM TAUNTON & EXETER.

Central for Meets of Staghounds, Foxhounds, and Otterhounds.

Five miles of Trout Fishing rivers Exe and Barle in the private water of the Earl of Carnarvon reserved (free) to visitors staying at the Hotel.

Weekly Visitors en pension. Delightful Moorland and Valley Scenery. Bracing Air. Pure Water. Comfortable Public and Private Rooms. Perfect Drainage. Grounds 40 acres.

GOLF LINKS IN HOTEL GROUNDS.

Well-kept Greens.

Croquet and Tennis Lawn.

Billiards.

FIRST-CLASS STABLING. Hunters, Harness Horses and Carriages.

Telegrams:

"Nelder, Dulverton Station."

C. W. NELDER, Proprietor.

Also 'THE REST AND BE THANKFUL' HOTEL, CUTCOMBE.

Perfect centre for Stag hunting. Finest Bracing Air, 1,100 feet above the sea.

**"Where to stay . .
in the West Country."**

COPYRIGHT.

BIDEFORD (NORTH DEVON).

CENTRAL
for the whole of
KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY,
Westward Ho!
Clovelly, &c.

HIGH CLASS
LEADING HOTEL.

Continental Courtyard.
Completely Sheltered
from E. and N.E. Winds.

Exceptionally Mild
and Bracing in
Summer and Winter.

Table d'Hôte, 7 p.m.
Separate Tables.

First-Class Horses and
Carriages.

Extensive Stabling.

Hunting, Shooting,
Golfing, Fishing,
Boating, Bathing.

STANLEY HEARD,
Proprietor.

Royal Hotel. *Adjoining Railway Station.
With Private Entrance.*



KINGSLEY ROOM IN ROYAL HOTEL
*(Formerly the Mansion of a Merchant Prince, built A.D. 1688),
where the late Chas. Kingsley wrote a portion of
"Westward Ho!"*

EXETER.

The Rougemont Hotel. **PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.**
ONLY MODERN HOTEL IN THE CITY.



The Largest and most
Modern Hotel in Exeter.

Nearest to all Railway
Stations, and within three
minutes of the Cathedral.

Finest Cuisine.

Beautiful Lounge Hall.

Table d'Hôte.

Spacious Coffee Room.

Omnibus meets all trains.

Billiard and Ball Rooms.

Night Porter.

Visitors supplied at the Hotel with information as to objects
of antiquarian interest in the City and neighbourhood. . .

Telegraphic Address: "Rougemont, Exeter."

MISS M. WRIGHT,
MANAGER.

Telephone No. 102.

**"Where to stay . .
in the West Country."**

COPYRIGHT.

ILFRACOMBE.

THE "GRANVILLE" BOARDING HOUSE, 1,700 References in Visitors' Books. Healthiest situation; unequalled sea views; 45 bedrooms; Billiards; plenty of Balcony; widely known for comfort, good cooking, and sociability. Bijou Guide gratis. **W. R. FOSTER.**

TORQUAY.

SAVERNAKE MANSIONS BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT, near sea, station, and town. Tennis, Croquet, and Billiards. Hot and Cold Baths. Terms from 25/- to 50/-. Under the supervision of the proprietress, **MRS. HAWKINS.**

ISLES OF SCILLY (ST. MARY'S).

Tregarthen's Hotel.

OLD ESTABLISHED.

Standing in own grounds
three minutes' walk from
Pier.

Recently Enlarged,
Comfortably Furnished.

Reading, Smoking, and
Ladies' Drawing Rooms.

Hot, Cold, and Sea
Water Baths.

Commands a beautiful
Panoramic View of ad-
jacent Isles.

Electric Light
throughout.

Excellent Lounge.

Hotel Porter meets all Steamers.



TARIFF ON APPLICATION TO THE MANAGERESS.

**"Where to stay . .
in the West Country."**

COPYRIGHT.

LYNTON (N. DEVON).

Royal Castle Hotel.

THE ENGLISH SWITZERLAND.



First-Class Family.

Electric Lighting.

Golf Links.

Fishing &c.

Coaches to Minehead and
Ilfracombe during the
Summer Season.

THOS. BAKER, PROPRIETOR.

MINEHEAD.

Hôtel Métropole.

LARGEST AND MOST MODERN FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

**Only Hotel standing
in its own grounds. .**

**Splendid Croquet
and Tennis .**

Lawns. . . .

Facing Sea.

Golf.



Telegrams :

"Métropole, Minehead."



M. MOWAT, MANAGER.

The "REFEREE" Letter File

(STONE'S PATENT).



Is the **BEST**, because it is the

SIMPLEST!

It is the only Front Filing System.

CHEAPEST!

Each File is its own Transfer Case.

MOST EFFICIENT!

Letters are more easily filed and found again than by any other system.

INSPECTION INVITED OF THIS AND OUR MANY OTHER LABOUR-**SAVING** OFFICE DEVICES.

PARTRIDGE & COOPER, Ltd.

(DEPARTMENT H.L.),

1 & 2, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST, BEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO
Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, North and South Devon,
Cornwall, Birmingham, Midland Counties, South Wales,
Ireland, &c.

EXPRESS TRAINS between LONDON (Paddington Station)

AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.
BRISTOL . IN	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	OXFORD . IN	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	CHESTER . IN	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
WEYMOUTH . "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	WORCESTER . "	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	BIRKENHEAD . "	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
EXETER . "	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	LEAMINGTON . "	2	CARDIFF . "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
TORQUAY . "	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	BIRMINGHAM . "	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	SWANSEA . "	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
PLYMOUTH . "	5	WOLVERHAMPTON . "	2 $\frac{3}{4}$		
PENZANCE . "	8	SHREWSBURY . "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$		

ALL TRAINS are FIRST, SECOND and THIRD CLASS.

CORRIDOR CARRIAGES with reserved compartments for Ladies, Smoking Saloons and Lavatory Compartments of each class are run on many of the Express Trains.

CHANNEL ISLANDS viâ Weymouth or Southampton.

The Steamboat Service between Weymouth and the Channel Islands and Southampton and the Channel Islands is carried on jointly by the Great Western and London and South Western Railway Companies. For full particulars see Time-book.

TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, and renewable, with exceptions, up to December 31st, are issued during the Summer Months of each year, at **Paddington**, at the **Company's Receiving Offices** and at all principal **Stations**, to the following well-known Watering and other places of attraction in the West of England.

* *TOURIST TICKETS from LONDON are also issued DURING THE WINTER MONTHS to the Stations marked *.*

West of England District.—Barnstaple, Bodmin, Clevedon, Dartmouth, Dawlish, Exeter, Falmouth*, Fowey*, Illeston*, Ilfracombe, Kingsbridge, Lynton, Moretonhampstead, Minehead, Newquay*, Newton Abbot, Penzance*, Plymouth, Scilly Isles, St. Ives*, Tavistock, Teignmouth, Torquay*, Truro*, Wadebridge, Weston-super-Mare, Weymouth, Channel Islands, &c.

Tourist and Ordinary Tickets are issued between the **WEST OF ENGLAND** and the **NORTH OF ENGLAND** and Scotland, in connection with the Express Service of Trains viâ the Severn Tunnel also from and to South Wales and the North by the same Service vi Hereford.

Tourists by the **GREAT WESTERN LINE** (the best route to the West of England) pass through the most picturesque scenery in Devonshire and Cornwall, extending from Exeter to Plymouth, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, and the Land's End.

Passengers' Luggage collected and delivered in advance at 1s. per package.

Dining, Luncheon and Breakfast Saloons between **London** and **Bristol, Exeter, and Cardiff**. Table d'Hôte dinner, 3s. 6d.; Breakfast or Luncheon, 2s. 6d.

Luncheon Baskets can be obtained at the principal Stations. Hot or Cold Luncheon, with bottle of beer, 3s.; without beer, 2s. 6d.

Tea Baskets, containing Pot of Tea or Coffee, Bread and Butter, and Cake or Bun, for one person, 1s.; Tea Basket for two persons, 1s. 6d.

HOTELS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT of the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station.

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL, St. Ives, Cornwall.

SOUTH WALES HOTEL, New Milford.

HOTEL WYNCLIFFE, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.

For particulars of Circular Tours, Fares, and other information, see the Company's Time Book and Tourist Programmes, which can be obtained at the Stations and Booking Offices.

PADDINGTON STATION, 1903.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

·HOMELAND·HANDBOOKS·

Dulverton

& The District

The Country of the Wild Red Deer



6^d
NET

Dulverton: B. Bayley, Fore Street.
London: The St. Bride's Press, Ltd., 24, Bride Lane, E.C.
(Official Publishers to the Homeland Association.)

NET 6^d

HUNT
TAILORS



SPORTING
OUTFITTERS

Prosperity to Stag Hunting

TO THE PRINCIPAL HUNTS IN THE DISTRICT.

* * * * *

Breeches Makers,

HAKING BREECHES.

POLO BREECHES.

LAGED BREECHES.

LEATHER BREECHES.

KNICKERBOCKER RIDING BREECHES.

Ladies' Tailors and Habit Makers.

*Patterns, Illustrations, Quotations, Measure Forms, sent post free
... per return on application. . . .*

Outfits for the
Public Schools.



Military
Outfits.

MOORE & STIMSON,
DULVERTON,

AND AT

9 HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.
GEORGE STREET, LUTON, BEDS.

SOMERSETSHIRE

The late Lord Tennyson stayed here in June, 1891.

Five miles of private 'TROUT FISHING in rivers
Exe and Barle FREE to Visitors staying at the . .

Carnarvon Arms Family Hotel,

On the borders of Exmoor in the
Country of the Wild Red Deer. .

DULVERTON STATION, G. W. RY.



Midway between the packs of the DEVON AND SOMERSET and SIR J. H. AMORY'S
Staghounds. About five hours from London, two from Bristol, and one from Taunton or
Exeter—in the midst of delightful scenery, 420 feet altitude.

Comfortable Public and Private Rooms.
Billiards, Bowling and Tennis Green. . . .
Day, Weekly, and Monthly Tickets for
Golf Links adjoining Hotel grounds,
which lead direct to the river Barle. .
Excellent River Bathing.

PURE WATER.
PERFECT DRAINAGE.
BRACING AIR.

Dairy Produce and
Exmoor Mutton from
the Hotel Farm.

First-Class Stabling. Hunters, Harness Horses and Carriages for Hire.

WEEKLY VISITORS
EN PENSION.

C. W. NELDER, Proprietor.

WIRE "NELDER,
DULVERTON STATION."

The Lamb Hotel,

DULVERTON.



At this First-Class Hotel, Visitors, Private Families, and Commercial
will find every accommodation at very moderate prices.

★ ★ ★

GOOD AND TRAINED HUNTERS. .

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Free Fishing to Visitors.

Nicely Fitted Billiard Room.

WINES, SPIRITS, &c., OF FINEST QUALITY.

W. B. WOODBURY, Proprietor.

MINEHEAD, SOMERSET.



Beach Family Hotel.



Strictly reserved for = = =
Families and Gentlemen.



THIS First-Class Hotel is delightfully situated quite close to the Sea, and has a most beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding Hills. Very central for the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, Exmoor and West Somerset Foxhounds, and the Minehead Harriers.



POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES. GOOD STABLING.

- - - LOOSE BOXES FOR HUNTERS. - - -

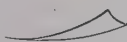
NEAREST HOTEL TO THE GOLF LINKS.

- - - SPACIOUS BILLIARD ROOM.

HOME COMFORTS. EXCELLENT CUISINE.



E. PERCIFULL,



PROPRIETRESS.

T. E. AYRE & Co.

1, Bedford Circus, Exeter,

Auctioneers, House, Land and Estate

Agents, Surveyors, and Valuers,

UNDERTAKE

SALES by auction and private contract of Freehold and Leasehold Estates, Farms, Residences, Business Premises, and Properties of every description.

SALES by auction of Live and Dead Farming Stock, Timber, Crops, Household Furniture, &c.,

THE LETTING of Residential Landed Estates, Farms, Shops, &c.

VALUATIONS under the Agricultural Holdings Act, and they are certificated Bailiffs under the Law of Distress Amendment Act,

VALUATIONS for Probate, Administration, Transfer or Mortgage,

VALUATIONS of Timber, Growing Crops, Farm Stock, &c. Brewery, Hotel and Public House Valuations,

ASSESSING Losses caused by Fire; preparation of Inventories, and Specifications for Dilapidations,

COLLECTION of Rents and Management of Estates,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCES.

★ ★ ★
BRANCH OFFICE:

BAMPTON STREET, TIVERTON,

. . . TUESDAY: 10 TO 4.

Established 27 years.

THORNE BROS.,

Family Drapers & Complete House Furnishers,
39 & 41, Fore Street, TIVERTON.

The Correct House for all the NEWEST NOVELTIES in
LADIES' WEARING APPAREL.

Immense variety in all kinds of . . .

HOUSEHOLD and FAMILY LINENS.



Large Stock of WELL-SEASONED FURNITURE.

BEDSTEADS. MATTRESSES. BEDDING.

Select Designs and Artistic Colourings in
CARPETS, CARPET SQUARES, LINOLEUMS, FLOOR CLOTHS.

J. C. SALTER,



...The Tiverton Draper.



CHEAPEST HOUSE for all kinds of
GENERAL & FANCY DRAPERY.

Bristol House,

28, GOLD STREET, ...TIVERTON.



LYNTON, N. DEVON.



The
English
Switzerland.

Royal Castle Hotel.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.



GOLF LINKS.

FISHING, &c.

COACHES TO MINEHEAD AND ILFRACOMBE DURING THE SUMMER SEASON.

THOS. BAKER, Proprietor.

FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE "PORTSMOUTH"



In Waterproofed Woollen Cloths.
55/-



THE EXMOOR

In Waterproofed
and also
Price 63/-



HUNTING FROCK

Woollen Cloths,
in Pink.



In Waterproofed Drab & Blue Devon
Box Cloths for Driving 80/-.
Double Breasted.

THE "PORTSMOUTH"



J & G. ROSS,

227 & 228, HIGH STREET,

EXETER.

FOR LADIES.
THE "ROSCUT"



In Waterproofed Woollen Cloths,
50/-.



In Waterproofed Drab & Blue Devon,
Box Cloths for Driving 75/-.
Double Breasted.



J & G. ROSS,
227 & 228, HIGH STREET,
EXETER.

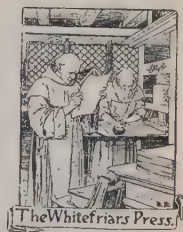


THIS BOOK

may be taken as a . .

Sample of Printing

executed by . .



Bradbury, Agnew, AND Co. Ltd.,

Fine Art, General, and Railway Printers,

Stereotypers, Electrotypers, = = = = =

Bookbinders, Die Sinkers, and Rulers, =

10, BOUVERIE STREET,

AND

LONDON, E.C.

THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS,

TONBRIDGE, KENT.

Telegrams :

CHARIVARI, TONBRIDGE.

CHARIVARI, LONDON.

Telephone :

19, TONBRIDGE.

28, HOLBORN.

W. & A. Chapman,

LTD.,

20, 21, 22, 25 & 26, NORTH ST.,

 **TAUNTON.**

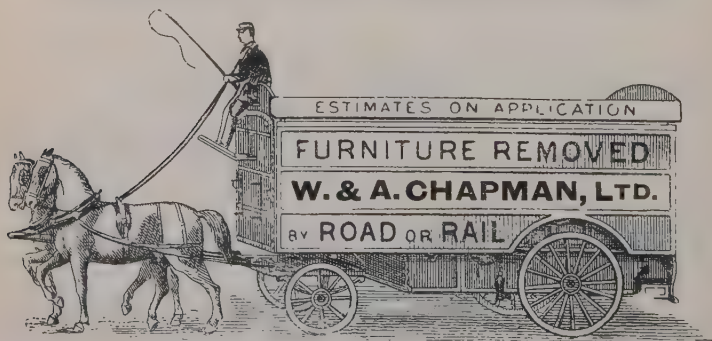
One of the Largest and Most Convenient

DRAPERY, CARPET, & HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS

In the West of England. 

ALL GOODS MARKED AT POPULAR CASH PRICES.

Specialities in Window Curtains and Blinds.



Funerals completely Furnished and Conducted.

Telegrams: CHAPMAN, TAUNTON. National Telephone: No. 4.

Starkey, Knight

AND **Ford, Limited,**

Brewers and



Wine & Spirit Importers,

TIVERTON.



Celebrated Pale and Mild Ales

Brewed with Water of Absolute Purity
obtained from an Artesian Well 500
feet deep.

CHARLES PHILLIPS,

Machinist AND Wheelwright,

Carpenter and Smith. . .

Agent for all kinds of Agricultural Implements.

BRIDGETOWN, DULVERTON,

SOMERSET.

JAMES PHILLIPS & SONS,

Auctioneers, Corn

and Seed Merchants,

BRIDGTOWN MILLS, DULVERTON,

AND

TOWN MILLS, MINEHEAD.

★ ★ ★ ★

LIST of Houses and Furnished Apartments
 . . . on application. . . .

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"SARTORIUS, LONDON."

**IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT**

BY 

F.J. VANT

OF LONDON.

TO LADY CYCLISTS.

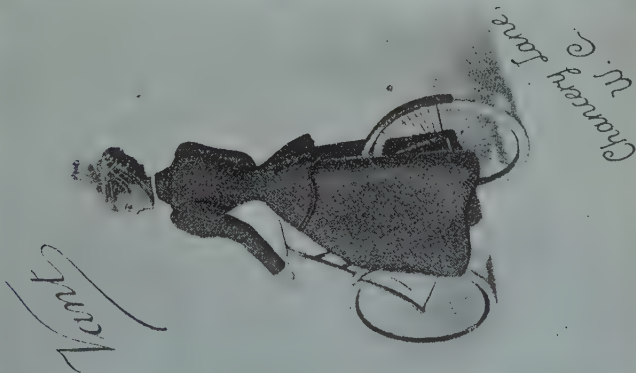
SPECIAL HIGHEST CLASS

**Cycling
Costumes**

AT THE

Lowest Possible Prices.

Perfect Fit.
Comfort in Riding.



COPYRIGHT

TELEPHONE NO. 65038

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT.

Inventor of the...

En-Avant Safety Cycling Skirt.

**LATEST
INVENTION.**

THE NEW MOTOR

**Driving
Coat.**

THREE DESIGNS IN ONE.
PROVISIONALLY
PROTECTED 11034.

Sure Protection against the
Most Inclement Weather.

A VISIT SOLICITED.

All Particulars in answer to a letter
addressed . . .

F.J. VANT

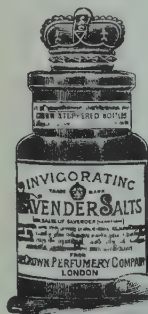
67 & 69,

CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

CROWN



Lavender Salts.



**ALWAYS REFRESHING
AND INVIGORATING.**

*In Crown Stopped
Bottles only.*

Refuse Imitations.

. . Prices, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. . .

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.



CROWN



Crab-Apple Blossoms.

**The Favourite Scent of
Paris, London, and New York.**

. . Price 2/6 and 4/- per bottle. . .

Sole Makers: The Crown Perfumery Co.,

112, 113, FOLEY STREET, LONDON.

LATEST NOVELTY IN CORSETS.

**THOMSON'S
"GRACIOSA"**

Unbreakable
Waist.

Natural
Hinge.

*Extract from
Madame Schild's
Fashion
Journals
for March.*

**A NEW
CORSET.**

This novelty is a very clever arrangement of the nature of a hinge at the waist, so that the wearer does not break the steels when stooping. This alteration in the Corset in no way interferes with the support which the corset should give to the body; on the contrary, if anything, it gives greater strength without pressure upon the hip bones, and yet makes the body more supple. This new corset is called "The Graciosa," is extremely comfortable to wear even from the first, it fits the body at once, and is as easy as a glove, and is manufactured by Messrs. W. S. Thomson & Co. Can be had of all ladies' outfitters.

Made in White, Dove, Black,
and Cream. Only one price, **8/11**

To be had of all Drapers. If difficulty,
send postal order direct to manufacturers,
and the Corset will at once be sent.



W. S. THOMSON & Co., Ltd.

112, Fore Street, London, E.C.

L. Cornelissen & Son,

ARTISTS' COLOURMEN.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom for



Dr. F. Schoenfeld & Co.'s Celebrated Oil, Water, and Gouache Colours.

ALSO PETROLEUM COLOURS

AND TEMPERA COLOURS IN TUBES.

Importers of French Brushes, Sketch Boxes, Pastels, Papers,
and other Artists' Materials.

PAPERS FOR REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE PHOTO-ZINCO PROCESSES.



PRICE LIST
ON APPLICATION.

22, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

STONE'S

(PERFUMED FURNITURE)

(S.A.S.E.)

CREAM.

NO FINGER-MARKS. . . .

NO LABOUR.

A BRILLIANT POLISH. .

AND A PLEASANT PERFUME. .

Sold in Bottles,

6d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

STONE'S

ESSENCE OF

RENNET.

(S.A.S.E. on each Genuine Bottle.)

NEVER FAILS, and will keep for years in the HOTTEST CLIMATE.

STONE'S RENNET is specially selected and used at THE DEVONIAN DINNERS
IN LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, SWANSEA, &c.

STONE & SON, Chemists, EXETER.

The Angler's Paper.



"Under the Editorship of Mr. R. B. MARSTON, the FISHING GAZETTE has attained a high standard as an authority on Piscatorial subjects."—*Daily News*.



The

ESTABLISHED 1877.

Fishing Gazette

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 10/6, POST FREE.

Telegraphic Address: "RIVSAM, LONDON."

Telephone No. 2679.

THE BEST authority on all kinds of Angling.

THE BEST medium for Advertising Fishings to Let or Rent.

THE BEST medium for Hotel Advertisers having good Free Fishing securing the patronage of Tourist Anglers from all parts.

THE BEST medium for bringing the announcements of Fishery Proprietors, Land and Estate Agents, Fishing Tackle Makers, &c., under the notice of the Angling Public.



The Life of every Advertiser and Subscriber is insured by the Proprietors for **£100** in case of death when travelling or by drowning when fishing.

PROPRIETORS :

Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.,

St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, LONDON.

Hôtel Métropole, MINEHEAD.

Telegrams:

"METROPOLE, MINEHEAD."



THE ONLY HOTEL STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS
... FACING THE SEA. ...



Central for Stag Hunting with the Devon and
Somerset, Fox Hunting and Harriers.

GOOD SEA BATHING.



IMPROVED GOLF LINKS
(18 Holes).

*N.B.—Minehead is most conveniently situated for the famous
"CLOUTSHAM" and other Meets.*



A. GASCOIGNE, 



MANAGER.

London & South Western Ry.

SEASIDE RESORTS.—

... From LONDON (Waterloo) to

BOURNEMOUTH In 2 hours 6 mins.	SOUTHAMPTON In 1 hour 41 mins.	PORTSMOUTH In 2 hours 1 min.
SWANAGE In 3 hours 8 mins.	YARMOUTH In 3 hours 5 mins.	EAST SOUTHSEA In 2 hours 11 mins.
WEYMOUTH In 3 hours 18 mins.	LYMINGTON In 2 hours 33 mins.	BUDLEIGH SALTERTON In 4 hours 36 mins.
BUDE In 6 hours 10 mins.	FRESHWATER In 3 hours 45 mins.	RYDE In 2 hours 50 mins.
PLYMOUTH In 5 hours 31 mins.	NEWPORT In 3 hours 35 mins.	EXMOUTH In 4 hours 10 mins.
SEATON In 4 hours 22 mins.	COWES In 3 hours 50 mins.	LYNTON In 7 hours 13 mins.
SIDMOUTH In 4 hours 25 mins.	SHANKLIN In 3 hours 25 mins.	ILFRACOMBE In 6 hours 6 mins.

• EXMOOR. •

VISITORS to Exmoor should travel by L. & S. W. Ry. route to Lynton (Lynton and Barnstaple Ry. *via* Barnstaple), which is within easy distance of the famous "Lorna Doone" district, admitted to be amongst the most beautiful scenery on the moor.

The Rail Route to Lynton *via* Barnstaple (L. & S.W. Ry.), and thence by Narrow Gauge Railway to Lynton, is the most picturesque and easiest means of access to Exmoor.

TOURIST TICKETS,

Available for Two Months, are issued to **LYNTON** from London, etc., by all trains during the season (1st May to 31st October); also for Circular Tours.

LONG PERIOD EXCURSIONS

Are run from London, etc., to **LYNTON** during the Summer months; also day trips from surrounding stations on certain days.

Lavatory Accommodation for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers is provided in principal trains.

Saloons, Invalid Saloons and Family Carriages, also **Compartments** of Carriages, are provided upon application.

Passengers' Personal Luggage collected, forwarded, and delivered in advance.

For full particulars, conditions of Tourist fares, etc., see programmes, or any information can be obtained upon application to Mr. SAM FAY, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, *General Manager*.

PIANOS.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS IN THIS DISTRICT FOR . . .

Schiedmayer Pianos, Erard's Pianos,

Kaps' Pianos, Philharmonie Pianos.

We warrant all Pianos we sell for Tone and Touch.

PIANOS . . .

are kept in Tune 
and put in Repair.

We are well-known as Tuners.

*

WE VISIT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
REGULARLY.

PIANOS for Sale or for Hire.

* * * * *

Address : 

CLEMENT SMITH,

66, East Street,



 TAUNTON.

AMERICAN ORGANS OF ALL SORTS

... Supplied, Tuned, or Repaired.

Agents for the Gramophone, and Records kept.

Masland's Library,

.. TIVERTON..

— All the best New Books.

Maps, Guides. Local and other Views.

“The Tiverton Journal,”

... Issued every Saturday. One Halfpenny.

FORE STREET, TIVERTON.

Special Publications

. OF THE .

. HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, .

... 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



The Homeland Library of LOCAL HISTORIES.

A beautifully illustrated series of local books, a limited edition of 300 each only issued. Fcap. 4to. Price 5/- nett.

Vol. 1. Reigate and its Surroundings. *Now ready.*

Vol. 2. Teignmouth and its Surroundings. By BEATRIX CRESSWELL. *Now ready.*

Vol. 3. Epsom. } *In preparation.*
Vol. 4. Minehead. }

B. BAYLEY,



Family Grocer. Provision Dealer,

and General Draper, ♣ ♣ ♣

Hosier and Undertaker, ♣ ♣

FORE STREET, DULVERTON.

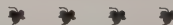
Gentlemen's Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery,
Gloves, &c.



SHOW-ROOM for Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, Millinery,
Mantles and Fancy Drapery.

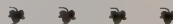


DRESSMAKING. Perfect Fit and Style Guaranteed at Lowest
Charge and Promptly Executed.



BOOTS AND SHOES,

A Large Assortment of every description at Lowest Prices.



AGENT FOR . .

W. & A. GILBEY'S Wines and Spirits,

Worthington's, Rogers's, and Anglo-Bavarian Ales.



DULVERTON, SOMERSET.

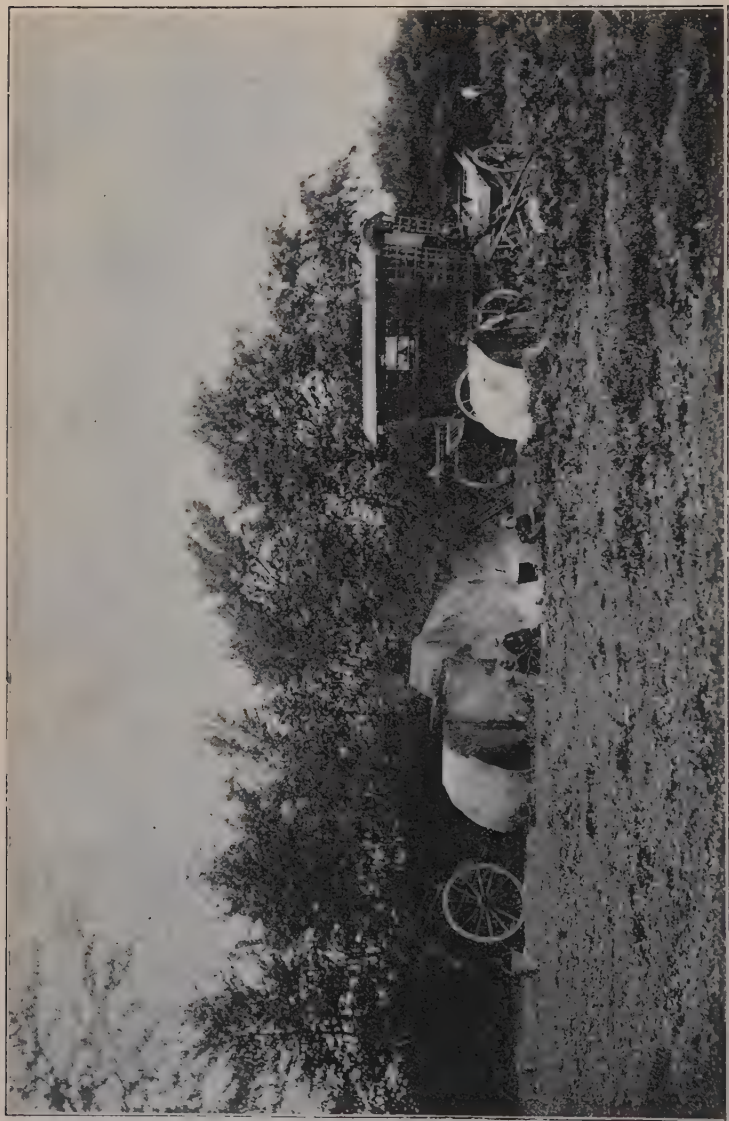


Photo by]

GIPSIES ENCAMPING ON EXMOOR.

[Scott & Sons, Exeter.

Dulverton

and The District

The Country of the Wild Red Deer

*A HANDBOOK FOR DULVERTON
AND THE EXMOOR BORDER LAND*

BY

F. J. SNELL, M.A.

*With Contributions on Hunting and Fishing
in the District, by Philip Evered,
G. F. Sydenham, R. J. Collyns,
E. C. G. Chapman, and
"Quille Penne."*

ILLUSTRATED [WITH DRAWINGS BY
GORDON HOME, AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Published under the auspices of the Homeland
Association for the encouragement of Touring
in Great Britain and Ireland.

All Rights Reserved.

Price Sixpence (Nett).

**Bound in Cloth (Library Edition), with one-inch Ordnance
Map of Exmoor, 1/6 (Nett).**

DULVERTON: B. BAYLEY, Fore Street.

LONDON: THE ST. BRIDE'S PRESS, LTD., 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

Official Publishers to the Homeland Association.

22943

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WITH a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to The Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

COPYRIGHT.

THIS Book as a whole, with its Contents, both Literary and Pictorial, is Copyrighted in Great Britain and the United States.

TERMS for Advertising Spaces in the Homeland Association's Handbooks will be forwarded on application to Mr. Prescott Row, General Manager of the Homeland Association, at the above address.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION	6
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	7
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION	8
CHAPTER I. HOW TO GET TO DULVERTON	9
„ II. DULVERTON: ITS SCENERY AND STORY	11
„ III. RELICS OF THE PAST	28
„ IV. LINKS WITH BOOKS	43
„ V. EXMOOR SHEEP AND PONIES	52
„ VI. FOR FISHERMEN	58
„ VII. CONCERNING STAG-HUNTING	67
„ VIII. FOX-HUNTING ON THE EXMOOR BORDERLAND	75
„ IX. HARE-HUNTING—THE QUARME HARRIERS	81
„ X. WITH THE CULMSTOCK OTTERHOUNDS AT DULVERTON	84
„ XI. BADGER-HUNTING AT DULVERTON	86
„ XII. HILL AND VALE	88
„ XIII. BIRDS AND BEASTS	102
„ XIV. MINERALS AND MINERAL WATER	104
„ XV. FLOWERS AND FERNS	107
„ XVI. BRIEF NOTES ON PLEASANT PLACES ON THE EXMOOR BORDER	110
INDEX	119

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Author desires to express his cordial acknowledgments for the help he has received in the preparation of this little book, not only to those who have kindly contributed special articles—Messrs. Evered, Sydenham, Barrow, Collyns, and Chapman—but to many ladies and gentlemen who have given him verbal information without which the volume would be sadly incomplete. Foremost among the latter are Mrs. Macalister, of Oakford, and the Rev. C. St. Barbe Sydenham, of Brushford. Besides supplying him with facts relating to the geology of the district, Mr. Sydenham was good enough to borrow for him a scarce publication of the Somerset Natural History and Archæological Society, mainly devoted to Dulverton. It is matter of regret that space could not be found for the rich legendary lore in which Dulverton abounds, but if all the topics that might have been treated had been given a place in the book, it would have become much too unwieldy. The object of the compilation is utilitarian; and as sport is the all-absorbing, or almost all-absorbing, interest of residents and visitors alike, the various branches have been discussed by competent authorities, while other matters have been dealt with in what are practically mere “indications.” In conclusion, the writer’s best thanks are due to Mr. R. L. Staddon, a native of Dulverton, who at the last moment read over the proofs with good effect. It is unfortunate that Mr. Staddon’s help was not enlisted at an earlier stage of the undertaking, but it is hoped that his local knowledge will be available for a future edition, should any be called for.

F. J. SNELL.

March 6, 1900.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>Gipsies Encamping on Exmoor</i>	Frontispiece
<i>A Great Western Express</i>	10
<i>Dulverton Station and a Distant View of Pixton Park</i>	12
<i>General View of Dulverton</i>	15
<i>Pixton Park</i>	16
<i>Dulverton Bridge</i>	17
<i>In the Main Street, Dulverton</i>	18
<i>Bridge Street, Dulverton</i>	21
<i>Hollam</i>	23
<i>Combe, an Elizabethan Manor House</i>	25
<i>Fore Street, Dulverton</i>	26
<i>Brushford Church and Rectory</i>	29
<i>Interior of Brushford Church</i>	31
<i>A Peep at Dulverton Church</i>	34
<i>Torr Steps on the Barle</i>	39
<i>Portrait of Charles Palk Collyns</i>	46
<i>On the Barle, near Dulverton</i>	47
<i>The Font in Brushford Church</i>	51
<i>Bampton during the Exmoor Pony Fair</i>	54
<i>A Typical Head of an Exmoor Ram</i>	57
<i>The River Barle, Northmoor Road</i>	60
<i>Feeding Time at the Exe Bridge Fishery</i>	63
<i>Netting Yearling Trout</i>	65
<i>Bury Bridge on the Haddeo River</i>	66
<i>A Meet on the Hill-top</i>	67
<i>The Devon and Somerset Staghounds at the Kennels, Exford</i>	70
<i>A Meet of the Staghounds</i>	72
<i>Hele Bridge</i>	85
<i>The Remarkable Parish Chest in Brushford Church</i>	87
<i>Baron's Down</i>	89
<i>The River Exe, near Dulverton</i>	90
<i>The Devil's Punch Bowl</i>	93
<i>A Meet at Winsford, claimed to be the Prettiest Village in England</i>	95
<i>North Moor</i>	98

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN presenting this, the second, edition of "The Country of the Wild Red Deer," the Author cannot refrain from expressing his gratitude both to the Public and to the Press for their very kind reception of the first.

He hopes that the changes and additions that mark the new edition will be considered improvements; at all events, no effort has been spared to render the book more informing and attractive. Fresh particulars appear in almost every chapter. Mr. Philip Evered has contributed an entirely new section on Hare-hunting, and Mr. R. J. Collyns has so expanded his article on Fox-hunting as to make it virtually a novel feature in the work. Attention may be called also to the sections on walks and road-distances, which, it is hoped, will prove useful to visitors, and in both of which the Author was materially assisted by Mr. R. L. Staddon. In preparing this edition for the press, the Author received most valuable aid from Mr. J. B. Collyns, who went carefully through the former, pointed out certain errors, suggested alterations, and added many interesting details out of his long and intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood. Actual mistakes have, perhaps, been eliminated, but should any be detected the Author will be obliged if they are pointed out. To avoid unprofitable correspondence, however, it should be clearly stated that the publishers do not contemplate further re-casting of the work, so that subsequent editions will be simply reproductions of that which is now offered to the public.

F. J. S.

April 1, 1901.

DULVERTON.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO GET TO DULVERTON.

PADDINGTON TO DULVERTON, *Fares* 30/9 *a*, 19/3 *b*, 15/4½ *c*.
R.T. 53/10 *a*, 33/9 *b*.

"How to get there" in these modern days is mainly a matter of railways, and, thanks to the *Great Western Railway*, the journey from London, 185 miles, can be negotiated by express trains in a little over four hours and a half. With comfortable, roomy carriages, heated to a pleasant temperature if the weather be at all cold, travelling is now a luxury. The express carries us swiftly by way of Reading, Bath and Bristol, to Taunton, where we alight and journey on by the Taunton and Barnstaple line to Dulverton station.

If the visitor should desire to visit Exeter by the way, and spend a short time in that fine old cathedral city, an express train is run, during the summer, by the *Great Western Railway* from London to Exeter without a stop. It is a delightful journey of 194 miles, and we think we are right in saying it is the longest run without a check in Europe. The journey is completed in three hours and three-quarters.

The tourist has a choice of routes to Exeter, as the *London and South Western Railway* also serves the city, and the course taken by way of Salisbury saves twenty-three miles and a half.

From Exeter you may book to Dulverton by the Exe Valley Railway, following the course of the river Exe, and passing Tiverton and Bampton, both of which places are described in our pages.

On arrival at Dulverton there are excellent hotels as well as capital lodging-houses from which to choose, for particulars of which the visitor is referred to the advertising pages of this little volume.

During the summer season the railway companies provide extra fast trains from London to the West.



A GREAT WESTERN EXPRESS.

CHAPTER II.

DULVERTON: ITS SCENERY AND STORY.

THE way from Dulverton Station to Dulverton town affords some of the finest road scenery in England. Comparatively a new road, it was cut through woods; hence, perhaps, the coal-black colour of the soil. Many autumns have shed their burden there. The woods, oak, fir, chestnut, though the din of the steam-saw is now and then heard in them, still remain, fringing the road on the left, and giving to the traveller a sense of opulence, enhanced by Pixton Park on the right. "Truly," he will exclaim, "a good land!" Moreover, the disciple of Izaak Walton will soon espy the fag-end of that lovely mountain stream, the Barle, with its promise of trout. As you proceed, the prospect widens until you reach the suburb of Battleton, and the little town of Dulverton, the Mecca of West Country sport, spreads itself before your questionless, delighted vision.

That is an interesting corner by Battleton House — unsurpassed as a trysting-place. The authorities of Dulverton, to make things quite comfortable, have courteously provided a seat, where sweethearting may be, and often is, carried on by moonlight. And then the walk by the river—what luscious memories of idle summer evenings it is apt to recall! But a step at a time. The avenue of tidy cottages and Battleton House, with its "hanging garden," alone suffice to prepossess one in Dulverton's favour. But you wish to obtain an accurate idea of the site. Then climb Andrew's Hill, at the back of Battleton. For this effort resolution is needed, as the hills that girdle Dulverton are steep and high. Regarded from below, they are like huge ramparts walling off space, and seem to say you can go no "forrader." But that, of course, is nonsense. The Barle has cloven



Photo by]

DULVERTON STATION AND DISTANT VIEW OF FIXTON PARK.

(Continued on next page)

a path for itself, and along the path of the Barle the weakest can walk with ease. To climb Andrew's Hill is another and more serious matter.

Arrived halfway, you are permitted—indeed, requested—to halt. You have now attained a point whence you can obtain, roughly, a bird's-eye view of the town, whence also the nature of its environment becomes fully apparent. By this time the houses have grown microscopically small; nevertheless, the place seems, if anything, bigger than when you are down there among the streets. Here you contemplate the simple, unpretending little town as a whole. As for the country, you at once grasp that such a feat is impossible. The country is *not* a whole, but, as it were, half and half. The larger half, if Euclid will allow, is billow on billow of rich pasture-land. Anyhow, it *looks* rich, though our friend the farmer, who shuns as mortal sin the thought of being well-to-do, shakes his head, and sets you fumbling for a stray sixpence, until you catch sight of his jolly face out of the corner of your eye, and then you keep your sixpence for yourself who need it more.

Northwards you light on a suggestion of something different—something wild and woody. “The way to Exmoor, I expect.” Yes, that is one way to Exmoor; or you might foot it up that steep lane opposite. It would be rather a strain on horse and wheels, though they manage to toil up when necessary. Don't see it? Why, there it lies, like a cable, from Dulverton Church to the top of the ridge. That, you know, is the road to Winsford. When Sir Thomas Dyke Acland (great-grandfather of the present baronet) kept the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, his kennels and hunting-box were up there on Higher Combe—a kind of foretaste of Exmoor. From Mount Sydenham, on the other side of the town, the spot on which we stand makes a rare picture, with its embattled firs, and just below the chalet of Mr. Abbot, nearly perfect in its way.

Though Dulverton nestling amid the hills might not give you that impression, it is well to remember that you are hundreds of feet above sea-level. According to the unimpeachable evidence of the Ordnance Survey, the

altitudes of Dulverton and its surrounding hills are as follow :—

Barle Bridge, Dulverton	. . .	448 feet.
Dulverton Church		488 „
Mount Sydenham		767 „
Court Down		1,037 „

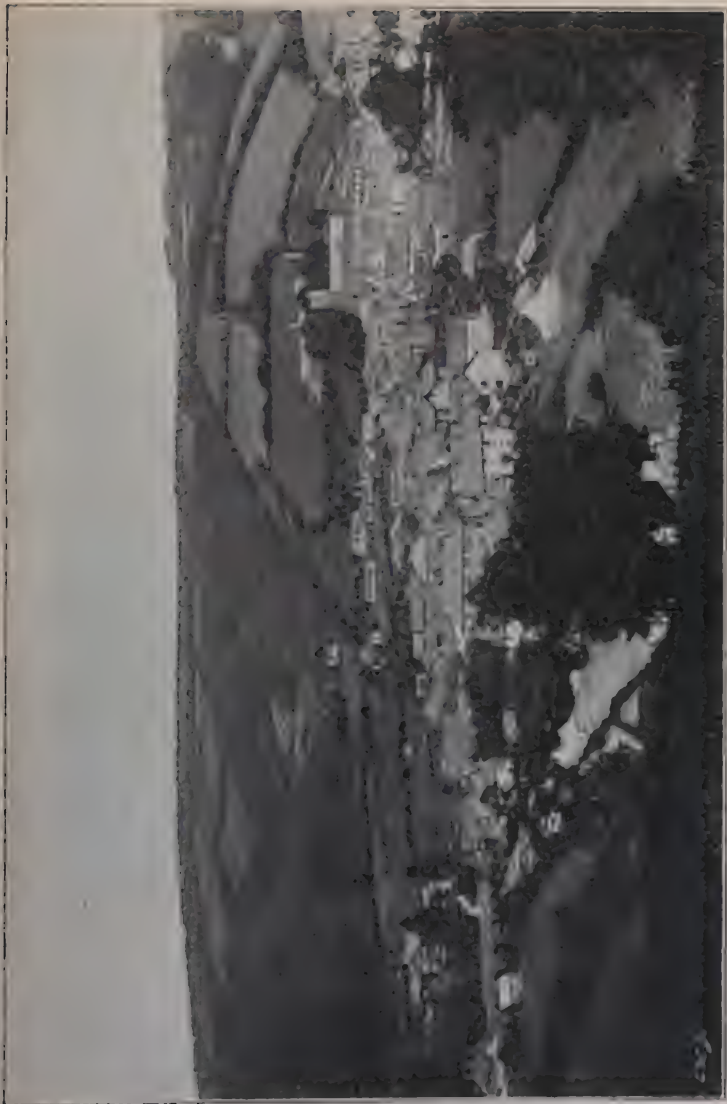
Back in the eighties a Frenchman visited Dulverton. A master of staghounds in beautiful France, he came to see how they ordered things in England. On his return to his own country he wrote a book describing his impressions and sensations, very naïvely and naturally, just as I am trying to do now, and no doubt with equal success. It would be nice, were it possible, to quote largely from this narrative, for it is really very amusing. It sets out: “About 5 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 28th August, 1886, I arrived at the railway station of Dulverton, a little town in Somerset. For outfit I had only a pair of boots and my spurs, and a letter to somebody dwelling thereabouts. . . . Here was I in this little town, unknown to everybody, knowing nobody, with an introduction to somebody, whose name even the natives were ignorant of!”

It was your English, *mon cher*, that was at fault. This is proved by a regular succession of mutual misunderstandings, though the solution seems not to have occurred to your Gallic vanity. However, after much difficulty and delay, our Frenchman found himself *en route* for Rhyll. On the way he chatted confidently and confidentially with the driver about coombs, hedges, and other works of Nature.

“‘And these fences, do they jump them?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“At the moment I did not know whether to wonder or to doubt, or rather, I should say, I doubted, though I could not quite refuse to believe. We were laboriously ascending a narrow, stony lane. On each side were high banks topped with beech hedges, forming a thick screen three or four yards high. According to my knowledge of horseflesh, the horse that could carry a man over such fences had yet to be foaled. So I added, ‘Would the



horsemen jump from the field on the right into the road and from the road into the field on the left?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Marvellous!'

"Consenting to be chaffed, I inquired, 'Do the women jump like that as well as the men?'

"But the driver did not laugh. 'Oh no, sir, not the



Photo by]

PIXTON PARK.

[German, Dulverton.

women, nor, for that matter, the men either. Only the stag, when hard pressed, can take such fences.'"

It was a question of language, you see. Driver should have said "Nong comprong." Later, our friend joined himself to a pony-breeding farmer, and became weirdly interested in his manner of speech. This time the Frenchman was mystified. It was a case of "Thee'rt Zummerzset, Jan Ridd."

The hedges on the Acland estates are studded with standard beeches, and those beeches are holy. When a farm is let the tenant is bound by a stringent clause never to fell a tree without leave. Should he do so,



Photo by]

DULVERTON BRIDGE.

[German, Dulverton.

instant ejection! But then, of course, tenants are tenants, and landlords are landlords, and property is property all the world over. Only a Socialist could manufacture a grievance out of that. As beechwood

¹Regarding hedges, it is noted that the church in front of Hildacrescote House are planted with berberis—a hobby of the tenth baronet.

is not of much account commercially, the object must be the adornment of the landscape. Beeches abound also in Pixton Park, and for the same reason. "I planted it with beeches," explained a former Lord Carnarvon, "that no spendthrift heir might be tempted to cut and sell in order to raise money." Don't be a bore and ask



Photo by] IN THE MAIN STREET, DULVERTON. [H. A. Noyes.

which Lord Carnarvon. Really, I forget. *Entre nous*, however, one of the earls was rather a crank, and rode a-hunting in silk stockings. I shouldn't wonder if it were he!

And now for the history of Dulverton. The name "Dulverton" is part Kelt, part Saxon. "Ver" is for "ford"—that is to wit, over the Barle, which at this

point executes a noticeable bend. Six miles above Hatherleigh the Torridge bends, and the parish in which it bends is called Dolton, and the bend apparently had no ford. Out of this converging circumstantial evidence has sprung the conjecture that the first syllable of "Dulverton" is the Keltic *dól*, which is, being interpreted, "a bend in a stream or river." Isaac Taylor, however, avers in his "Names and Places" that *dol* is Keltic for "pasture" or "meadow." The present writer is not Keltic enough to determine whether *dól* differeth from *dol*, or whether they be even one and the same. His counsel, therefore, is the counsel of an irreverent dog—"Please yourselves, good folks!"

Before the Norman Conquest Dulverton was held by the luckless Earl Harold. After the Norman Conquest the most considerable person for generations—nay, centuries—was a lady not prettily named Hawisia. Heiress of Robert de Shete, she married successively three husbands. The third was one William de Lughteburgh, and to him, conjointly with his wife, did King Edward grant, in 1306, the right to hold in his manor of Dulverton a market every Thursday, and a fair every year: the fair for three days—the vigil, the day, and the morrow of All Saints. Hawisia died in 1331, and within five years of her decease Dulverton had passed to the Priory of Taunton. Under the new clerical *régime* the fair lapsed; there was no fair at Dulverton in those days. At last, in November, 1488, the scandal ceased, and the Prior was authorised to hold in his town of Dulverton two several fairs—one on the Feast of St. Peter the Apostle, and the other on the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude.

On the overthrow of the monasteries Dulverton was presented to the Earl of Oxford, but he bartered it for other lands. The manor reverted to the Crown, and Crown property it remained until 1556, when, together with Thurloxtton—look out this place on the map!—it was sold by Philip and Mary, for the sum of £1,230, to William Babington, a gentleman of the Privy Council. In 1568 Babington sold it to John Sydenham, of Dulverton, esquire, and a popular and respected esquire he must

have been, since he had been called in, more than thirty years before, to adjudicate on the *vexata quæstio* of the parish clerkship at Morebath.

The great civil, or secular, institution at Dulverton was, as you have seen, the fair. After the Prior's dethronement, once more the fair lapsed. The results were twofold: the place was "very populous," and it was "in decay." In 1555 Philip and Mary attempted to cope with these evils. They issued a new grant, not, this time, to any lord of the manor—for were not they the lords of the manor?—but to the Dulvertonians as represented by John Sydenham, esquire, John Toute, John Case, Roger Chilcote, Robert Venss, Robert Catford, John Copp, William Howcombe, Nicholas Trott, Robert Western. When only two were left, those two were to admit to the management ten others of approved discretion and honesty, and so to infinity. The committee were flattered with the name of "goodmen."

It is interesting, by the way, to note the titles of their Majesties of England in those days. The charter commences as follows: "**Philip and Mary**, by the Grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant, Counts of Hasburgh, Flanders, and Tyrol. **To all to whom,**" &c., &c.

The fair was to be held twice a year, on the later traditional saints' days, and the profits, if any, were applied to public uses. In 1732 they were invested in a fire-engine. On Sunday, October 28th, 1750, it was given out in Dulverton Church that the parishioners were to assemble after evening prayer. Some market money was on hand. At the meeting, which was duly held, a resolution was passed that the "vicker" should be offered thirty shillings as a quarter's salary for Mr. Thomas Matthew, the charity-school master, and a whole pound for furnishing the premises. Parson and master respectfully declined these handsome contributions. It is worthy of remark that after such public requirements had been met—at any rate, in theory—the surplus was divided, but not evenly divided, among the industrious poor—at



any rate, in theory. The joint-stock company did not always thrive. Appended to the parish accounts for the year 1752 is the following note :—

“The small-pox having been very Hott in Dulverton was the principal Occasion of the Decrease of the profit arising by or from the Markets and Fairs of Dulverton this year.”

The “goodmen” usually met at the Market Cross, and adjourned either to the “Red Lion” or to the “White Hart” close by. Observe in passing that most of Dulverton’s ancient hostels still flourish, save and except the “White Hart.” This house, which, though no longer public, retains its former name, adjoins the police station, and in the old days mighty hunters, like the Hon. Newton Fellowes, made it their regular place of call. The “Lamb” was originally the “Ram”—the cognizance of the Sydenhams; and the old name for the Town Hall was “Court” or “Market House.” Dulverton Fair—like most fairs not dying—is dead. The *coup de grâce* was dealt in the establishment of a monthly market at Brushford (or Dulverton) Station.

To return. Among the duties of the “goodmen” was the appointment of a watch. Stalwart widows, it appears, did not neglect this opportunity. Here is humour.

“Begun y^e 24th June, 1740: A List of the Names of those Persons appointed to watch in the night-time within the Town and Burrough of Dulverton, on any extraordinary occasion or otherwise, in order to prevent and see (if possible) any Accident that may happen to y^e inhabitants of the s^d Town by ffire or otherwise, which s^d persons are to watch *two at a time* and in manner as hereunder (to wit).”

Then follow sets of pairs, of which these are types :—

1st Night	{	Geo. Saunders.
	{	Mrs. Browne.
21st Night	{	Jno. Avis.
	{	Mrs. Dale.
28th Night	{	Mrs. Jos. Browne.
	{	Thos. Williams.
34th Night	{	Sarah Browne.
	{	John Chilcott.

You will notice that the entry speaks of the "town and borough" of Dulverton. The same description crops up in the charter of Philip and Mary, and has given rise to discussion. Did Dulverton enjoy municipal and parliamentary privileges? The question is not unreasonable,



HOLLAM

The Residence of Mrs. St. John Mildmay.

as even smaller places can claim to have possessed such honours. On the other hand, the terms may only express competence. Take Wiveliscombe, for instance. Titularly a borough, it never returned members to Parliament, and allusions to the "borough," which are many, relate to the lord's court. The same is certainly true of Dulverton.

This circumstance suggests, what was no doubt the fact, that for centuries Dulverton meant the Sydenhams, the Dykes, the Aclands, and the other great families, who lived at Combe, at Pixton, or at Hollam, and whose fortunes were followed with the keenest interest by their humbler neighbours. Of the accuracy of this statement there exists ocular proof in the commonplace book of a former parish-clerk and schoolmaster named Sayer, whose descendant is at this moment sexton of All Saints'.

The Sydenhams lived at Combe, an Elizabethan mansion which lies *perdu*, remote from all public roads, and enjoys the distinction of being haunted by a Cavalier. In taking up the floor of the entrance porch some few years ago, two medals, struck to commemorate the defeat of the Armada, were found underneath, together with other coins of Elizabeth's reign. An older house stood nearly on the same site, and a part of it, still in existence, is used as servants' apartments.

Many interesting legends attach to this family—one of the oldest in West Somerset. The famous mariner, Sir Francis Drake, married a daughter of the house, though not of the Dulverton branch—"a cousin, let us call her"—of Combe Sydenham, in the same county, the primitive home of the race. He had gone on one of his long voyages, and the parents of Mistress Sydenham concluded that he had paid the penalty for his daring—a prey to Spanish vengeance or the greedy main. In this belief they persuaded her to accept the offer of another suitor, and she was actually on her way to be wedded, when a storm arose, and, wonderful to relate, a thunderbolt fell just at the feet of the bride. On recovering from her fright, the young lady was at no loss for an explanation. "It's a token from Frankie!" she cried, and, spite of remonstrances, she declined to proceed another step. Her constancy was rewarded, for the ship came home, with Frankie aboard to claim her.

Another, distinctively Dulverton, heroine was a lady whose home was at Pixton. Her name has been perpetuated in connection with "Lady Harriet's Drive." Pixton is a fine house, rebuilt in the classical style of architecture early in the present century, and since



Drawn by]

COMBE. AN ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

[Gordon Home.

materially enlarged. "Lady Harriet's Drive" extends from the northern lodge to Weir, crosses the Exe, passes through Bury Wood to Bury village, winds up the valley of the Haddeo to Hartford, and, skirting Haddon, ends at Upton Lodge: altogether about four miles. Lady Harriet was the sister of Stephen, first



FORE STREET, DULVERTON.

Earl of Ilchester, and married in 1770 John Dyke Acland, eldest son of the seventh baronet, who had received the Pixton estate with his wife, Elizabeth Dyke. This John Dyke Acland was colonel of the Devon Militia, a major in the 20th Foot, and at one time had a seat in the House of Commons. On the outbreak of the American War his regiment was ordered

on active service, and Major Acland embarked for the scene of hostilities. Lady Harriet accompanied him, and shared with her husband all the hardships and many of the perils of the expedition. The story of her sufferings, and of her heroism, is affecting to a degree. The sequel is painful. Both returned to their Dulverton home, but here only a brief spell of domestic happiness was granted them. An unpublished manuscript partially explains why: "Nov. 11, 1778. Col. Acland fought a duel on Bampton Down with Captain Lloyd, of the 20th Regt., of which he was major. Died the 15th. Buried at Columb John the 18th." According to the family tradition, Colonel Acland caught a chill on the occasion, and the chill killed him. He is believed to have been buried, not at Culm John, but at Broadclyst.

It may interest American readers to learn the cause of the quarrel. It appears that Acland, who had been taken prisoner by the revolutionists and released, took occasion at the regimental mess to praise their humanity. The feeling against Americans, especially in army circles, was extremely bitter, and Lloyd, most unreasonably it would seem, resented the acknowledgment as unpatriotic and disloyal. It may be added that Bampton tradition supplies a different version of the duel and its effects. Colonel Acland, it is averred, was run through the body, and died on the spot, whilst Lady Harriet, in a fury of grief and revenge, chased his antagonist wherever he went, and nearly came up with him on the haunted hill of High Cross.

The unfortunate pair had two children, Elizabeth Kitty and John Dyke Acland. The latter, on the death of his grandfather in 1785, succeeded to the baronetcy, but died the same year, aged seven. The Dyke estates of Pixton and Tetton then devolved in expectancy on his sister, Elizabeth Kitty, while all the Acland and Blackford property went to his uncle. On April 26th, 1796, Kitty Acland married Henry George, Lord Porchester (afterwards second Earl of Carnarvon). She died in 1818. On the death of Lady Harriet, who survived her daughter upwards of two years, Pixton and Tetton came to the Earl, whose descendants still own the estates.

CHAPTER III.

RELICS OF THE PAST.

AT Dulverton the interests of the antiquary have not been safeguarded as they might have been. Thus Barlynch Priory, the ruins of which adjoin the Minehead road, ought to reward the piety of the modern pilgrim; but, apart from its associations, the place is hardly worth a visit. Fifty years ago the remains were much more extensive, but time after time venerable stones have been carted away, to serve as material for cottages. Once a number of old coins were dug up and taken to Baron's Down, but the owner or tenant of the mansion refused to plague himself with them, and accordingly they were dispersed.

Colonel Bramble gives the following account of what now remains of the building: "The lofty wall running back in the rear of the cottage towards the river appears to be the south wall of the church, and the thick fence-wall north of it occupied probably the position of the original north wall of the church. Several of the apertures of windows of the south wall remain, at a considerable height, so as not to interfere with the pent-house alley of the cloister, the remains of which can be distinctly traced in the lower part of the wall, one of the corbels supporting the roof timbers being still *in situ*. Two large blocks of masonry, running from north to south, parallel with the roof and in line with the cottage, probably represent the east side of the cloister, in which will have been situated the chapter-house and day-room, with the dormitory over. The other two sides of the main cloister have disappeared. That on the south side will have contained the refectory, and the one on the



Photo by]

BRUSHFORD CHURCH AND RECTORY.

Showing the great Oak-tree in the Churchyard, probably 600 years old.

[Perceval, Ilfracombe.

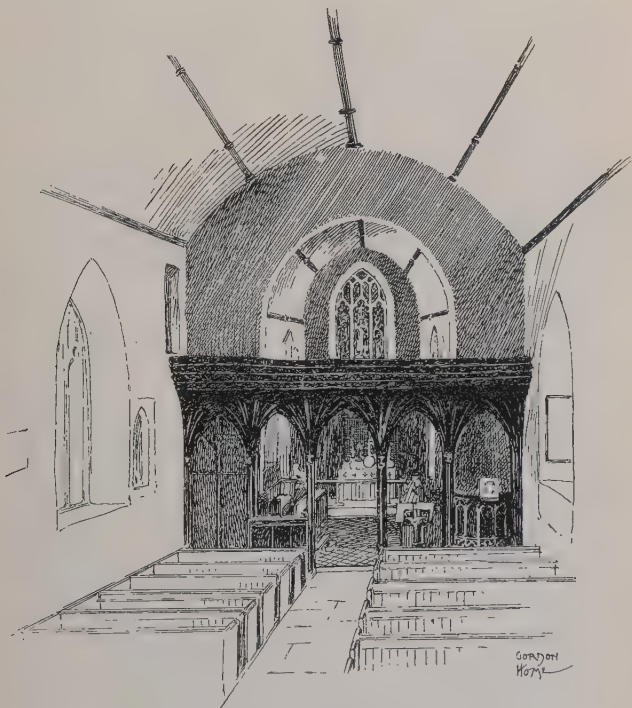
west the workshops and lay brothers' quarters. If that reading be correct, the extensive block of buildings between the farmhouse and river could not have formed part of the main claustral buildings, but they must have been part of the lesser or inferior cloister, or other adjuncts of the main building. In the gable of the building attached to the farmhouse there is about the only architectural feature remaining—a small piece of tracery from one of the windows inserted in the modern wall. It is pierced with two small quatrefoils."

In his *History of Somerset* Collinson makes a strange blunder, for which he has been often castigated, by stating that this Priory of Black Canons was built "on the little river Barle, on a spot called from it Barlynch." In point of fact, the "little river" is not the Barle, but the Exe. So this derivation, at any rate, falls to the ground. It has been suggested that the first part of the word is that which appears in *barn*, *barton*, &c., and signifies barley-corn. *Lynch*, as in other Somerset place-names, means a baulk or tract of land.

The Priory was founded, about seven hundred years ago, for the behoof of the Austin Friars or Hermits, who followed a rule attributed in ancient days to St. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo. The church of Barlynch was dedicated to St. Nicholas. In 1537, a year of grief, not grace, for monks and friars, the Priory, with its appurtenances, was forfeited to the Crown. Thereupon altars and images were thrown down, tessellated pavements torn up, and odds and ends, spared by the rude hand of the despoiler, were scrambled for by the neighbouring churches. The churchwardens' accounts at Morebath make mention of tiles brought from "Barlye," as also of windows—stonework, iron gear, and all—pirated from the same spot. At Huish Champflower a large and very beautiful window of the transition period between the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, with two quatrefoils in the tracery, came, says tradition, from Barlynch; while the Priory's second bell, bearing the inscription:

PROTEGE, VIRGO PIA, QUOS CONVOCO, SANCTA MARIA

is in the belfry at Dulverton. There it was long the tenor bell, and accordingly tolled at funerals. An excellent old clergyman, who had mounted to the



INTERIOR OF BRUSHFORD CHURCH.

A Village Church with a richly carved rood screen.

bell-chamber, was once asked to interpret the motto, and replied with the impromptu translation :-

" Holy Virgin, Mother blest,
Shield them whom I call to rest."

The screen—the tracery, alas! much mutilated—and some of the seats are reputed to be in **Brushford Church.** Mr. E. Buckle, the diocesan architect, however, during an inspection of the church in 1900, expressed the view that the screen was made for the place it now occupies. This church contains an Early English font. The font is of Purbeck marble, and the bowl and base are of the original stone, while the central stem and shafts are new (page 51).

In the churchyard is an oak-tree sixteen feet in circumference, and probably six hundred years old.

The very remarkable parish chest must be seen. It lies remote from the public gaze in the chamber of the tower above the ringers' gallery. The oldest known chests are of Early English date, and the Brushford parish chest is as old, if not older. Formed of the hollowed trunk of a single tree, it has convex carvings from the top downwards, and is cut back in zig-zag fashion about two inches from the left end of the front, and from the right end of the left side. The lid of the chest is slightly rounded (*see* page 85).

Though not a relic of the past, the beautiful stained glass windows deserve mention, that in the chancel having been erected by the parishioners as a token of love and esteem for their rector in the jubilee of his ministry.

Some quaint couplets, laying down the rules established at the belfry of Brushford, have been engraved, and hang in the church tower.

"Hark, how the chirping Treble sings it clear,
And covering Tom comes rolling in the rear."

"Let him who swears, or in angry mood
Quarrels or strikes, altho' he draws no blood,
Or wears his hat or spurs, or turns a bell,
Or by unskilful handling mars a peal,
Pay down his sixpence for each separate crime
(This caution shall not be effaced by time).
But if the sexton's these defaults should be,
From him demand a double penalty."

There are other pains and penalties, but space forbids a longer selection.

All Saints' Church, Dulverton. All Saints' Church, Dulverton, is large and commodious, but when you have said that, you have said nearly all. In 1854 the church, with the exception of the tower, was wholly rebuilt on a much greater scale, and, for a modern edifice, is undeniably handsome, though the tower, having been intended for a smaller building, appears low. At present the interior is somewhat bare—a defect which will probably be more fully remedied as time goes on. Meanwhile, the efforts made to improve and beautify the church deserve record. In 1870 an excellent organ by Walker was given by Mr. Bailey Moore Collyns in memory of his parents and deceased brothers and sisters, and at a later date the same donor presented the reredos. In 1884 the widow of Mr. Samuel Hayman Warren added to the existing five a new treble bell, in memory of that highly-esteemed gentleman, who for many years filled the offices of churchwarden, clerk to the magistrates and board of guardians, superintendent registrar, school manager and secretary, and secretary to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds during Mr. Bisset's twenty-seven years' mastership.

In 1887, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, a new set of Cambridge Quarters was introduced in lieu of the old chimes, which had broken down beyond repair. Several attempts were made to restore them, but without lasting effect, to the sorrow of the older inhabitants who loved their sweet tone and quaint rhyme. They were supposed to say—

“ Old John Wesley's dead and gone,
He left us in the tower ;
'Twas his desire that we should play
At eight, and twelve, and vower.”

Later in the Jubilee year the bells were re-hung by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, as a thankoffering from Mr. John Barrett Collyns.

Close to the west end of the church stands a remarkably fine old sycamore called the Belfry Tree, which about the middle of the last century was so mutilated by a fierce gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that

its removal was contemplated. Thanks, however, to the conservancy of Dr. Collyns, one of the churchwardens, it was braced up with iron girders and given a chance. It



Photo by]

A PEEP AT DULVERTON CHURCH.

[German, Dulverton.

soon began to thrive again, and threw out new upper branches, which now out-top the tower. Mention ought also to be made of the curfew bell, rung daily at 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. between Martinmas and Candlemas, and at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. during the remainder of the year.

Bampton Church, though not outwardly prepossessing, is still quite worthy of a visit. The windows generally are Perpendicular, but the south window in the chancel is Decorated. In this, however, as in many, the tracery has been sadly damaged, great part having been destroyed in the last century to save expense in glazing. At the same time several stained glass windows were more or less damaged, and the fragments collected into a single window, where they present an optical puzzle of the highest order. Some profess to have solved it. "In the east window," wrote, half a century ago, that learned Romanist, Father Oliver, "it is easy to trace among the fragments the subject of Christ's Resurrection, the figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, St. Lawrence, St. Catherine, and especially of St. Michael, to whom the church is dedicated. The arms of Fissacre and arches are distinctly visible."

The character of the windows is no clue to the age of the building. The first incumbent of whom anything is known was Osmund, rector in 1258. The church, however, may be older than that. Within, on the south wall, are traces of round-headed (or Norman) arches, representing former windows and doors. Originally the screen extended across both nave and aisle, beyond the first of the five arches. Late in the last century it was mutilated, and re-erected at the entrance to the chancel, whence it has recently been restored to its rightful position by the present vicar. The screen appears to be coeval with the north aisle, as the windows of the aisle tally with the arches of the screen.

On entering the chancel from the churchyard, you will find against the north wall fragments of sculpture, with tabernacle work, tracery, shields, the symbol I. H. S., and the Bourchier knot and water-boughet. These fragments formed part of two ancient altar, or, as Leland has it, "high" tombs, which, standing in the chancel, covered the remains of an Earl of Bath, of the Bourchier line, and those of his father. The former—John was his baptismal name—died in 1541.

In a vault under the place where the organ now stands

was found, during the recent restoration of the church, a tomb containing several ridged coffins, and understood to be that of the first Earl of Bath. Unfortunately the workmen did not take the dates.

Turning to a more cheerful topic, the following story is told by the Rev. Donald M. Owen of his ancestor, the Rev. Thomas Wood, a former vicar of Bampton, to whom a memorial, praising, *inter alia*, his "strong memory," yet stands in the chancel. Mr. Wood, famed in his day alike as a polished scholar, a profound theologian, and a mighty hunter, was also a personal friend of his bishop, and was once riding in his lordship's coach (then accounted a great honour) on a visit to Blundell's School, when the bishop, noticing a Latin inscription over the doorway, asked Mr. Wood to translate it for him, as his eyesight was not good. The old vicar of Bampton promptly did so, as follows:—

" Within these walls two mighty monarchs rule,
One in the house, the other in the school ;
But see, my lord, a sad disaster—
He rules the boys, but she the master."

Before quitting the topic of ecclesiastical antiquities for secular themes, I may allude to a parochial record at Morebath, a village lying between Bampton and Dulverton, though not on the main road. The paper used is of foolscap size, and the whole has been rudely bound, but the manuscript now consists of batches of leaves thrown together in no regular sequence. Most of it is in good preservation, and easy to read, as the writing is in court hand. The period extends from 1520 to the end of the sixteenth century. Among pre-Reformation entries are the following:—

A Priceless Document.

" 1529. Thomas Tricky, of Culmstock, gave unto the store of [St.] John, and to the store of St. Sidwell, a swarm of bees, to maintain a taper before them, the which bees resteth now in John Morse's keeping at the Half Moon, and John Morse shall find the butts."

" 1529. Eleanor Nicholl gave to the store of John a silver cross parcel gilt, of the value of 4*d*. She gave

again to the store of St. Sidwell her wedding ring, in value 8*d.*, the which ring did help to make St. Sidwell's shoes." [According to Mr. Weaver (*Wells Wills*), the "store" (*staurum* or *instaurum*) was a guild (*geld*) or brotherhood, with its warden, audit and festival; and, in some parishes, such associations were numerous. Dulverton had twelve, and Winsford and Cutcombe nine each.]

"1529. Keziah Timewell bequeathed her best gown to help to buy a new image of Our Lady, for the which gown was received 4*s.*"

This record is now carefully preserved at the Vicarage, and would be shown to visitors if proper application is made.

At Bampton, in the angle formed by the Morebath and Wiveliscombe roads, they have a "mote."

**Bampton
Mote.**

What is a "mote"? Well, nobody quite seems to know. The results of many pages of discussion by many able and learned investigators are summed up in a review which appeared in *The Antiquary* for October, 1898, of Dr. Christison's "Early Fortifications in Scotland." As the statement may be deemed authoritative, it deserves to be quoted for the benefit of both visitors and residents, who might otherwise be tempted to dogmatise:

"The mote may be early Saxon, late Saxon, or early Norman; our learned authority, without passion or prejudice, leaves the entire question open. It has been discussed greatly in England. When the plea began to be heard, old opinion started with a strong prepossession for the almost immemorial age of the moated mound. After a time the ancient British origin was quite put out of court. Then came in the Anglo-Saxon, and he has held the court for a while. Perhaps the Norman, who has so many other claims, and whose interests on this head are by no means negligible, may yet find in Scotland ground for moving in arrest of judgment."

Perhaps he may find ground in Devon. The Bampton "mote" is clearly of artificial origin, resembling the head of a cone; and close beside it is the site of a genuine Norman castle, which, unlike the earliest specimens, must have been of stone. In 1336 Richard Cogan

obtained a licence from the Crown to *castellate* his mansion. The castle has completely vanished, but its site was just east of the mote, where, according to tradition, the foundations have been laid bare in ploughing. The mote was once crowded with sycamores, firs, and lime-trees. Some still remain, but more were felled by a former owner, Mr. Phillips. It may be added that about four or five hundred yards from the mote, on the right of the Wiveliscombe Road, is a steep field called Culver Cleave. Here, according to tradition, the Roundheads planted their cannon to bombard Bampton Castle, and the downfall of the place is supposed to date from that time.

For the generality of persons by far the most precious relic within many miles of Dulverton is a
Torr Steps. prehistoric causeway—Torr Steps over the Barle. This remarkable bridge—for bridge it is—connects the parishes of Hawkrigde and Dulverton. Hidden away in a lovely dell, it is approached by typical West Country lanes with their wealth of poppies, and foxgloves, and wild roses. Its total length is a hundred and eighty feet. There are seventeen spans. When the water is at its normal level the height is three feet, but in flood-time the bridge is submerged by the rushing stream. According to Mr. J. L. Warden Page's delightful book on Exmoor, the measurements of the stones are as follows:—"The average length of slab is, perhaps, about seven feet; the width, three feet six inches; the longest being eight feet six inches by five feet wide. In the centre they are laid singly; towards the end the stones being narrower are placed side by side. The piers facing the current are protected by sloping stones about four feet in length. There is not an atom of cement in the structure."

The steps represent a stage between ordinary stepping-stones and a bridge proper. The stones were probably set where they now are by the Kelts of the district, and it is conceivable that these steps over the Barle were in the direct line of march from Barnstaple to important centres farther east. The slabs, as any one can see, are big and unwieldy, but it does not follow that



Photo by]

TORR STEPS ON THE BARLE.

[E. D. Percival, Ilfracombe.

superhuman efforts were needed in order to move them. By the aid of poles and cords they may have been carried on mortal shoulders. The legend is, however, that the Devil built the bridge, and entirely for his own pleasure. It is sometimes called "the Devil's Bridge."

Another version is as follows: Whilst one of the Samsonian masons of old, engaged in building Hawkrigge Church, was carrying a load of stones, picked up on Ashway Hat, across the ford, the Devil maliciously cut his apron-string, and the contents fell into the stream.

The name "Torr" is not universally received as correct. There is a variant—"Tarr"; and as "Tarr" is a familiar Dulverton patronymic, it is easy to understand that intelligent people, not versed in the intricacies of local etymology, have been inclined to give it the preference. Probably the true derivation is that suggested by Mr. Langrishe, a member of the Somerset Archæological and Natural History Society—namely, the Keltic *tochar*, a "causeway," modified first to *toher*, and then by phlegmatic West-Saxon ignoramuses to *torr*, the result being that the word invariably is written "Torr" and pronounced "Tarr."

Round about Dulverton are a number of "camps"—probably Belgic. Professor Boyd Dawkins
British Castles. observes that early Neolithic camps in this country are seldom found on the top of a hill. Generally they were formed on a slope, whence the ground in front might be swept with arrows and sling-shot. In order to realise the truth of this description you should pay a visit to Mouncey Castle. (The name "Mouncey," by the way, is a corruption of "Monceaux," one John Monceaux having had land there in the reign of Edward IV.) The castle, round three sides of which flows the river Barle, is a circular hill of considerable size: and just under the brow of this hill, concealed by thick undergrowth, is a massive wall or rampart. The rampart is composed of earth and stones loosely put together, except in a few places, which exhibit signs of more careful workmanship. This wall goes right round the hill, and inside it is a ditch from nine to twelve feet wide.

A similar mound may be seen on a hill called Cae, or Cow, Castle, some nine miles farther up the Barle. In the case of Hawkridge Castle, a steep bluff overhanging the Danes brook, and Brewer's Castle, occupying a like position on the Barle, no traces of a wall are to be seen, whether of earth or stone.

There is nothing to connect the above-mentioned castles with the Romans, though at Clevedon
Roman Remains. are shown Roman camps that were originally Keltic. In other instances the Romans picked their own sites. Bury Castle, lying to the right of the road from Dulverton to Bury village, may, it has been thought, have been first Keltic, then Roman. Between Morebath and Bury is a lane leading right on to Minehead, which is known as Port Lane; and Port Lane may have got its name from the *porta*, or gate, of the Roman camp. Quite close to the town, at the head of Burrigge Wood, is another relic of the past—Old Bury, where similar fortifications occur; and it has been thought that the name "Room Hill," in Exford parish, is a trace of Roman occupation.

Alone, this evidence would not weigh much. It happens, however, that there are several "Cold Harbours" in the district. As to the relevancy of this further evidence let Canon Isaac Taylor speak. "The ruins," he says, "of deserted Roman villas were no doubt often used by travellers, who carried their own bedding and provisions, as is done by frequenters of khans and serais in the East. Such places seem commonly to have borne the name of 'Cold Harbour.' In the neighbourhood of ancient lines of road we find no less than seventy places bearing this name, and about a dozen more bearing the analogous name of Caldicott or 'cold cot.'"

A road considered to be Roman crosses the Exe below Exebridge, and, passing behind Brushford Church, makes its way to Dulverton, Hollam, Chilly Bridge, Daw's Lane, the old "Minehead turnpike," and thence to the Bristol Channel. On Winsford Hill is a stone on which is inscribed in Roman characters **CARATACI EPVS**. This is interesting, as it is considered by antiquaries to be one of the most important monuments

in South-Western England. Attention was drawn to it by Mr. Warden Page, and is referred to in his *Exploration of Exmoor* (Seeley), a book which every visitor to the moor should read. "It is considered by Professor Rhys that it should read **CARATACI NEPOS** = kinsman of Caratacus, or Caractacus (the N having being chipped off). We have then before us a stone to the memory of a relative or descendant of the great Caractacus, the man whose magnanimity, perhaps, under captivity, induced the Roman Emperor to grant him freedom." The stone is protected by a wooden rail, and is on the right of the main road to Exford, on the top of the hill.

The stone was a landmark in 1279. In the Perambulation of the forest in that year (see "Annals of Exmoor Forest" by Mr. E. J. Rawle) occurs the record: "De Hernesbureghe per magnam viam usque Wamburegh usque Langestone," which Mr. Rawle thus translates and explains:

"From Hernes Barrow [an ancient barrow probably on Room Hill] by the great way, as far as Wambarrow [a well-known mark on the highest point of Winsford Hill], as far as Longstone [an inscribed Roman stone standing beside the old highway, about 120 yards from the guide-post, where the road from Tarr to Winsford intersects the high road on Winsford Hill at Spire Cross]."

An old Winsford labourer suggests that the stone was "a-put there by wan o' Varmer Norman's vore-vathers, o' Halse, vor's shape to rub theirzels aginst."

According to tradition, the Brendon mines were worked by the Romans; and lines of old refuse heaps and scorïæ, running in an eastern and western direction, lend perhaps support to tradition.

CHAPTER IV.

LINKS WITH BOOKS.

IN treating of the literary associations of Dulverton, it is natural, perhaps, to put R. D. Blackmore's romance first. To be sure, the town is not the principal scene of the story, which is rather the parish of Oare. Still there is a good deal of Dulverton in *Lorna Doone*. Here it was that girt Jan Ridd first spied his destined bride—"a little girl, dark-haired, and very wonderful, with a wealthy softness on her, as if she must have her own way." This foretoking took place somewhere on the road between "the end of Dulverton town, on the northward side of it, where the new pig-sties be," and a "broken cross" marking the grave of a murdered man. Lorna was to know more, in the days to come, of pig-sties and murdered men than the little lady would then have deemed possible.

Blackmore is uncommon favourable to the Dulverton hostelries, as managed two hundred years ago. On that day of days Jan Ridd and his loyal Fry dined on "the rarest and choicest victuals" that ever man tasted, and long afterwards the memory of those viands gave appetite to the mighty son of the moor. Let us be fair to our own generation. According to the visitors' books, mine hosts of to-day are masterly caterers, yielding nought in skill to those of old; and as to mounts, the visitor always approves. They are grateful people, these visitors, and not without reason.

Again, in Dulverton, as the story tells, dwelt Mr. Reuben Huckaback. Whether his name is still remembered by many in the place may be doubted. Anyhow, he was a great man whilst he lived. Owning the very

best shop in the town, and doing a fine trade in soft ware, especially at Christmastide, he could have bought up most of the squires round about. When a string of pack-horses arrived, it was found that half their burden was for Uncle Ben.

And just a word for his granddaughter and heiress, little Ruth, her great brown eyes and soft brown hair. Once it seemed as if she would prove a dangerous rival to Lorna, and more than rival would Ruth have been could Mother and Uncle Reuben have had their way. Of course, one has ordained that the hero shall marry Lorna, and many hard words would have been bestowed on Mr. Blackmore if he hadn't. Seeing, however, that he did, it is possible to feel becoming admiration for good little Ruth, nursing Jan Ridd at his need, and then resigning him to Lorna, whom he loved better. Dulverton folk may well be proud of this Dulverton girl, though Ridd did wed the fine lady. For was she not Grandfather's true mine?

"Were all the puffs of that noted puffing impostor, **Katerfelto**, selected, and climax after climax picked out of the aggregate for the purpose of forming one great and tremendous puff that should almost blow truth to the Devil, we are decidedly of opinion that such an exaggerated puff would hardly equal, much less excel, the truth here told." This was the language used in the last century of Katerfelto. He was therefore a real being. The writer does not know the source, or sources, whence Whyte-Melville drew his knowledge of the wizard, but he does know, roughly, the genesis of the novel as regards the horse.

It was on this wise. Quite at home in the hunting-field, the Major thus formed the acquaintance of a gentleman probably never surpassed as an authority on Exmoor—its local features, its natural history, its wild animals, and its traditions. After the kill there were long rides back to Dulverton, and the novelist improved these opportunities by assiduously pumping his companion. When the Rev. Donald Owen placed *Katerfelto* in his brother's hands, "Master George," as he was called, was taken completely by surprise. He

understood then the point of so many conversations all directed to the same topic, but it does not appear that he was in any way put out by Whyte-Melville's clever hydraulics.

Katerfelto was a real horse, owned by the Sir Thomas Acland of the period, and was named after the quack. He was a small stallion, much admired and much coveted. A certain squire begged the loan of the animal. The Katerfelto of the novel vanished on the moor; the real Katerfelto also vanished. He was alleged to have died, and his master received a certificate duly signed attesting that such was the case. This was merely a ruse. Katerfelto survived many years, and became the ancestor of a numerous stock, some of which "Master George" had enjoyed the pleasure of proving.

Though the opening scenes are in London, the book *Katerfelto* is mainly concerned with Exmoor, and the time is the eighteenth century. One of the chapters artistically describes an old-world revel at Dulverton; and the kindness of the country boors is finely contrasted with the ignoble craft of the conspirator and mortal villainy of the assassin. Regarding Abner Gale, tradition supplies, if not an actual prototype, at any rate plentiful analogies in West Country parsons of the old school.

It is now about twenty years since Richard Jefferies, the accomplished, but ill-starred, naturalist
Red Deer. visited Dulverton. This was during a tour of inquiry, the fruit of which was his *Red Deer*. The little book deals with the habits of the deer, and is stored with information conveyed in a very simple and very pleasant manner. In the course of the work Jefferies makes some amusing remarks on the border-brogue, in which, for a stranger, he acquired astonishing proficiency. "In wet weather a man was asked if a road was passable—could anyone drive through it. His reply was, 'The ruts be up to the nuts of a leery put, an' it would take a good plough to draw'n through.' Translated it runs thus: 'The ruts are up to the nuts, or axles, of an empty cart, and it would take a good team to draw it through.' A lane in which the ruts are so deep that

an empty, and therefore light, cart sank to the axles was not altogether passable."

"To the poor he advice gave away,
For the rich he prescribed and took pay;
But to each one he said, 'You will shortly be dead,
If you don't go a-hunting to-day.'"



DR. CHARLES PALK COLLYNS.

Author of "The Chase of the Wild Red Deer."

**The Chase
of the Wild
Red Deer.**

Probably there never was a man to whom these lines were more applicable than to Charles Palk Collyns, author of *The Chase of the Wild Red Deer*, on the title-page of which he modestly describes himself as a surgeon of Dulverton. He excelled both in theory and in practice, and is celebrated by Russell's biographer as a "veritable Actæon in his love and knowledge of hunting, and of all men alive

the most capable of giving a youngster a useful hint on the subject."

The Chase of the Wild Red Deer is a valuable work in more senses than one, since it has now become very scarce, and copies, when they crop up, invariably fetch high prices. It was produced as a labour of love when



[Photoby]

ON THE BARLE, NEAR DULVERTON. [German, Dulvert n.

its author was already old, and, as his son states, he gave nights and days to its preparation. Here is a bit of autobiography culled from the midst of rich historical lore and bright descriptions of the kingly sport: "I speak of Dulverton with the affection which a man should feel for a place which has been his home for fifty years; where he has passed the busiest and happiest days of his life; whence he has issued in the morning to

enjoy the exciting pleasures of the chase; and whither he has returned at even to indulge in the pleasure of fighting his battles o'er again by his own fireside, with a trusty friend beside him." A granite headstone, bearing a suitable inscription, rests against the eastern wall of the church, over the family vault.

Another local writer, of a widely different stamp, was the Rev. Francis Tilney Bassett. He was presented to the living of Dulverton in 1872 by the Dean and Chapter of Wells, and held it for twenty years. In 1885 he was made Prebendary of Coombe Twelve in Wells Cathedral. Mr. Bassett spent as a rule eight hours a day in his library, and, though Vicar of Dulverton, cared nothing for hunting or any kind of out-door sport. He was, however, a great theologian, and every Dulverton man was proud of him. (*Vide* the gilt-lettered mural tablet in the church.) Much learned literature flowed from his busy pen, but the book of most interest to the neighbourhood is his *Dulverton Musings*, published in 1874. The work was dedicated to the late Lord Carnarvon, and comprises twelve poems describing local scenes. Probably by this time copies have become very rare.

Mr. Bassett used to say that he was not a poet; and a poet in the highest acceptance of the term he was not. Ardent and intense feeling, grand and glowing imagination, profound and original thought, full and striking expression—such gifts were not his, and he had no ear for rhythm. But he wielded a facile pen, commanded a rich and varied vocabulary, and not infrequently chanced on a pretty fancy. One of his poems, entitled "Dulverton from Mount Sydenham," begins as follows:

" Sequestered in a circling dell,
Embraced with forest and with fell,
A vision fair to gaze upon,
Reclines thy vale, O Dulverton!

" How unimpassioned must he be,
Who can behold thee heedlessly—
Can drink with unadmiring eye
Thy luscious flood of scenery!

"Come contemplate yon headlong hill,
Birthplace of many a bubbling rill,
Decked in the wealth of emerald green,
Where Spring unlocks her stores unseen.

"Or robed in cloth of royal gold,
Where Summer's days their tale have told,
And Autumn all his glory brings
To crown the height like purple kings.

"Or sanctified with vestments white,
A virgin daughter of the light,
When Winter velvets earth with snow
And priest-like chrisms all below."

There are degrees on Parnassus. A year or two before his death Lord Tennyson, accompanied by his eldest son, came to Dulverton from Starcross. He arrived by the twelve o'clock train, and stayed the rest of that, the whole of the following day, and part of the third, sleeping each night at the "Carnarvon Arms." The wife of the hotel-keeper, Mrs. Nelder, who had always been an admirer of the poet, mentioned the fact to Mr. Hallam Tennyson. A volume of his father's poems lay on the table close by, and Mr. Tennyson, taking it up, observed that there was no name on the flyleaf.

"Would you like his autograph?" he inquired.

"I should be most grateful for an autograph," replied the matron; "but I fear to trouble him."

"I will see to that." And Mr. Tennyson set off in search of his father. His errand was successful. On being told what was wanted of him, the illustrious visitor readily consented, and wrote his name in the book, which the owner is, of course, only too pleased to show.

On leaving, Tennyson shook hands with his host and expressed great satisfaction with what he had seen and with the arrangements made for his comfort. An account of the visit appears in the "Life" of the poet, written by his son—his *compagnon de voyage*—and reveals the impression made, on minds well able to appreciate them, by the natural charms of the district. ("A land of bubbling streams," Tennyson called it.) The details, however—*e.g.*, names of places heard probably for the

first time—are incomplete and incorrect. As this is so, it may be well to state the precise history of those three eventful days as recollected by Mr. Nelder, to whom the poet was specially recommended by Lord Carnarvon, and who personally attended to his needs throughout.

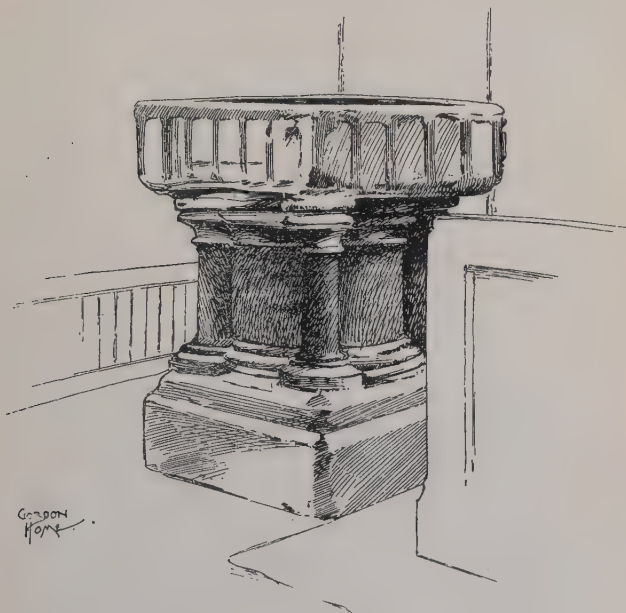
On the first day the party drove to Dulverton, pulling up on the bridge, and proceeded thence to Hele Bridge, where were cows standing in the water. Just beyond Barlynch Priory Tennyson alighted from the carriage, and, going down to the edge of the little river, listened for some time to its gurgle. The return was made by Exebridge.

On the second day, starting from the "Carnarvon Arms," they drove to Marsh Bridge, Windball, through Hynam Lane, by Castle Bridge (where was an old oak pollard, now unfortunately removed, that enjoyed the distinction of growing in two counties and shading three parishes—Dulverton, Hawkridge, and Anstey) to Hawkridge. Part of the road lies through fields. From Hawkridge they went to Torr Steps, whence they returned by Ashway—the famous Exmoor pony breeding farm of Sir T. D. Acland—and Higher Combe to Dulverton. Already Dulverton has its "Lady Harriet's Drive." I can think of no better mode of commemorating the poet's visit than by christening this route "Tennyson's Drive," and hereby commend the suggestion to hotel-keepers, coachmen, and the public generally.

On the third day Tennyson walked to Perry Weir. Close by is a spot shaded by a handsome beech tree. Here the poet sat him down by the stream and spent the greater part of the morning in quiet meditation. Later he drove down the valley of the Exe to the "Exeter Inn," and thence to Bampton Station, where he bade adieu to the neighbourhood.

With reference to Tennyson's Drive—I will set the ball rolling—James Anthony Froude, the **Mr. Froude.** historian, whilst visiting at Pixton, was driven, in company with his host, over practically the same route. At Hawkridge the carriage was stopped at the door of a favourite tenant of Lord Carnarvon's, well known as a good sportsman, and the distinguished

arrivals were shown into the best parlour. Mr. Froude was at once struck with the table occupying the middle of the room, in the polished surface of which—thanks to the housewife's ungrudging expenditure of elbow grease—his physiognomy was clearly reflected. Such tables are often met with in the better sort of Somerset homesteads, and are generally of oak or ash. I might here mention that the little church at Hawkridge enjoys the local reputation of being the oldest in the district. The doorway has a Norman toothed arch.



THE FONT IN BRUSHFORD CHURCH.

(See page 32.)

CHAPTER V.

EXMOOR SHEEP AND PONIES.

EXMOOR—a vast tract of over twenty thousand acres—is known far and wide as the haunt of red deer, native horned sheep, and shaggy ponies, all in their different ways most estimable beasts. The red deer are sufficiently accounted for elsewhere. The sheep—more particularly the wethers—when killed, make delicious mutton. An old Dulvertonian desires to record the fact that during his earlier years, when local wool fetched from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per lb., the horned wethers roamed on the common-right hills all the year, being gathered only for shearing, as their wool brought a satisfactory return for their keep. When they became broken-mouthed, at eight or nine years old, they were given a little corn in preparation for the Christmas market. Their haunches, after hanging from one to three months according to the weather, then formed a “nectar” of mutton, such as present-day *bon vivants* know nothing about. Our contributor regrets also the degradation of lambs’ tails pie since the introduction of *tailing* in the spring, before their full flavour is acquired, instead of in late autumn. *Apropos* of lambs’ tails pie, the good old Sir Thomas Acland, when genially reproached by Lady Acland at Holnicote for keeping her waiting at luncheon, as genially replied, “I have been feasting at Farmer Peek’s on the flesh of living animals.”

The wild waste in which these animals roam is, or has been, legally and technically, a forest—probably because trees ought to grow there. It is not a Sahara, however, and its “soft spots,” as an old hunter used to term them, constitute a grave peril to strangers and pilgrims on the moor. Even where there are no bogs the ground is sometimes treacherous. The late Mr. T. M. Snow, who

knew Exmoor as well as most men, mentioned to me, in his very last season, the case of a horse sinking to a considerable depth in the year of the Prince of Wales's visit—a veritable landmark in the annals of the moor.

Six hundred years ago Exmoor was a Royal demesne. In 1784 it was let to the Acland family. When the Government, in 1818, decided to sell the portion of the forest belonging to the Crown, the whole—about ten thousand acres—was purchased by the father of the late Sir Frederick Knight. Mr. Knight bought the Acland share also for 5,555 guineas. The moor is now the property of Lord Ebrington.

A fraction of Exmoor, in the wide sense, happens to be in Devon. In 1894, Devon proposed to annex the parish, which happens to be in Somerset. The latter county was up in arms at this proposal, and soon made it clear that it was not going to cede its Alsace-Lorraine without a Sedan. Accordingly there ensued what has been happily called the "battle of the boundaries." Into this combat was drawn no less a person than Mr. R. D. Blackmore. He was informed by a Taunton correspondent that, whether by accident or design, his novels conveyed the impression that Exmoor was in North Devon. Many had been so impressed. Mr. Blackmore was stirred into action, and in two argumentative epistles, since published with his authority, formally excommunicated the suggestion with bell, book, and candle. Exmoor is still in Somerset.

In 1818 the ponies running wild on the moor are said to have numbered four hundred, and the entire herd, with the exception of twenty, was sold by auction. The twenty, kept back as the nucleus of a new herd, were sent to Old Ashway, a farm of Sir T. D. Acland's in the parish of Dulverton, not far from Winsford Hill, where there is a fine stretch of moorland. From the animals thus reserved are descended the only pure Exmoor ponies, and, as a guarantee of their quality, they are branded on the near quarter with an anchor, for a century the mark or cognizance of the herd.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* for October, 1896, appeared a clever article on Exmoor ponies by Miss E. March-



Photo by]

BAMPTON DURING THE EXMOOR PONY FAIR.

[Scott & Sons, Exeter.

Phillips. In it she gives the following account of their points:—

“First, good quarters (as in this they are apt to fail), sloping shoulders, wide foreheads and nostrils, mealy nose, and sharp, pricked ears, short legs, and good bone. ‘A long horse with a short back, or a tall horse with short legs,’ is the Exmoor saying; meaning that the bodies should be thick through—in build like a miniature cart-horse. The colour also is imperative; the most usual is a brown mouse-colour, or brown inclining to bay, more rarely black or grey; chestnuts and roans are inadmissible. The coat is extremely long and thick—over a finger’s length in winter; full shaggy mane, and tail long and sweeping, serving to flick flies from chest and shoulder.”

The late Sir Thomas Acland, recognising the disadvantages arising from the smallness of the ponies, made one or two attempts at improvement, whilst strictly guarding against any general contamination. About ten years ago he tried crossing an Exmoor mare with a Russian stallion of a bigger and coarser breed. On another occasion the sire was a Knowstone roadster, “Varmint.” In neither case was the result satisfactory. The best plan is to cross with the sires—say, a pure-bred sire and a little Devonshire cob or pack mare. A foal by “Royal Oak,” an Exmoor stallion, out of a mare with white streaks, while larger, showed all the points of a pure Exmoor pony. The strength and endurance of the breed are, of course, proverbial.

So far as Sir Thomas Acland’s herd is concerned, such experiments appear to have been abandoned, and another method has been adopted. For some months in each year the pick of the mares and foals are quartered in the rich pastures near Killerton—Sir T. D. Acland’s Devonshire seat—and better climate and better keep have produced a perceptible effect on both size and shape. Sir Thomas Acland says on this point: “For the last thirty years we have been in the habit of taking about twenty of the best mares, with their foals, down to the better climate and grass at Killerton, where the young ones spend a year or so. And the result has been

twofold. First of all 'emollit mores nec sinit esse feros, and secondly the chests are widened, and as a direct result the shoulder rendered more sloping and the humerus more upright, and the action improved. But the quarters are entirely another matter, and I am afraid many of the tails come out as low down in 1900 as they did in 1870. Experience has taught us that the original strain of blood is as good as any cross we can devise, and that no cross will combine good qualities through two generations with any certainty." On the hills the ponies run quite wild, and drop their foals like deer. They live on the rough herbage, except in winter, when they may get a little hay, but never oats.

The headquarters of Lord Ebrington's herd are at Simonsbath; and there, or thereabouts, efforts have been made to improve the diminutive native pony into a more "sizeable" animal by the infusion of Arab blood.

Whether he intends to buy or merely to look on, the average sportsman finds his best chance of investigation at Bampton Fair. This is a really celebrated fair, and has employed nearly as many pens as that greatest of fairs at Nijni Novgorod. It is a kind of equine carnival—horses here, horses there, horses everywhere. Not all Exmoor ponies, of course, but the ponies are the staple commodity, and without them it is probable the fair, like so many others, would rapidly decline and die. Mr. Evans has lately been compelled to give up his old auction stand in the yard opposite the "Tiverton Hotel," and now most of the business is done in the orchards at the back of that hospitable institution.

If only as a spectacle, the auctions certainly deserve a visit. One knows the expression "torn to pieces by wild horses," but such creatures appear decidedly mythical, and one wonders where Jack Ketch is going to find them to punish the atrocious criminal withal. But here you have genuine wild horses in miniature. Behold them herded together, like sheep, in open pens, where the least excitement causes them to surge around in a sort of horsey whirlpool!

Then, in addition to what you learn visually by means of live ponies—and any one understanding horses will

naturally find his account in studying them—you are treated to a free lecture by Mr. Evans, who intersperses his purely professional talk with pleasant anecdotes and quaint remarks illustrative of wild-pony life on the moor.

Besides the horses great and small—for farmers and gipsies, as well as moormen, profit by the opportunity, and bony Rosinantes and cart-horses of mammoth build are propelled through the streets by repeated applications of lash or blackthorn—there are the usual concomitants of a country fair—literally, side-shows—and no matter if you want a watch or a bottle of physic, you may rely on getting it cheap—and most physic is nasty. This, however, opens up a large question, and is, as one may say, another story. But by all means go to Bampton Fair. It is a capital fair, full of life, and when you have been yourself, you will wish to take your friends.



A TYPICAL HEAD OF AN EXMOOR RAM.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR FISHERMEN.

DULVERTON and sport are synonymous terms. The district is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Sport of all kinds—fishing, hunting, and shooting—are to be had here “in measure filled up and brimming over.” It is to be had cheaply, and in good company.

Where should the angler's headquarters be? In Dulverton and at the railway station can be found hotels and lodging-houses between which it would be invidious to draw comparisons. In each village by the Exe, as also by its bigger brother the Barle, is the village inn, standing where it did many a century ago, quaint and homely, but quiet and reasonable as to charges. In any one of these the visitor could be made comfortable, as also could he be in many farm-houses of the district.

It matters little where we stay—it matters much where and how we fish for the wily trout. The fish are educated nowadays, and will not be beguiled by the art of our grandfathers. I doubt if our grandchildren will have time to fish in these days of hurry. So let us haste and catch them while we may.

By a sportsman properly equipped and with a fair knowledge of the art trout may be killed in fair baskets on the Exe and Barle in this year of grace. A late rector of a Somerset parish used to fish for trout riding down stream on his pony, with much effect. I doubt if he would do so now.

The Dulverton Fishing Association possesses eight miles of the Barle. Visitors may obtain tickets for a day, a week, a month, or a year, at very reasonable prices. The hon. secretary, MR. R. SOWTON BARROW, Dulverton,

is always glad to give intending visitors any information. Several hotels in the district have private water of their own. A visitor staying in any of the hotels and lodging-houses is pretty certain to get permission to fish; only let him remember to ask for the permission courteously, and it will not be refused—always excepting certain portions of the rivers which are strictly preserved by the owners for their own sport.

The Exe and its tributaries are preserved by the Exe Conservancy Board. The Board imposes a tax of half-a-crown on all rods, and it is well to remember the fact, to save unpleasantness. Lack of knowledge has caused even an Under-Secretary of State to be fined. It is no use pleading ignorance, or your social position. Sunday fishing is not permitted either by the Association or by local owners. Knowledge of this fact also may save annoyance. If visitors will fish in spite of warnings, they must not cry out if they are summoned.

Of books on fishing there is no end. They are a weariness to the flesh, as they have been from the days long before garrulous Izaak Walton wrote, to the present day. And still they come. I presume the reason is that the sport leaves so much room for the imagination to draw upon. It is not my intention to write a treatise on fishing, but to describe the art in the Dulverton district more especially. The fisherman will find his surroundings perfect. Should he catch no fish, he has always his pipe and the scenery to fall back upon, and if he be a lover of natural history or an archæologist, there is much to interest him. Then, too, there is always that big fish he hooked and lost wherewith to edify the natives in the evenings.

Now as to the necessary impedimenta. Let them be as light and simple as possible. The currents of the stream are strong, and there is much walking to be done. An eight to ten foot rod is long enough and very convenient, and would do for the larger streams as well as the smaller tributaries. This might also be used for worm and minnow. Let your rod be of two pieces only, with no ferrule. The inconvenience of no ferrule is more than compensated for by increased pliability. Let there



be a spear, and be sure the rings of your rod are fixed and not movable. An excellent rod is that made by Hardy of split cane. Greenheart is also good. I have one I have used for twenty-five years. It has killed twenty thousand trout, and is still good. Let your reel be weighted to your rod. This may be a multiplier or not, according to your own fancy. The line should be of composition and fairly heavy, so as to be thrown against wind at times.

The cast should vary in thickness to correspond with the height and colour of the water. For clear water with a bright sun a fine-drawn cast, stained in gin and ink, is useful. Tea makes a very good stain. An old fisherman I knew used to keep his casts staining all the winter in the family tea-pot. They were covered with the tea-leaves in the spring. Great was his anger when the tea-pot with its contents was emptied in a moment of forgetfulness on the fire. A light landing-net is useful, and will save many a trout that would otherwise be lost.

Now as to flies. Practically all fishing on the Exe and Barle is with the wet fly. Your flies must vary in size according to the height of the water, the time of the year, and the river you are fishing on. In colour they would vary in accordance with the river, the colour of the water, and also in accordance with the light. Three flies are usual, and two in low water and on the smaller streams. I have always used a winged fly and hackles for middle and bob. Be sure that the size of your fly just corresponds with your cast.

I append a list of flies I have found most useful in twenty-five years' experience:—

Blue upright, blue dun, red upright, February red, tinker, corn-crake, half-stone, full-stone, March brown, greentail, alder bud, badger, coachman, Hoffland's fancy, hare's-flecks.

Trout fishing begins on March 1st, and ends September 15th. The trout are in good condition in February in an open winter. In the early months the trout lie in the pools as in September, but in the middle of the season they are in the stickles and rapids. Early in the year you may fish pretty much as your fancy leads you.

Later in the year up-stream fishing is by far the best way. It is much more tiring, but you will kill many more trout, and better ones too. Be always sure to keep as much out of sight as possible.

It would serve no good purpose to describe how to cast your line and how to strike your fish. The art of fishing must be learnt practically. There are plenty of local fishermen ready and willing to accompany the novice and instruct him. A really deft fly-fisher is born, and does not *become* one. "*Piscator nascitur, non fit.*" Still, patience and a moderate amount of skill will bring their own reward.

Should we wade the river or fish from the bank? Wading is all very well when you have a river all to yourself, but it spoils other men's sport. Most of the rivers can be fished from the banks. Wading is very useful to enable you to cross a river. We may wear waders or not as we please. If you do, let them be very light. Personally I never wear waders, but I have always waded when necessary, and in all seasons.

Your rod, flies, and other necessities can all be bought in Dulverton. I strongly advise that the flies be bought here. They are sold by a practical fisherman, who is always willing to tell the visitor what is the best fly to use. Sometimes any fly trimmed in any sort of way will kill a trout. At other times it needs all your skill to do so. Trout are fickle—as fickle as the fair sex are said to be. You never know in what mood you may find them. On the most unlikely days you may catch some. I have caught real good baskets of trout in a snow-storm.

At times trout will not rise to fly at all. Then they are probably feeding on ground bait. But a trout, like a human being, gets hungry, and certainly feeds once in twenty-four hours. Trout are said not to hear, they are said not to feel, they are said to be colour-blind. I believe the trout to be a highly-educated gentleman, and that he has all his senses acutely developed. If his senses are as keen as I believe them to be, the reader will understand the importance attaching to colour of fly, neatness of tackle, delicacy of cast, and above all the

importance of letting no shadow either of body or rod fall on the water.

The fly is the only bait permitted on many rivers, but, where permitted, there are other good baits. The minnow, artificial or otherwise, is very killing in water a little coloured. It should be pulled swiftly down and somewhat across the stream. It is of little use before May.



Photo by]

FEEDING TIME AT THE EXE BRIDGE FISHERY.

[John Bedwell.

The splashes on the water are caused by feeding trout.

The clear water worm in the hands of a deft fisherman is most destructive. It is not allowed in waters under the Dulverton Association. The worm in dirty water is not sportsmanlike. For dapping on a hot summer day the grasshopper and cow-dung fly are useful. The blue-bottle is a useful bait.

There are many other ways of killing trout, but as they are not permitted, it is well not to describe them. The taking of undersized fish is forbidden. Have you ever

observed what a good fishing day Sunday generally is? How often have I watched the trout greedily gulping down the fly on the Day of Rest, and how I have longed to be up and at 'em! This brings me to the question, what is an ideal fishing day? I could describe it, but to what purpose? On that ideal day you may never catch a trout at all. As I have already said, the trout are as fickle as fickle can be, and all the axioms laid down for your guidance in selecting your day are useless. There are broad lines certainly, but all at times will deceive you. There is one day on which you will not catch trout to the fly—when there is a dull leaden sky, and a cold north wind blowing down stream, when all nature seems shrivelled up. Such days occur in March.

I have often thought that, if you could only make Sunday a movable day, what baskets we might kill! For how long should we deceive such an acute gentleman as the *Salmo fario*?

Salmon are killed on both the Exe and the Barle. They begin to run up in May and June. There are few killed until August. The Exe in its upper reaches is not an ideal river for salmon. Much difficulty exists in the running up of the salmon. The river is intersected with numerous weirs, and many are impassable except at high water. No doubt in our great-grandfathers' time salmon ran up much more freely than now, for many of the old apprenticeship indentures contained a clause restricting the eating of salmon by apprentices to twice a week. A special licence is required for salmon fishing both by the Conservancy Board and by the local association.

1879 was a very wet year. Most disastrous for the West Country generally, it was a grand fishing year. The rivers were bank-high all the season. I killed three thousand five hundred and twenty-three trout that year, fishing from February to September. I killed thirty-seven salmon after September 17. Mr. Bayley Collyns, then living at Morebath House, killed seventy-eight salmon that year, fishing from June onwards. His biggest fish was over 20 lbs. My catch of trout for the

season of 1879 I think is a record, but for a three days' angling I have heard nothing to beat Mr. Bayley Collyns' record at Simonsbath in 1847, which stands thus :

First day, in the evening	47
Second day	119
Third day	147



Photo by]

**NETTING YEARLING TROUT AT THE
EXE BRIDGE FISHERY.**

[John Bedwell.

Salmon have been, and still are, sometimes killed with trout fly and tackle. Mr. J. Stuckey, of banking connection, so killed a fresh-run fish of 11 lbs. in June, 1853, on the Barle below Marsh Bridge. I fear 1879 is a clear case of *fuit*. We shall not see its like again, but it will be many a long year before the fishing on the Exe and Barle deteriorates from what it now is, and, in spite of the many deleterious influences at work, many years more must elapse before the prophecy is fulfilled—"The

fisher shall mourn, and they that cast angle in the brooks shall lament."

Grayling were introduced to the Exe some ten years ago by Mr. Langdon, the then owner of the hatchery. They have bred well and afford sport in the winter months.

G. F. SYDENHAM.

N.B.--No stay in the district would be complete without a visit to Mr. Tracey's fish-breeding hatchery at Exe Bridge, close to Dulverton Station, where there is much of interest to be seen. Mr. Tracey is always glad to see visitors, and to show them over the hatchery.



Drawn by]

**BURY BRIDGE, ON THE HADDEO
RIVER.**

[Gordon Home.



Photo by]

A MEET ON THE HILL-TOP.

[German, Dulverton.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING STAG-HUNTING.

A VERY large proportion of the field that follows the Devon and Somerset Staghounds when the cream of their sport is obtained, between the second Tuesday in August and the 10th or 12th of October, is composed of visitors from other hunting countries, who pursue the fox or the carted deer throughout the winter and spring, after getting into condition by means of a few scampers over Exmoor.

Not only does wild stag-hunting afford the first legitimate opportunity to the hunting man of shaking off the effects of fully four long months' absence from the pig-skin—for which reason alone it would be thrice welcome to many an ardent votary of the chase—but also it is one of the few field sports open to the many at that particular season of the year.

Unless one has an engagement with the grouse, or is on deerstalking bent, or has sailed over the wide North Sea to contend with Scandinavian salmon or ryper or reindeer, or is on yachting bent—all of them the amusements of the comparatively few—there is but little else to occupy the attention of the sportsman during August, while in September a certain amount of partridge shooting can be sandwiched in between the best meets, and

early cub-hunting is as yet but a doubtful joy. By the last week of that month and in the first fortnight of October many of the Masters of Foxhounds, who figure largely with this pack, drop out and return to their duties at home with the cubs, and probably do not put in an appearance again till the very end of hind-hunting in the month of April, by which time their own labours are over.

The most fashionable part of the short autumn season is from August 20th to the end of September, after which the weather is apt to make itself unpleasantly felt on the more exposed parts of the moor. A very large percentage of the field is composed of ladies, who face the rough going and the steep hills and combes with the boldest, though here, as elsewhere, the lady who has a sufficiently good eye for country to ride her own line, even after years of acquaintance with it, is an almost unknown quantity.

The first thing for a novice to do, when he finds himself fairly in pursuit of the wild red deer, is to realise that all his previous knowledge of the art of riding to hounds will not serve him here, and that he must perforce, for a season or two at least, be content to imitate and observe before he can possibly understand the woodcraft of this unique sport or take the lead over the vast stretches of rough and hilly going which he is sure to encounter.

We will suppose that, lured by the descriptions which have reached him from time to time, our friend from the Midlands has put himself and his thinnest cub-hunting kit in the train, and, if well advised, has made arrangements long beforehand with one or other of the local jobmasters—either Mr. John White, of Taunton; Mr. James Vicary, of Carhampton; Mr. Pyke-Nott, of Porlock; Mr. John Moyle, of the “Red Lion Hotel,” Dulverton; Mr. Charles Nelder, of the “Carnarvon Arms Hotel,” Dulverton; or Mr. Woodbury, of the “Lamb Hotel,” Dulverton—and finds himself early on the morrow forming one of a long procession from his chosen hostelry by stony and dusty bridlepaths to a place which he is told rejoices in the name of

Alderman's Barrow. Overhead the August sunshine is pouring down on endless rolling plains of heather and grass and fern in all the brilliance of summer colouring, with deep and narrow combes every here and there.

At the meet he finds some two to three hundred people grouped in the heather around the famous pack, while late arrivals can be seen converging from all directions by various moorland tracks. A long line of vehicles of many and various kinds fills the roadway which runs past the ancient Barrow, and on every side the soft West Country dialect meets the ear, many of the terms used being quite unintelligible at first. That very scarce survival in more fashionable lands, the hunting farmer, is to be seen here, and if harvest should be over or interrupted by the weather, he and his friends will be present in considerable numbers, and a very cheering augury it is for the future of the noble sport that the class who suffer by far the most loss by the ravages of the deer in their winter wanderings should evince such constant keenness and love of the chase.

The huntsman presently gets the order to move off, and forthwith heads a long procession through a narrow hunting gate in an adjoining moor fence and away over the open to kennel his pack with one of Viscount Ebrington's shepherds. And now our friend gets his first view of the heart of the moor, which for miles upon miles to north, south, east, and west of him lies shimmering in the sunlit haze in vast rolling expanses of green and grey and purple.

Following on in procession, he sees that to right and left of the track much of the higher ground has been cut out for peat at some former time, many of the deeper cuttings being soft and rush-fringed, even at this dry season of the year. After ten minutes at the cottage the Master, huntsman, and whipper-in, and one or two of the local landowners, move off with a few couple of hounds which have been drawn from the pack to serve as tufters, while all the rest of the field remain by the kennel, until the welcome twanging of the returning huntsman's horn announces that a suitable stag has



Photo by

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS, AT THE KENNELS, EXFORD.

W. G. M. M. M. M.

been roused, and that all is ready for the day's chase to begin.

There is always more or less of a crowd at the narrow bridle-gates in the moorland boundary fences, and the novice will do well to look out for possible kickers amongst the horses in front of and around him, several painful accidents having taken place from time to time from this very cause. Ponies and farmers' mares and young horses in the hands of colt-breakers are the principal offenders in this respect, and if our friend should find himself unluckily bestriding a hireling that has this failing he should take the very first opportunity to get rid of him.

Cantering outward over the vast green expanse, the procession presently comes up with the tufting party, there is a speedy changing of horses amongst the hunt servants, and then at the huntsman's cheer the great hounds fling away with a whimpering scream due westward. Instantly the field resolves itself into strings of horsemen, each of which follows the lead of some chosen pilot, the same few men always taking the lead whenever hounds really begin to run. Away over the ferns and whortleberry, away over the soft moor grass and firm heather, now down a steep gorge by a narrow sheep track, through a tinkling rock-bedded stream, and up the other side, only just in time to see the tail hounds streaming over the next wide plain. Through a narrow and awkward gateway, in which a rusty iron fastening projects in readiness to have a greedy bite at the shins of the unwary horseman; along beside a ruinous boundary bank, with coils of rusty fencing wire lying snakelike in the rushy grass; in and out in corkscrew fashion between a succession of trappy peat cuttings; over several deep and narrow drainage gutters, and past a lonely reservoir of still, clear water; and away again at a steadier gallop now, with hounds in a long-drawn string some three hundred yards ahead and running dead mute.

The field is now extended into a string of more than a mile in length, and several saddles have been emptied ere this; but a welcome check at the next moorland



Photo by]

A MEET OF THE STAGHOUNDS.

[Scott & Sons, Exeter.

stream gives a moment's breathing time, and the front ranks fill up again. The huntsman makes a cast down stream for nearly half a mile, but without avail, then retraces his steps and casts up to the springheads of the tiny brook. Here of a sudden the hunted stag springs suddenly from the shelter of a tall fern brake and strides away with long leaps and bounds straight up the grassy hillside in what proves to be almost a final effort, for on gaining the tableland above, with some three hundred yards' start of his eager pursuers, all he can do is to make off for the next combe with lowering head and uneven paces, and he descends its southward course in a long slant down its steep front until at last he rushes into one of the shallow pools of the streamlet a mile below. Dropping with a resounding splash into the cooling water, and rolling once over, he springs to his feet again, and, taking one look at the fast-coming pack, gallops off down the narrow valley, in and out of the stream, taking floodgates and banks one after another in his slackening stride.

Another mile down the valley, which now widens out and contains a tiny village and church, and he sets his haunch against a thick hollybush and turns to bay, only to be handled ten minutes later and instantly despatched. On inquiring his way to his hostelry our friend is told that he is now at Challacombe village, and has something like twenty miles of homeward road; but with a score of other horsemen bound the same way, and a rest of half an hour at Simonsbath, he finds himself at home in time for a late dinner, after a not unpleasant first experience of wild stag-hunting.

Sir John Heathcoat-Amory's Staghounds begin their season in the country south of the Devon and Somerset Railway about the 1st of October; but as the herd of deer in their home country is a small one, the greater part of their winter and spring hunting takes place by invitation within the limits of the Dulverton part of Red Deer Land. The points which will strike the novice to wild deer-hunting, who we will suppose has a long acquaintance with fox-hunting, are the muteness with which hounds run; their size, which averages twenty-five

and a half inches; and the manner in which they tail out on the line, every hound running exactly on the foil of the deer, as if unwilling to lose a particle of the strong, sweet scent.

There is an immense deal of woodcraft and science about the harbouring and singling out of a warrantable deer, which must perforce take more than one season to be understood, as it is impossible for the field to join in the tufting or rousing of the stag without impeding the huntsman. By degrees, however, if one has keenness enough to persevere, the most unaccountable casts made by the huntsman are seen to have reason behind them, and once one becomes bitten with the craft, this quaint old-world sport will never be forgotten.

PHILIP EVERED.

LIST OF HOUNDS

That meet regularly in the neighbourhood of Dulverton.

Full particulars of fixtures will be sent at once on application to the proprietors of any of the Dulverton Hotels.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds; R. A. Sanders, Esq., Master.

Sir John Amory's Staghounds; I. M. Heathcoat-Amory, Esq., Master.

The Dulverton Foxhounds; H. J. Selwyn, Esq., Master.

The Exmoor Foxhounds; Sir William Williams, Master.

The West Somerset Foxhounds; Wilfrid Marshall, Esq., Master.

The Tiverton Foxhounds; Ludovic Unwin, Esq., Master.

The Culmstock Otterhounds.

Mr. Cheriton's Otterhounds.

The Quarme Harriers.

The South Molton Harriers.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOX-HUNTING ON THE EXMOOR BORDERLAND.

THE visitor to Dulverton who is fond of fox-hunting will find many opportunities for indulging in the sport, for not only will he be in the centre of the country hunted by the "Dulverton Foxhounds," but he will be within reach of many of the meets of the "Exmoor," the "Tiverton" and the "West Somerset" packs. The names of Lord Portsmouth, Rev. "Jack" Russell and "Parson" Froude are associated with fox-hunting in this district in earlier days; but the Dulverton Hunt was established many years ago by that good sportsman Mr. Froude Bellew, and it has been carried on almost without a break by successive Masters until the present time, when Mr. H. Jasper Selwyn holds the reins of office. The Dulverton country is by no means easy to hunt, for the woodlands are very extensive and the fences very large, and the prevalence of the red deer adds to the difficulties of the huntsman, whose first care it should be to keep his hounds to their own legitimate quarry. Nevertheless, for the man who likes to see hounds work by themselves and who rides to hunt, and does not hunt only in order that he may ride, the country presents many attractions.

If the reader will allow me, I will take him in imagination for a day's hunting with the Dulverton Hounds, and as the advice which I shall tender on the way is all gratis, he will doubtless follow only as much of it as he pleases.

Now the first thing to do, my friend, is to procure a mount, unless you have your own horse with you, and I should advise you to go to one of the hotel-keepers in

the neighbourhood and select a horse that is well up to your weight and yet not too big, for a little horse will carry you more pleasantly and more cleverly in this country than a large one. A horse that measures 15 or 15½ hands is quite high enough, and he should stand on short, sound legs and good feet; he must have deep sloping shoulders to carry you down the hills in safety and comfort, and strong quarters and hocks to take you quickly up the other side; he must not lack "quality," for you will want him to keep on galloping, and he should be temperate and willing to creep after you through a fence which cannot be negotiated in any other way. Our grandfathers almost always rode their horses in snaffle bridles in this country, no matter what kind of "mouth" they possessed; but unless you are sure of your mount you had better have a double hunting bridle on him, in case you want to use the curb. There is seldom any need of a breastplate, with which you almost always find the hireling adorned, and it is well to dispense with everything in the way of saddlery that is not quite necessary.

Having secured your mount, just give a thought to your attire. You must not expect to see a very smart "field" so far away from "the Shires," and "pink" coats will be few and far between, so let your own costume be quiet and workmanlike, remembering Brummell's aphorism, that "the best dressed man is the man whose dress attracts the least attention." Do not cope with the horse-dealer in the loudness of your fantastic waistcoat, and do not give the natives the impression that you were "made in Germany" by reason of the new-fangled design of your breeches and leggings. Provide yourself with a coat that will keep out a storm of rain, a pair of boots that you are not afraid of spoiling if you have to walk half-a-mile in them, and a good strong hunting crop, not forgetting the proverbial "shilling and a bit of string."

The meet is at the keeper's cottage on Winsford Hill, at 11 o'clock, so we must start soon after 10 from Dulverton and jog on quietly.

Well, here we are at the trysting-place, and the Master

has given the order to draw over the hill, as a fox is pretty sure to be lying out on such a fine morning as this; and to see hounds drawing for a fox in the heather, with which our moors and common-lands are carpeted, is one of the greatest charms of our hunting. Now see how the hounds spread themselves in open order around the huntsman, who scarcely utters a sound of encouragement for fear of moving the wary animal too soon. See how the whips ride far out on either side and keep an eye forward in case Master Reynard slips away without waiting to be "found." Mark the flourish of that hound's "stern"; see him "feather" and fling forward. Hark to that whimper, which brings every other hound dashing to the spot, and now you know that they are on the "drag" of a fox. Watch them eagerly pressing forward, able to own the scent only at intervals along that narrow path; note how each time a hound challenges the chorus swells; and now hark to that grand burst of music which proclaims that the fox has left his kennel, and see how the hounds tumble over each other in their haste to be first on his trail.

Did you hear that holloa away on the right? The whip has viewed the fox, and he is making straight for that covert which is named Burrough Wood. Now let us wait here on the top and see which way he will turn. If they go down towards Winsford village we can hit them off in Halse Lane, and if they bear to the left we shall be all right; only if they go straight across the valley by Withycombe Farm shall we have to dive down into the wood and breast the opponent hill.

Hark! they are turning away to the left. Let us get out at that little hunting gate and look down into that huge hollow in the side of the hill which is termed the Punch Bowl. There they are, crossing the soft ground at the bottom; and what a head they are carrying. There's a scent, you may swear, by the pace they drive, and we shall have to ride fast round the top of the Punch Bowl to catch them on the other side. There they go, streaming away along the side of the hill skimming over Riscombe like a flock of pigeons on the wing, and we are in for a real good gallop, so ram down your hat, get home

in your seat, and ride with your head as well as your heels. Don't go down too low in that goyle, for the ground is very soft in the bottom, and you will be stuck in a bog before you know where you are. Wherever there is heather you are safe, only look out for wheel-ruts, and when you come across one there are pretty sure to be a lot more close by, but give rushes and moss as wide a berth as possible. Here we are at Ashcombe, the hounds have just skirted Ash Wood and are bearing left-handed towards Corner's Gate; so this fox is not going over the Winsford road to the Exmoor Hunt to-day, but means to fight it out in his own country.

Now, if we ride to that gate we shall cut off a corner and be in time to see the hounds break over the fence into Bradley-Ham; they have been running hard now for twenty minutes, and my horse won't be sorry for a little breathing space. Hullo! this gate has one of those nasty drop latches. I will hold up the catch if you will pull the gate. Turn the crook of your whip upwards and put it under the top bar, then you won't let the gate slip and you will raise it clear of the ground; and mind that spike doesn't scrape your shin or run into your horse's flank. Hold hard! here they come! Heads up and sterns down, and running all together, down the long slope to the Barle river at the bottom.

Now, if we were stag-hunting, we could pull up and watch the hounds casting down stream, perhaps for a mile or two; but the fox has gone straight across to Well, and is pointing now for Worth and that hill beyond which is Hawkridge Common. We cannot cross the river here, so we must slip down to the ford under Bradley as quick as possible, and scramble up that stony track to the farm, and out to the road on the top.

Well, that was a stiff climb. But there the hounds go, over the enclosures, to Westwater Common, and they came across that valley so quickly that there is nobody with them, and we shall have to cut along down the road and turn through the gate on the right, and ride straight away to that patch of stunted fir trees known as the Lord's Plantation, unless we too are to be left behind. Look out here! the ground is very boggy, and these

tussocks of grass are very apt to bring a horse on to his nose; we had better hug the fence until we get on the top. But hullo! there goes a big stag, and there are three or four smaller deer just leaving the plantation. We must get round as fast as we can to stop the hounds in case they should run them; but they seem too well settled to their fox to take any notice of deer to-day.

Hark! how those trees resound with the music; and see how swiftly those blackcock flit away, and that old cock pheasant chuckling as he rises from the lower corner; and here come the hounds, topping the fence, bearing towards us and pointing now for the Barle valley again. We are on *terra firma* again now, and can live with them over these enclosures to Hill Farm; and see, here come all the rest of the field up the road from Westwater; and there is the huntsman just in time to take hold of the hounds as they check for the first time after forty-five minutes, amongst that flock of sheep. He will hold them forward through this field and over the next plough, and you will see them hit the line again on that grass just above South Barton Wood. There! now they have it; and down they go into the covert, but we won't follow the huntsman in there, we should only hamper his movements, and we can see better on the top which way the hounds turn. Down there on our right is the far-famed stone bridge named Torr Steps, and I think we had better follow this path to the river, for I hear them driving along as if they were close to the fox.

Why, there he is! Just crawling up the bank, all dragged and stiffened. Tally ho! Tally ho! And here come the hounds jostling one another into the river in their headlong rush. Now the fox is sinking, scent will probably not be so good, so we must be careful not to over-ride them, but let them work out every twist and shift of their quarry for themselves. Up on to Ashway side they go; see how they double on the heather there by that big stone; and, look out! there is the fox just in front of that leading hound; and now, who—whoop! they have him—pulled down in the open, in exactly one hour from the time they found him, with only one little check.

"'Twas a stout hill-fox when they found him, now
'Tis a hundred tatters of brown!"

But of one little tatter with a white tag to it that young lady who has gone so well through the chase on the pony seems very proud indeed.

Now, my friend, I must wish you "Good morning," as I have to call at that farm over there and then get home to keep an appointment. There is plenty of time to find and kill another fox, and if you don't feel equal to riding a line of your own yet, you can't do better than follow that sporting farmer on the bay mare; he knows every inch of the country, and if you get behind you will be able to tell which he is by the way the mare keeps flicking her tail.

Such is the kind of sport one may expect in the Dulverton country, and every now and then we enjoy such a run as occurred in 1889, when Mr. L. E. Bligh was Master, and which is told in the words of Squire Bellew himself: "It was on Knowstone Moor these hounds found their gallant fox, on Wednesday, November 20th; in fact, like all stout foxes, he found himself, and waited not for hounds or whip to view him. An old lady, though, gave us the office by begging her 'Joan' to holloa for her. Over Baple hill, and through the length of Sir William Throckmorton's coverts, hounds gave him no rest. By Roseash village and into Yard Wood they bustled him, and it was a matter of down wind at best pace into Mariansleigh Wood, through Highridge, the river circuit to Warkleigh Hotel, where he crossed the Bray river, through the Husscott coverts to Mr. Bates's domain, and across the Taw river below the 'Portsmouth Arms,' to Atherington village, running slick into him in the open just below High Bickington Steeple—a twenty-three-mile point." . . . "Our fox ran persistently down wind and never gave the huntsman a single chance of taking an advantage, or lifting hounds. Thus, we found him in the Dulverton, ran through a great part of Lord Portsmouth's, and killed him in Sir William Williams's country. . . ."

R. J. COLLYNS.

CHAPTER IX.

HARE-HUNTING—THE QUARME HARRIERS.

It has been often and truly said that, since the Ground Game Act of 1880 came into force, nothing has served so well to prolong the existence of the timid hare as the presence of a flourishing pack of harriers. This is particularly true of the hill country over which the Quarme Harriers have pursued their quarry with constant success and popularity ever since the year 1867, when their late Master, Mr. William Loveband Chorley, of Quarme, acquired the pack by purchase on the death of Captain John Guy Evered, of Stone Lodge. Captain Evered had hunted the pack, attired in Lincoln green, from the year 1849 from Stone Lodge, where his kennels may still be seen. In previous years, *circa* 1830 to 1849, Captain Evered's younger brother, Mr. Robert Guy Evered, hunted the same pack from the same kennels, but pursued either fox, deer or hare, as occasion offered, over a wide stretch of country ranging from Haddon over the Brendon Hills to Dunkery and away by Acmead to Simonsbath and Willingford Water. The country now claimed by the present Master of the Quarme Harriers is with certain limitations, practically that over which Mr. R. G. Evered and his brother established sway in the two-score years above referred to, but towards the end of the period the hare only was hunted, Mr. Bisset and Mr. Luttrell having arisen to put the sports of deer-hunting and fox-hunting on their proper footings.

It was not until the Inclosure Acts, from 1849 onwards, became law, that the wide uplands of the Brendon Hills and Exmoor were cut up and divided by fencing. The hill country roads were broad green tracks, for the most part unmetalled, and the modern roads in the valleys

were still a new departure. Round the farmsteads there were fences, but for many a long mile the huntsman could follow his pack undeterred over the hills of West Somerset, if only he could succeed in rousing a beast of the chase to lead his pack. Game of all kinds, and deer especially, were remarkably scarce; foxes were regarded as enemies to be destroyed by any and every possible means; but hares were more plentiful, and by degrees met with a better degree of preservation.

Mr. Chorley hunted the pack in mufti, and enjoyed uniformly good sport, finding hares well preserved and a general welcome extended to himself and his merry little pack. Adhering judiciously to the best features of Captain Evered's strain of harriers, and obtaining an excellent cross from Mr. Pynsent Matthews, of Tallaton, who presented him with a famous hound named "Rockwood" in 1893, he maintained throughout his long Mastership the true type of Old English or Devonshire harrier, until two severe visitations of distemper in the last years of the pack's stay at Quarne necessitated the importation of a certain amount of fresh blood. On only one occasion throughout the thirty-four seasons during which he pursued the hare did Mr. Chorley meet with opposition, when an enraged agriculturist confronted him with uplifted shovel and many dire threats, but his ready tact was equal to the occasion, and a subsequent reminder from the landowner to the erring tiller of the soil soon smoothed the way for future occasions.

In 1900, shortly before his death, Mr. Chorley handed over the pack to Mr. Morland Greig, of Edgcott, Exford, who moved the kennels to Langham Farm, in the parish of Cutcombe, previous to building permanent kennels at Exford, and revived the picturesque and appropriate green hunt uniform.

Bordered by the territory of the Minehead Harriers on the north, and that of the South Molton pack on the south-west, the Quarne have an extremely wide range of country between Exmoor proper and Sminhayes Corner on the Brendon Hills, and between Dunkery and Molland Moor. Hunting over the lands of many different owners, of both small properties and large, and a large proportion

of the area being enclosed land under tillage, it was inevitable that the operation of the Ground Game Act should affect the supply of hares, and in some places greatly to the detriment of the sport. On the whole, however, thanks to the hunting proclivities of the great bulk of the hill country farmers and the goodwill of the vast majority of the landowners, there are still hares enough to keep hounds busy for two days a week, and the visitor to Red Deer Land will find that he cannot better employ his off days than by attending as many of Mr. Morland Greig's fixtures as possible. The tall beech fences of the hill-tops are of course practically unrideable, but every here and there a well-defined gap, utilised by successive generations of hare-hunters, will afford a passage through the most forbidding of boundary fences, and the smaller banks may be negotiated without the added peril of a ditch, which is almost an unknown quantity on the uplands overhanging the courses of the Exe and Barle and Quarme.

Curiously enough, the manner in which Sir William Vernon Harcourt's Act has worked woe to the hare has been by encouraging tenant farmers to preserve larger quantities of rabbits on their holdings than was their custom in earlier days. Since they have become an asset of value in the agriculturist's reckoning he has the more readily put up with their ravages, and in employing a professional trapper to take them when the marketable time of year comes round and the cities of South Wales are ready for their daily consignments, the fate of the hare is often inadvertently sealed where she would formerly have survived. In addition to the peril of the steel trap, the hare is never fond of ground tainted by a large stock of rabbits, and prefers either solitude or the company of her own kind.

The point most readily approached from Minehead is the meet at the Heathpoult Inn, which adjoins Lype Common, an expanse of sound heather providing the best of going for both horse and hound, and a certain find. From Dulverton there are many handy fixtures, of which Winsford Hill is perhaps the most favourite.

PHILIP EVERED.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THE CULMSTOCK OTTERHOUNDS AT DULVERTON.

“MARSH BRIDGE, 7 a.m.” said the Master’s card in the smoking-room. Filled with virtuous resolves to be up early, have a comfortable breakfast, and be at the meet in good time, we had retired to our couches at an early hour the previous night, and now, alas! as I suddenly open my eyes, my watch informs me that it is six o’clock, and my ears tell me that no one is yet stirring. To jump out of bed, hammer at the doors of the other would-be otter-hunters—who, by the way, do not seem quite so keen on the game as they did last night—and then to run downstairs and start the kettle, is the work of a few moments. Returning to my room, I make a hurried toilet, and hastily donning my oldest clothes I descended again to the dining-room. One by one the rest of the party appear and snatch a hasty breakfast, for the cart is already at the door, and presently we are all *en route* for the meet, which we reach just as the Master is moving off. It is a lovely June morning, and with the mists of the early morning still hanging over the tops of the hills, the Barle is looking its best. The sun shines out, and the slight tinge of keenness in the air makes one’s blood gently tingle, and we feel fit to walk all day. Quickly jumping out of the cart we seize our poles, and join the bevy of “fair women and brave men” who are following the hounds up the stream. For about a mile we proceed in silence, and then a single hound gives tongue. The rest of the pack quickly join him, and slowly at first, and then faster, we follow the trail to Highnam. Here hounds seem at fault, but by dint of careful hunting they own the trail as far as Castle Bridge, where there is another and longer check. Turning to the left the Master tries up the Dane’s Brook, and having made that good, returns to the Barle. Between

Castle Bridge and Three Waters, hounds manage to hit off the trail again, and slowly carry it up to Three Waters. Under the great Ash Moot a hound marks, and is speedily surrounded by the entire pack. The Master is in the river up to his waist. Some of us line the stickles lower down stream while a few of the older hands watch the water above. "Tally ho up!" and on we scramble till we reach a pool some half a mile higher up. Then it's "Tally ho down!" as the wily otter, momentarily eluding his pursuers, makes his way down stream to seek temporary refuge in some holt, only to be driven out again by the terrier, and to return to the pool. Who shall tell the number of times we hunt up and down that pool? The tell-tale chain of bubbles, the number of times the otter seems to be in the very midst of the pack and yet escapes, the involuntary ducking received by an enthusiast, and the ultimate kill, are incidents to be thought over and sorted out when we hunt that otter over again in the smoking-room after dinner.

X.



Photo by]

HELE BRIDGE.

[German, Dulverton.

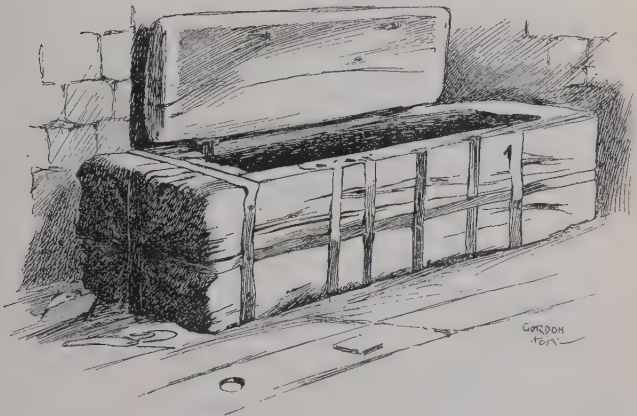
CHAPTER XI.

BADGER-HUNTING AT DULVERTON.

'Tis a mild and spring-like afternoon in January, as a picturesque if motley group of men and maidens stand gaily chatting on the lawn in front of the quaint old Manor House at Dulverton. Luncheon is just over, and pipes and cigarettes are in full blast. On the terrace below stands a tall man surrounded by some six and a half couple of workmanlike basset-hounds. 'Tis the Master, who has brought his pack over to give us a run after a badger. Some of the party had been to a "dig" the previous day, and had taken a couple of fine badgers after some five or six hours' hard work with the shovel and bisgay. The Master has a brief conference with the keeper, and the latter speedily disappears. Ten minutes later the Master touches his horn and moves off, followed by the pack. The whip brings up a couple of laggards, and the rest of us follow as we may. Leaving the fir plantation on our right we turn into the largest field and begin to cast forward. Just below the rifle-butts first one hound, then another, and then the whole pack own the line in right musical fashion. Slowly and laboriously we climb the hill, and reaching the top are just in time to catch a glimpse of the tail hounds disappearing into the plantation at the bottom. Running through the plantation we scramble through the bushes into the drive, down which we run for some little distance, and then turning to the right follow the hounds along the meadows by the Brockey towards Nutsford. Now on and up the Nightcott road for about a mile, and then we reach Nutsford Plantation, leaving Ashill Farm on our right. From here we quickly reach Gulland, where we find hounds have checked by a large drain in which our badger has taken refuge. A right welcome check for most of

us, for we are all on foot, riding for any one under seventy-five being strictly barred. One by one the field come up, and very quickly all our energies are devoted to inducing the badger to quit the drain, from the fastnesses of which, however, he obstinately refuses to budge. Presently, however, we succeed in turning him out, and with a rush he bolts off down the ditch and is quickly lost to view. The Master soon has his hounds on the line, and off we go once more in full cry. Now floundering through a bog, now toiling over a plough, we manage, somehow, to keep hounds in sight. Reaching the Wilway ground hounds throw up their heads. The Master casts forward and back, and "all around his hat," as the saying is, without hitting over the line, so we decide to return, and, making the best of our way back to the Manor House, are soon clustered round a large fire in the hall and enjoying the tea and many good things provided by our hostess.

QUILLE PENNE.



Drawn by]

**THE REMARKABLE PARISH CHEST IN BRUSHFORD
CHURCH. (See page 32.**

[Gordon Home.

CHAPTER XII.

HILL AND VALE.

THIS, necessarily brief, account will attempt to answer the question, Where shall we go? for the benefit of those who have no particular object beyond enjoying the natural charms of the country. I abjure on this occasion all endeavours to be æsthetic, and confine myself to bare directions as to the routes. Space will not permit more.

I. We will suppose that we start from Dulverton, or Dulverton Station—it matters not which—and drive to Hele Bridge, over the Exe. This landmark, as it may be termed, is a favourite meet of the staghounds. Hence you mount Bury Hill to Baron's Down (the residence of the Rev. Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton), leaving on the right a look-out or conning tower, believed to have been built by one of the Lucases for the purpose of gaining a better view of the staghounds when following the deer. You keep on the high ground till you reach the village of King's Brompton (or Brompton Regis) facing Haddon. The road then descends to the upper waters of the Haddeo. By a narrow lane, bordered by an oak-clad slope on the right and by a rippling brook on the left, you make your way to Hartford Mill. Here, quite in keeping with the wild, romantic surroundings, is an old disused mill-wheel. Wild and romantic indeed, since Haddon, covered with purple heather, and dotted with gorse, bracken, oak, and mountain ash, runs up almost sheer several hundred feet. After a longer or shorter pause for looking round, sketching, or photography—this is also a likely place for seeing deer, especially on hunting days—you continue your journey down the valley of the Haddeo—that delicious valley with the little gurgling river always at hand—and reach the pretty village of Bury, with its quaint old bridge.

After crossing the bridge and bidding adieu to the village, you turn to the right, and then another three-quarters of a mile brings you into the main road. From Hartford to Bury village the road is strictly a private one belonging to Lord Carnarvon, but it is in general use.

II. Another approach to the Haddeo valley—one of the most beautiful of the district—would be by way of the Exe valley and Bury village to Frogwell Cross,



Photo by]

BARON'S DOWN.

[German, Dulverton.

This house is in a delightful position, looking over the Exe valley, the summer residence of the Rev. Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton.

whence you ascend a steep hill at the top of which is the cottage of the harbourer to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. This cottage is commonly known as Miles's, after the name of the harbourer who held office during part of the long and successful mastership of Mr. Bisset. Most of the hotels in the district possess a fine engraving of a hunting scene in which Mr. Bisset is the prominent figure, and deservedly so, as he raised stag-hunting in the West from an extremely low ebb to its present



Photo by

THE RIVER EXE, NEAR DULVERTON.

[Perceval, Ifracombe.

condition of prosperity. Even so, it must never be forgotten that the real saviour of the sport, at a rather earlier date, was a Dulverton man—Dr. Collyns.

The harbourer's lodge is on the verge of the moor, which the road crosses and practically bisects. This route, if continued, would lead direct to Watchet, but, instead of following it, you take a short turn to the left, first passing a castellated cottage, which forms the extreme limit of Lady Harriet's Drive (*see* p. 26). You then wind down the side of Haddon to Hartford. In the autumn, when stag-hunting is at its height, the mountain ash, of which there are hundreds of specimens all laden with crimson berries, forms a striking and attractive feature in the landscape. The bit from Hartford to Bury has been already described. At Bury, instead of crossing the bridge as on the former occasion, you turn to the right, and two or three hundred yards from the turning is a gate. This gate is the entrance to a continuation of Lady Harriet's Drive, which brings you into the Exe valley opposite Weir. At Weir, about a mile and a half from the railway station, are Lord Carnarvon's saw-mills, to drive which the Exe water is used, and timber is sawn for the estate. Not far below are the buildings of an important industry for making the wooden keys for railway lines. They are supplied from here to most of the Railways in the United Kingdom and abroad, and provide constant employment for work-people in the adjacent towns and villages. Both the foregoing drives can be done in less than two hours.

III. The most popular drive, which, however, is considerably longer than the two named and occupies most of the day, undoubtedly lies through the Barle valley. This valley reminds many visitors of Swiss scenery, and is a favourite resort of the wild deer. You take the second turning to the right just before you come to Marsh Bridge—so often the meet of the staghounds—and then ascend the hill leading to Higher Combe. Higher Combe Drive, with its fine woods and deep gorge, has been thought to surpass in beauty even the famed Hobby Drive at Clovelly. The road skirts the farm, and winds with a gradual ascent on to the moor. At

Mouncey Hill Gate—another meet of the hounds—you will be compelled to pause. The view of the moor obtained from this vantage-ground, with its marvellous assortment of tints and shades—browns and greens and yellows—would be hard to beat anywhere. Going on through the middle of the moor for rather over a mile, you arrive at Spire Cross, on Winsford Hill—yet another meet of the staghounds—and half a mile farther brings you to the summit of the hill and the triple “Wambarrows,” supposed to be haunted by a black dog. The extreme altitude of this hill is 1,396 feet above the level of the sea, and all around a magnificent panorama unfolds itself. On a favourable day—not exactly a fine day, which is apt to be hazy—the Welsh coast, the Wellington Monument, Sidmouth Gap, the whole range of Dartmoor, and even the Cornish Brown Willy and its sister hill, can be plainly distinguished.

At a little distance before you come to the top of the hill, three or four minutes’ walk across the heather on the right, lies the Devil’s Punchbowl. This sport of Nature, as it may be termed, is an enormous dip in the side of the hill—almost resembling an amphitheatre—at the bottom of which trickles a tiny stream, so tiny as to be at times undiscernible. A visit to the Punchbowl is well worth the trouble, and the sight on a hunting day, when Borough Wood is drawn for a stag, is quite exciting. In full view of numbers of carriage and foot people lining the edge of the hollow—where they are engaged in picnicking pending the commencement of the sport—the noble animal breaks from the wood and crosses the Bowl on his way to the summit. The Punchbowl acquired its name in the “teens” of the last century from the circumstance of Colonel Thornton (who lived at The Green in Dulverton and kept harriers) having run a hare across from Bradley bog into the huge dip, in company with his friend and guest Admiral Moresby. Whilst these veterans were seated on the brink, watching the hounds running their hare below, the Colonel exclaimed, “I say, Moresby, supposing the hollow under us was baulked up at the other end like this, and filled with water, how many men-of-war could ride comfortably thereon?”



"I should think," replied the Admiral, "three first-class ships might manœuvre."

"Then," rejoined the Colonel, "egad! Colonel Thornton has drunk as much punch as would float three of His Majesty's seventy-fours."

Resuming the journey, we descend Winsford Hill, still on the moor, to Comer's Gate, where one catches a peep of Exford Church tower. The Gate having been passed, Withypool, a small moorland village, can be descried far on the Barle below. At a four-cross way known as Chibbet Post, two miles farther on, you take a turn to the right, and after descending about a mile, reach Exford. Here are the headquarters of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds—the stables, the kennels, the huntsman's and first whip's houses, all built by the late Mr. Fenwick Bisset. It would be as well to bait horses at Exford, and have a look round the village. At the entrance to the churchyard is a curious old stone known as an "upping-stone," and intended for the convenience of women getting on horseback after the conclusion of the service. The churchyard cross might also be inspected.

Leaving Exford, you ascend the hill by the church, and take a turn to the right, whence a descent is made to a small stream. This moorland stream bubbling along at the foot of steep barren hills, is "a thing of beauty," and so "a joy for ever." You follow this road until you reach Winsford, often described by charmed and charming strangers as the prettiest village in England. One of its characteristics is its many bridges—five at least, within a narrow compass, and all of them becomingly quaint. The vicarage, an ideal English home, is in summer almost embowered in foliage. The "Royal Oak," of which our old friend Dan Evans is host, is an old-fashioned inn, with casement windows, thatched roofs, and painted sign, on which you can make out King Charles hiding in an umbrageous oak, under which rides a hostile man-at-arms. The village smithy also is well adapted to call forth poetical feeling. Mr. Buckle says of the church, which is of the Perpendicular period, that a remarkable feature in it is that naves and aisles are covered by a single roof. "This church in all its



characteristics is emphatically a moorland church. There is a good deal of roughness about the whole of the work of the arcade, but it has been restored in a very pleasant way in keeping with the characteristics of the church." The antiquary-errant may be glad to know that he will find a brother in Mr. W. Dicker, a great authority on the past of the village.

If you follow the course of the Exe, you will presently cross the Quarme water, which joins that river a little below Winsford, and debouch into the Dunster and Minehead road, which from this point runs parallel with the Exe. A short mile below Coupleham Bridge is the hamlet of Bridgtown with its hostelry, the "Rock Inn," over the portal of which was fixed for very many years a most quaint painting representing the face of a rock still on view about a hundred yards down the road, and bearing the figures 1823-1824 cut on its surface. These figures indicate the dates on which that portion of the new "Minehead turnpike" was in process of construction. It is almost a pity that painting has been lost to posterity, for, although not a good specimen of art, it attracted by its singularity. The few surmounting trees, which stood for the overhanging covert, were veritable scarecrows, and must have been sketched, one would think, in winter-time; at all events, they contrasted most weirdly with the "Royal Oak" at Winsford. Some four miles down stream you pass Barlynch Priory, or what remains of it, situated on the left bank of the Exe, between beautifully-wooded slopes rising several hundreds of feet above it. The scene as a whole forms a picture seldom equalled. From Barlynch it is not far to Hele Bridge, and, in this direction, Hele Bridge serves as "distance post" to Dulverton.

Besides Tennyson's Drive (*see* p. 50), there are several other interesting drives in the neighbourhood, but I can give only brief indications of the routes.

IV. Stuckeridge Bridge, or the "Exeter Inn"—Bampton—Morebath—Timewell Hill—Haddon—Rainsbury—Lady Harriet's Drive.

V. Chain Bridge—Stoodleigh—New Bridge. (For this it would be necessary to seek the permission of Mr. E. H. Dunning, J.P., of Stoodleigh Court.)

VI. Riphay — Old Way's End — Tucker's Moor — Oakford.

RIDES.

Haddon, on the turf.

Court Down — Higher Combe — Winsford Hill — Ashway.

Torr Steps.

Hawkridge — Zeal — Anstey Barrows.

CYCLING.

Though the peculiar features of the country lie rather off the main roads, and there are many precipitous descents, the highways may be commended for cycling. From Cutcombe right down to Exeter is a splendid run almost without a break, while the chief track from Taunton westwards brings you direct into Bampton.

WALKS AROUND DULVERTON.

There are also many charming footpaths both at Dulverton and at Brushford, and a host of lovely quiet lanes, once highways, now rustic, in admirable neglect, and rich with Nature's profusion. These paths and lanes are not hard to find, but in a strange land there is always a danger of losing one's way. Naturally walks are far more difficult to describe than either drives or rides, since the pedestrian, if he is not to wander occasionally three or four miles out of his course, requires very strict directions. The author has felt the responsibility so onerous that he has not ventured to trust his own unaided genius, and has enlisted the valuable aid of Mr. R. L. Staddon, whose minute acquaintance with the routes is only equalled by his kind solicitude in sparing you the sensation of being pixy-led.

I. Through Chapel Street, Millham Lane, and field-path to New Bridge, returning by the road. About two miles and a half.

II. From Barle Bridge turn to the right, and, passing a red-brick house, take the second turning to the left. Follow this (Old Bury) lane and footpath, leaving Old Bury Farm on the right, until you reach the road at Beech Tree Cottage. Cross the road, and, opening a gate,

follow the path on the right until you come to two farms, Higher and Lower Chilcott. From this point a lane takes you to the top of the hill, whence you may return, taking the left-hand road at Northmoor Cross, by Northmoor Hill and the Barle Valley, or, taking the right-hand road, by Beech Tree Cottage and Andrew's Hill.

*Photo by]***NORTH MOOR.***[German, Dulverton*

III. From Dulverton proceed to Marsh Bridge, cross the bridge, and, taking the right-hand turning in front of the gardener's cottage, follow the wheel-track, where there is one, for a distance of two miles. Here the track enters a road. You may now take your choice between ascending the hill to the left and returning to Marsh Bridge, or, if disposed for a longer walk, following the road for about two hundred yards to Castle Bridge,

spanning a little stream, the Danes Brook, and thence up the hill to HawkrIDGE—a distance of five miles from Dulverton. From HawkrIDGE you might return *viâ* Torr Steps and Mouncey Hill Gate.

IV. Leaving Dulverton by the “Minehead turnpike,” take the turning to the left, opposite the entrance to Pixton Park, known as Hele Ball Lane. Follow this lane to Heathridge, where you come to four cross-roads. (i.) If you turn sharp to the left, you will return to Dulverton *viâ* Hollam Lane, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. (ii.) Or, taking the right turning, you may proceed to Chilley Bridge on the Exe, and follow the “Minehead turnpike” to Hele Bridge and Dulverton. About 8 miles in all. (iii.) Or, keeping straight on, you reach in about three-quarters of a mile a common (Court Down). Go on until you arrive at a fence crossing your track at right angles. Turn to the left, and follow the grass-track to the hard road. Pass through a gateway to the left, and return to Dulverton either by the direct route (Catford’s Lane), or by a turning to the right (Loose-all Lane), which will bring you into the Northmoor Road. On turning a corner in Catford’s Lane you will observe a clump of Scotch firs on the right. If you cross this grove to a rock—the place is known as Mount Sydenham—you will obtain a very fine view of the winding Barle and the adjoining country.

V. From Dulverton Station take the road to Brushford, but instead of entering the village turn to the left over the railway bridge. Here a lane runs parallel with the railway for about 50 yards, afterwards bending to the left. Following this track, you arrive at a road near a bridge over a small stream (the Brockey). This is known as Brock’s Bridge. Hence you may return by the main road to Dulverton Station, or follow a steep and narrow lane to Highleigh Farm and Highleigh Mill, on the Exe. The latter alternative implies about five miles in all.

VI. Go by way of the Northmoor Road to Marsh Bridge, but *do not* cross the bridge; climb the hill past a cluster of thatched cottages, and take the first lane turning to the left; follow this until you come into the

wood, keep to the track that bears to the left, down the hill, to the river, until you come to a field; follow the track between the wood and the field to a thatched shed. Here in front of you is a very steep hill; on the top of this hill are the trench and embankments of an old British camp—Mouncey “Castle.” You may return by the track by which you came, or climb the steep path at the back of the castle into the fields above, following the hedge on your right; turn to the right through the gateway on the top into the farm-yard, and follow the lane, which will bring you back to Marsh Bridge *via* Marsh Hill.

If you visit Mouncey Castle at the proper night of the year at midnight, you *may*, according to a local legend, see a chariot pass round the castle and disappear into the cairn in the field at the foot of the hill.

N.B.—Visitors are always welcome to the pleasure derived from these walks and the scenery of the district, providing they will abstain from trampling on the farmers’ crops and keep their dogs from hunting or disturbing the landlords’ game. Above all they should not forget to shut gates after passing through. By so doing they will remove all possible causes of offence.

APPROXIMATE ROAD DISTANCES.

TO	FROM DULVERTON.	FROM DULVER- TON STATION.
Anstey, East	... 5 miles.	... 5 miles.
„ West	... 6 „	... 5 „
Bampton ...	... 5 „	... 3 „
Barnstaple ...	... 26 „	... 26 „
Brendon Hill	... 8 „	... 9 „
Brompton Regis	... 5 „	... 5½ „
Brushford ...	... 2 „	... ½ „
Bury ...	... 2½ „	... 2 „
Cloutsham ...	... 15 „	... 16 „
Cutcombe ...	... 10 „	... 10½ „
Dunkery ...	... 13 „	... 14 „
Dunster ...	... 17 „	... 18 „
Exeter ...	... 28 „	... 26 „
Exford ...	... 10 „	... 12 or 14

APPROXIMATE ROAD DISTANCES (*continued*).

TO	FROM DULVERTON.	FROM DULVER- TON STATION.
Exton ...	6 miles.	6½ miles.
Hartford Mill ...	5 "	4½ "
Hawkridge ...	5 "	7 "
Knowstone ...	7½ "	7 "
Lynton ...	24 "	26 "
Minehead ...	19 "	19½ "
Morebath ...	5 "	3 "
Oakford ...	6 "	4 "
Simonsbath ...	14 "	16 "
Skilgate ...	6 "	5 "
Southmolton ...	15 "	15 "
Stoodleigh ...	9½ "	7½ "
Taunton ...	25 "	23 "
Tiverton ...	12 or 14	10 or 12
Torr Steps ...	5½ "	7½ "
Winsford ...	8 "	9 "
Withypool ...	8 "	10 "
Wiveliscombe ...	14 "	12 "

CHAPTER XIII.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

THE bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*), a common bird a century or two ago, is being rapidly improved off the face of the earth, and in 1842 was supposed to be extinct on Exmoor. Within the last few months, however, one was shot in the neighbourhood by a Dulverton gentleman. The *Saturday Review* would have been very wroth at this occurrence had it been reported, but, unluckily, the rarer the species the greater the temptation.

The kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*), most beautiful of English birds, was once a happy denizen of these parts, but, owing to its angling propensities, gins were set for it. The effect has been to reduce the number of these birds, but the kingfisher is still fairly plentiful. Of the Raptor class, the kite (*Milvus vulgaris*) was once very common, but, like other Falconidae—the buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*), the sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter Nisus*), the hen-harrier (*Circus Cyaneus*), and the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*)—it has fallen a frequent prey to the guns of the keepers. Thanks to the keepers also, the raven (*Corvus corax*), very plentiful of yore, has almost left the neighbourhood. In 1840 a golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*) was shot on Exmoor, but he, of course, was only a chance visitor.

One of those magnificent birds known as the great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*) has been seen at Dulverton, blown in, it is supposed, by a storm from the Channel. Except at breeding-time, however, these birds are generally found some way inland. The curlew (*Numenius arquatus*) comes up from the sea to nest, and very poor nests it makes. Other birds arriving for the same purpose are the wheatear (*Saxicola ænanthe*), the stone-chat (*Saxicola rubicola*), and the red-start (*Phœnicura ruticilla*).

Among winter visitors may be reckoned the red-pole (*Linota linaria*), and different specimens of the bunting class (*Emberizidæ*). The green woodpecker (*Picus vividis*); the great spotted woodpecker (*Picus major*); and lesser spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*)—all which kinds toil not, neither do they spin—have been found at Dulverton, attracted perhaps by the Pixton beeches. The ring-dove (*Columba palumbus*) is indigenous, and in summer the turtle-dove (*Columba turtur*) renders the woods musical with its tender note. The harsh-voiced landrail (*Crex pratensis*), the shy water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*), and the almost domestic moorhen (*Gallinula chloropus*) are also seen.

The grey plover (*Squatarola cinerea*) and the golden plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*) are found in large numbers on Exmoor. The late Sir T. D. Acland, grandfather of the present baronet, attempted to introduce grouse into the locality, but not very successfully, perhaps because there is so little heath. What heath exists is chiefly on the outskirts of the moor. Elsewhere the vegetation is mostly grass and rushes. There is on Exmoor abundance of black game.

The four-footed creatures of the district include the badger, the fox, the deer, the stoat, the weasel, the squirrel, and the otter. The polecat is extinct. The country belongs to the red deer, but a solitary roebuck has been known to stray hither, probably from some private park, just as odd specimens of red deer have been seen and hunted in the neighbourhood of Killerton. There are numerous fallow deer in Pixton Park. Hares are preserved by Sir Thomas Acland on Winsford Hill.

CHAPTER XIV.

MINERALS AND MINERAL WATER.

THE soil in the southern portion of Dulverton parish, and reaching as far as Oakford, is mountain limestone. On the north side of Dulverton the Old Devonian system—known as “graw-werky”—prevails. Fossils peculiar to mountain limestone—scales of fish, serpulite, &c.—may be found at Dulverton and in the adjoining parish of Brushford. The Rector of Brushford (the Rev. C. St. Barbe Sydenham) has a valuable collection of both fossils and minerals.

Two centuries ago there were at Combe, formerly the seat of the Sydenham family, lead and silver workings, of which the shaft and tunnel remain. A lord of the manor, Squire Humphrey (d. 1730), worked it in conjunction with a Derbyshire company until stopped by the influx of water. The ore was taken by pack-horses to Minehead, and thence shipped to Wales to be smelted. The percentage is sixty-two of lead, and there is a small percentage of silver, but the assay has been lost. Specimens of the ore were tested a few years ago at the laboratory in Jermyn Street, and were found to contain 65 per cent. of lead, with 4 per cent. of silver. A silver candlestick, made of local metal for Mr. Humphrey Sydenham, has been handed down to his descendant, the rector. The same vein of lead and silver which is found at Combe, Dulverton, works out on the cliffs at Combe Martin, North Devon, where, it is understood, it has been made to pay. Soft lead like that used for lead pencils (*plumbago*) has been found at Combe in connection with lead and silver; and at a farm called Beer, in the parish of Dulverton, there were formerly copper-workings, of which the shafts are still in existence,

Mundick (imitation gold) occurs in the mines on Exmoor. No white iron has been discovered, but hematite is abundant. Near Chibbet Post, for example, thousands of tons have been brought to the surface, but soft roads and cost of cartage effectually prevented the success of the operations. About twenty years ago a quantity of hematite was found at Hynam, in the parish of Dulverton. A persevering attempt was made during many years to work the iron mines on Brendon Hill, and a "mineral" railway was constructed from that place to Watchet, in order to facilitate the transport of the ore to Wales for smelting purposes. Skill and patience, however, were unavailing against cheap Spanish ore; and after much money had been sunk, the undertaking had finally to be abandoned.

Almost parallel with the old lead workings at Dulverton runs extremely valuable caustic limestone, which used to be burnt at Gulland. The price was five shillings a hogshead—two shillings above the ordinary charge—but, as in the case of the iron mines on Exmoor, the industry lapsed, before the advent of the railway, through the cost of cartage and fuel.

Close by the main road to Minehead, near a quarry a few hundred yards beyond Barlynch Priory, is a rock which goes by the name of "Weir Rock." This object is of considerable interest to geologists, as certain marks have been attributed to glacial action. Professor Boyd Dawkins, however, on inspecting the rock, drew attention to similar marks in the quarry, and gave it as his opinion that the grooves were caused by a moving mass of rock operating in a fissure, or in what geologists understand by the term "slickensides," *i.e.*, where one side of a rock slides down the other.

Speaking of quarries, the largest and finest in the neighbourhood are those at Bampton. On a truly colossal scale, they must have been worked for ages. These quarries produce excellent lime and stone for farm and building purposes; and, after a spell of comparative quiet, they have been restored, within the last two or three years, to their old condition of activity, through the enterprise of Mr. E. H. Dunning. Mr.

Ussher points out that a distinctive feature of the Bampton stone is the large amount of "chert," or flint, it contains; this makes it a superior road stone. It may be mentioned that the tower of St. Peter's Church at Tiverton was built from the stones of a now worked-out quarry at Bampton.

Another feature at Bampton, which ought to possess equal attractions for geologists, chemists, and invalids, is a saline chalybeate spring, rising in the heart of the town, but carefully guarded against pollution. Some years ago the then Vicar of Morebath (the Rev. C. S. Bere) caused a sample to be submitted to Dr. A. Winter Blyth, County Analyst of Devon, and the following report was obtained:—"The water is a very pure chalybeate water, and whatever virtues chalybeate waters possess, this water also possesses." The ingredients were stated to be:—

				Grains per gallon.
Carbonate of lime	...	...	...	4.93
Sulphate of lime	...	...	...	3.45
Carbonate of magnesia	...	...	...	0.12
Iron (calculated as oxide)	...	...	...	2.10
Nitrate of soda	...	...	...	0.47
Sulphate of soda	...	...	...	3.12
Chloride of soda	...	...	...	2.30
Silica	...	...	...	0.33

I must disclaim all responsibility in a medical sense, but the inhabitants consider their "lime-sulphated" water practically as good as that of Contrexéville in the Vosges, and are prepared to export any quantity for use in the case of biliary, gouty, and urinary affections, diabetes, and other diseases of the stomach and intestines.

CHAPTER XV.

FLOWERS AND FERNS.

THE botanist will find at Dulverton ample scope for the pursuit of his, or her, pleasant avocation. Among curious points that might be noted regarding the flora of the neighbourhood is the fact that rhododendra seed freely in the woods round Baron's Down. This is also the case at Farnborough, Hampshire, where, however, the circumstance is more easily accounted for. The following list of plants has been given me by an accomplished lady (Mrs. Macalister, of Hamslade, Oakford), who has been a lover of flowers from girlhood, and in the rush of Continental travel as well as in tranquil hours on the borders of Somerset and Devon has marked the diversities of plant-life with the unerring eye of a connoisseur. The list is, of course, in no sense complete. It comprises only the rarer sorts, such as an ardent botanist may be supposed to make the prime objects of search. The local people have no wish to part with all their specimens, and so, generally speaking, precise information as to their whereabouts has been withheld.* But it may be stated that the kinds mentioned have all been observed growing within a radius of six miles of Dulverton.

Meconopsis Cambrica (Welsh poppy). The Barle valley.

Sibthorpia europæa. Cornish money-wort.

Wahlenbergia hederacea. Ivy-leaved bell-flower.

Campanula latifolia (giant bell-flower). Very abundant.

* At Castle Bridge, which spans the Danesbrook close to its junction with the Barle, the royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*, flourished up to the end of the sixties, when, after gradual diminution, it was finally exterminated by "marauding tourists"—or others.

Valeriana Pyrenaïca (giant valerian).
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium and *alternifolium* (Golden saxifrage). Two sorts. Many can only find one.
Aconitum napellus (monk's-hood). Exe valley.
Serratula tinctoria (saw-wort).
Cuicus pratensis. Meadow thistle.
Sanguisorba officinalis (great burnet).
Mimulus luteus (yellow mimulus). Freely naturalised in the islets and sandy banks of the Exe, Barle, and Haddeo. Generally stated to have come from America, but mentioned by Gerard.

BOG-PLANTS.

Drosera rotundifolia and *intermedia* (sundew). Both sorts found.
Pinguicula lusitanica (butter-wort). Pretty little plant. Found on Chaul Moor, in Oakford parish.
Menyanthes trifoliata (buckbean).
Narthecium ossifragum (bog asphodel).

FERNS.

Athyrium filix-fœmina (lady-fern). Several varieties with white and red stems.
Polypodium vulgare: *P. dryopteris* and *P. phegopteris* (oak and beech fern).
Scolopendrium vulgare (hart's tongue).
Cystopteris fragilis (brittle bladder-fern). Formerly very abundant in the neighbourhood of Bampton. Grows on the limestone quarries.
Asplenium ruta-muraria (wall-rue).
A. trichomanes.
A. Adiantum nigrum (black spleen-wort).
Ceterach officinarum (scaly spleen-wort).
Polystichum aculeatum.
P. angulare.
Lastrea filix-mas.
L. spinulosum.
L. dilatata.
L. amulum. Very uncommon. Sometimes called *Lastrea recurva*.
L. oreopteris. Sweet mountain fern.

Blechnum spicant.

Ophioglossum vulgatum (adder's tongue).

Botrychium lunaria (moon-wort).

CLUB MOSSES.

Lycopodium clavatum (common stag's horn). On the high ground above Dulverton. May be gathered three feet long.

L. alpinum (alpine club moss). The only station in the south of England.

L. selago (fir club moss).



CHAPTER XVI.

BRIEF NOTES ON PLEASANT PLACES ON THE EXMOOR BORDER.

Barnstaple
(24 miles by
rail from
Dulverton).

BARNSTAPLE is commonly (and rightly) described as the metropolis of North Devon. Besides being an interesting place in itself, it is important for a tourist as being a point of departure for Ilfracombe, Lynton, and (by way of Bideford) Clovelly. The old-fashioned mode of conveyance, the four-horse coach, has been to some extent superseded within the last year or two by the construction of an experimental light railway, with two-foot gauge, starting from Barnstaple and terminating about a mile from Lynton. Barnstaple is the terminus of the Great Western Railway for trains from Taunton, though the company have running powers over the line to Ilfracombe. The London and South Western Railway also have a branch from Exeter, which is continued to Bideford and Torrington, as well as Ilfracombe.

Barnstaple is a tidal town, and a small amount of ship-building is done there. Architecturally, its chief attractions are Queen Anne's Walk (rebuilt in 1798), which is adorned with a statue of that queen, and was intended to be a West-country 'Change; and Barnstaple bridge, a thirteenth century structure, enlarged and restored, which has no less than sixteen arches. The North and South Walks are pleasant avenues along the bank of the river. Litchdon Street is the scene of an interesting industry—the so-called Barum ware, an art pottery that really represents a revival of Barnstaple's oldest industry.

Mr. C. H. Brannam's potteries, situate close to the seventeenth century almshouses, are visited by most

tourists. Prince Albrecht of Prussia inspected the potteries in 1895 and again in 1899. Barnstaple has a large cabinet factory. The town is seen at its best on Fridays, when a fine pannier market is held. Women sit with their commodities spread out in front and around them—vegetables, fruit, etc., in baskets, and clotted cream in basins, supported on boxes. Barnstaple Fair is quite a county event, and lasts three days. The first day is devoted to the sale of bullocks and horses; on the second is the horse fair; and on the third the pleasure fair. Between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe are Morte-hoe and the Woolacombe Sands, whither William de Tracy, one of the assassins of Thomas à Becket, is said to have been banished, “to make bundles of the sands and binds (wisps) of the same.” The Woolacombe Sands are remarkable as being the only sands along the north coast of Devon.

ILFRACOMBE owes its prosperity to its bold scenery and invigorating air. The most characteristic feature of the place is the Capstone Parade along the cliff—a most delightful walk; and beyond this is the Lantern Rock, which gets its name from the signals formerly displayed

Ilfracombe
(36 miles by
rail from
Dulverton).

there. In another direction is the Torrs Walk, to which admission is obtained for a penny. In the season Ilfracombe regularly provides an excellent band, which performs either on the pier or in the Shelter (Victoria Pavilion). One peculiarity of the place is the tunnel baths cut through the slate cliffs. There are also admirable public baths adjoining the “Ilfracombe Hotel.” The High Street Arcade, unluckily burnt down a few years ago, but since rebuilt, is a pleasant thoroughfare. For those who do not mind weathering the blast, a storm at Ilfracombe is a magnificent spectacle. The huge waves, rolling in from the Atlantic, break at the foot of the cliffs, and the spray is carried up over the Capstone. Ilfracombe is not, as many suppose, a new town. It was formerly a considerable seaport, and contributed six ships and eighty-two marines to the fleet destined for the expedition to Calais, in the reign of Edward III. In the Church of Holy Trinity, a large and ancient structure of uncertain date, is a

monument to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of Leonard Prince and mother of John Prince, author of the *Worthies of Devon*, and a sarcophagus, with naval trophies, in memory of Captain Richard Bowen, who fell in the unfortunate attempt on Teneriffe, under Sir Horatio Nelson in 1797. The learned Camden was prebendary of this church in 1589.

Ilfracombe is an extremely popular seaside resort, and, in regard to residential property and hotel and boarding-house accommodation, growing rapidly. Many thousands of pounds are being expended in a comprehensive drainage scheme, and it is proposed without delay to add to the present water supply by tapping the heights of Exmoor. During the season there is a constant stream of vehicles between Lynton and Ilfracombe, including four-in-hand coaches.

FOR six years (1889-94) a four-horse coach—the “Tally-ho!”—ran between Dulverton Station and Lynmouth, crossing Exmoor and entering the little seaport by the far-famed Watersmeet road. This means of communication has been given up, and the visitor must therefore make his own arrangements. The best impression of Lynton is undoubtedly obtained by approach from the south or east; but this is a detail. Southey speaks of Lynton as the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, he had ever seen. Alluding to the two streams that join at Lynmouth, he observes, “Each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and river and sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent—on either hand combes, and the river before the little village.

. . This alone would constitute a view sufficient to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea.” Shelley lived at Lynmouth for some time in 1812.

The most interesting excursion is to Watersmeet, the

trysting-place of two streams, and a very charming medley of rock, cascades, and rustic bridges, not to speak of the woodland gorge through which access is gained. You start from the "Lyndale Hotel" and follow the course of the East Lyn, either by the road on the right or by a footpath through the wood, a distance of three miles and a half. About a quarter of a mile below this point there is a turning to the left by which you can get to Malmsmead, and thence to the Doone Glen and Badgworthy Wood. In the same direction lies Oare, where the Exmoor Foxhounds are kennelled. Oare is, of course, known to all the world as the parish of John Ridd. The ordinary route is *viâ* Countisbury. On the west side of Lynton the North Walk, the Valley of Rocks, and the ruins of Lee Abbey are the principal resorts. Sir George Newnes resides at Lynton, and it is largely due to him that the "cliff railway" has been constructed, thus doing away with the necessity of climbing the very steep hill between Lynmouth and Lynton.

Minehead
(19 miles
from
Dulverton).

ONE of the attractions of Minehead is no doubt the sands, which are safe, clean, and extensive, and therefore much appreciated by visitors with children. A pier has lately been added, and arrangements have been made for a service of steamers to different points of the Bristol Channel. On the Warren, parallel with the beach, are golf-links, to which admission can be obtained by application to the secretary. Visitors may join for any period, short or long, and naturally devotees of this pastime freely avail themselves of this privilege. People staying at Minehead soon learn the existence of Selworthy Woods, laid out in walks and drives, and open to visitors. North Hill commands a prospect of the Welsh coast from Penarth to the Nash Sands, and, on the landward side, of Porlock Vale, Dunkery Beacon, and the Quantocks. Two miles from Minehead is Dunster Castle, the residence of G. F. Luttrell, Esq., whose magnificent grounds are open to visitors on payment of a nominal fee. Both Minehead and Dunster churches contain fine old oak screens, and in the Priory Church, at the east of

the latter, are numerous effigies. Dunster Church is an imposing piece of architecture; and another striking object which has often engaged the attention of artists is an old-world yarn-market. There is excellent accommodation at Minehead for all classes of visitors, and the summer months always find the hotels and boarding-houses well filled with guests. During the season a four-horse coach runs daily to and from Lynton in connection with the Great Western Railway Company. Another coach runs on alternate days between the "Beach Hotel," Minehead, and the "Carnarvon Arms," Dulverton, passing through exquisite sylvan and moorland scenery along the whole route. The normal population of Minehead is 2,500.

BETWEEN Lynton and Minehead is the charming village of Porlock, much affected by hunting men on account of its proximity to the meets, and about a mile from the sea. Porlock Vale is not only a very beautiful but an exceedingly fertile tract of country stretching right away to the foot of Dunkery, the highest point of Exmoor. The richness of the soil is proved by the recent achievement of Mr. T. Lovelace, of Bossington, in carrying off so many prizes for barley at the Brewers' Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, London. They included two challenge cups, two other cups, a silver punchbowl, two medals (gold and silver), five certificates, and £30 in money.

SIMONSBATH, sometimes called the Capital of Exmoor, lies 14 miles to the north-west of Dulverton. An altitude of a thousand feet secures the best of air, whilst a sheltered position baffles the worst of the winds. The wild moorland scenery in the neighbourhood is beautiful to a degree that no mere drive through the country would suggest. Good quarters are to be had at the "Exmoor Forest Hotel" and at one or two farms in or about the village. The Barle is close at hand, providing the welcome trout at the dinner table. The tiny church of the village is picturesquely situated, though devoid of any architectural features. Simonsbath makes a splendid centre for exploring the inner and wilder recesses of the moor. The

following lofty points, each commanding magnificent views, can be reached on foot from Simonsbath: Exe Head, 1,537 feet; Five Barrows, 1,618 feet; Chapman Barrows, 1,575 feet.

ALTHOUGH a recent historian of Balliol has committed the egregious mistake of supposing Tiverton to be in Somerset, most tourists in the West-country will not need to be told that the place is in Devon. On several accounts it is well worthy of a visit. First, the charming scenery of the Exe Valley and its tributary dales cannot be properly enjoyed through the kaleidoscope of the window of a railway compartment, though even the hasty inspection permitted in less than an hour's flit from Bampton to Exeter whets the appetite of most travellers for a more leisurely view. Tiverton itself attracts rather as a clean, well-kept town, than as architecturally interesting, but the few ancient relics dotted about are noticeable enough. One has hardly disembarked at the railway station and turned one's step townwards when "Old Blundell's"—the original home of a famous West-country school which has sent forth such men as Bishop Bull, the essayist Hayward, Chesney, author of *The Battle of Dorking*, R. D. Blackmore, Dean Hook, and Archbishop Temple—peeps through the lattice of the gateway, a cause of strife 'twixt John Ridd and Robin Snell. A little further on, and Greenway's Almshouse, with its niches still occupied, and many a quaint prayer inscribed on its grey walls, arrests the passer-by. The Parish Church, dedicated to St. Peter, is a fine edifice, unhappily over "restored"; and adjoining it are the rather extensive remains of a mediæval castle, besieged and captured in the Civil War by Fairfax and his Roundheads. Mention ought also to be made of an important lace-factory established early in the nineteenth century by the celebrated John Heathcoat, inventor of the bobbin-net machine. Tiverton had the honour of being represented in Parliament, from 1835 to 1865, by Lord Palmerston.

Tiverton
(14 miles
from
Dulverton).

FOR READER'S NOTES.

Reviews of New Books on British Topography.

The Editor of the Homeland Handbooks will be pleased to receive books for review, provided they have British topographical interest.

The Northern Counties Magazine.

December, 1900, to April, 1901.
Monthly, 6d. London: ELLIOT
STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row.

Under this title and within a slate-blue wrapper bearing a representation of some mediæval raiders watching a burning farmstead, month by month appear illustrated articles of considerable interest to North Country men. The "Northern Counties Magazine" is serious and literary, and one can scarcely peruse the pages of a single number without finding a considerable amount of information worth remembering, and yet fiction is not excluded. We cannot, however, fail to notice the inadequate inscriptions beneath the illustrations; under a drawing of a monument to the memory of Major-General Ross, erected by the Lancashire Fusiliers (the old 20th Foot), we read "The XXth erected a monument." This is scarcely explanatory.

The articles on "Famous Northern Regiments"—The King's (Liverpool Regiment), The West Yorkshire, and the Lancashire Fusiliers—are interesting in the light of their historic achievements, but of much greater importance is the account of the disappearance of the "Statesmen of West Cumberland," by Mr. G. W. Kitchin, in the number for April, 1901. The name of this remarkable class of freeholders seems to have been derived from a name akin to the Icelandic compound *Stade-Mann*, which Dr. Figfusson gives as the name for "a possessor of a freehold church property in Iceland." So much is said just now on the extinction of small farmers that this article cannot fail to attract considerable attention. Noteworthy in connection with the account of Roman Northumbria is the photograph of a section of Roman wall at Cuddy's Crag.

The counties to which this excellent magazine is devoted are Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire.

 ALL SEEDS and BULBS sent Carriage and Packing Free on receipt of remittance.

BARR'S ^{SUPERIOR} SEEDS

FOR FLOWER & KITCHEN GARDEN

THE best Seeds in the world for securing a supply of Vegetables "the year round," and for keeping the Flower Garden and Greenhouse always gay, and with abundance of Flowers to cut for vases and bouquets.

Barr's Seeds are all the finest selected strains, and of good growth; they cannot fail to give the fullest satisfaction.

Barr's Collections of Vegetable Seeds, 5/6, 7/6, 12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- and 105/-, contain a liberal assortment of the best Seeds for a supply of Vegetables "the year round." Full particulars free on application.

Barr's Choice Flower Seeds: Barr's Seed Guide contains a Select List of all the most beautiful Annuals and Perennials. Special Collections for all purposes, **2/6, 3/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 to 63/-,** and many sterling Novelties.

BARR'S BEAUTIFUL HARDY DAFFODILS

GOLD MEDAL

THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

BARR'S DAFFODILS were awarded the only Gold Medal at the Royal Horticultural Society's First Great Daffodil Conference; the Premier Prize at the Birmingham Daffodil Show, 1894; the Gold Medal at Wolverhampton, 1896; the Gold Medal at Wisbech, 1899; Silver Medal at Edinburgh, 1900; also many other Silver and Silver-Gilt Medals, Certificates of Merit, etc., at London and Country Flower Shows.

Barr's 21/- Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each or 25 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

Barr's 12/6 Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each or 15 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

Barr's 21/- "Woodland" Collection of Daffodils contains 18 Bulbs each or 20 suitable kinds, all showy and beautiful.

COLLECTIONS OF BULBS for the Greenhouse, Flower Garden, Rockery, or for Woodlands, **12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- to 105/-.**—See **BARR'S GENERAL BULB CATALOGUE.**

BARR'S Seed Guide, containing many useful hints on culture valuable to Amateurs, Gardeners, and Exhibitors, ready 1st January, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Hardy Perennials and Alpines, ready in February, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of the Best Bulbs and Tubers for Spring Planting, ready in Jan., Free.

BARR'S List of Autumn-flowering Bulbs, ready 1st July, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Beautiful Daffodils, ready in August, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Bulbs for Garden and Greenhouse, ready 1st September, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12 & 13, KING STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

Nurseries: Long Ditton, near Surbiton, Surrey.

VISITORS INVITED.

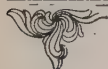
INDEX.

	PAGE
Acland, John Dyke (1770)	26, 27
„ „ his duel	27
„ Sir Thomas Dyke	13
„ Sir Thomas -	52, 55
„ Sir T. D.'s Pony	
„ Breeding Estab-	
„ lishment -	50
„ Lady Harriet Dyke	27
„ Alderman's Barrow -	69
„ Altitudes of Dulverton -	14
„ Andrew's Hill -	11, 12
„ Ashcombe -	78
„ Atherington -	80
„ Babington, William -	19
„ Badger-hunting at Dulver-	
„ ton -	86
„ Bampton Castle -	38
„ „ Church -	35
„ „ Chalybeate Spring	106
„ „ Down -	27
„ „ Fair -	56, 57
„ „ "Mote" -	37
„ Barle River -	11, 30, 38,
„ 40, 41, 58, 64, 78, 94	
„ Barlynch Priory -	28, 50
„ Barnstaple -	38, 110
„ Baron's Down -	28, 88
„ Barrow, R. Sowton -	58
„ Bassett, Rev. F. T. -	48
„ Bath, First Earl of -	36
„ Battleton -	11
„ „ House -	11
„ Bellew, Mr. Froude -	75
„ Birds and Beasts -	103
„ Bisset, Mr. -	89
„ Blackford, Estates of the	
„ Aclands -	27
„ Blackmore, R. D. -	43, 53
„ Blundell's School at Tiver-	
„ ton -	115
„ Bligh, L. E. -	80
„ Bramble, Colonel -	28
„ Brendon Hills -	81, 82
„ „ Mines -	42
„ British Castle -	40
„ Broadclyst -	27
„ Brushford -	22
„ „ Church -	32

	PAGE
Brushford Parish Chest -	32
Burridge Wood -	41
Burrough Wood -	77
Bury Castle -	41
„ „ Village -	26, 41, 89
„ „ Wood -	26
„ Caldicott -	41
„ Castle Bridge, Pollard Oak	50
„ Challacombe Village -	73
„ "Chase of the Wild Red	
„ Deer, The" -	46
„ Chilly Bridge -	41
„ Chorley, W. Loveband -	81, 82
„ Cogan, Richard (1336) -	37
„ Columb -	27
„ Collyns, Charles Palk -	46
„ Combe, the Seat of the	
„ Sydenhams -	24
„ Corner's Gate -	78
„ Coupleham Bridge -	96
„ Culm, John -	27
„ Culmstock Otter Hounds -	84
„ Culver Cleave -	38
„ Daw's Lane -	41
„ Dawkins, Professor Boyd -	40
„ Derivation of name Dul-	
„ verton -	18
„ Devil's Bridge, The, <i>see</i>	
„ Torr Steps -	40
„ Devil's Punch Bowl -	92
„ Devon and Somerset Stag	
„ Hounds -	13
„ Drake, Sir Francis -	24
„ Dulverton "Borough" -	22, 23
„ „ Parish Church -	33
„ „ „ Bells -	33
„ „ Fishing Associa-	
„ „ tion -	58, 63
„ „ Market -	19, 20
„ „ Scenery -	11
„ „ Station -	88
„ "Dulverton Musings" -	48
„ Dunkery Beacon -	81
„ Ebrington, Lord -	53, 56
„ Evered, Captain -	81, 82
„ Evered, R. G. -	81
„ Exe, River -	26, 30,
„ 41, 50, 59, 64, 96	

	PAGE		PAGE
Exford - - - - -	82, 94	Minehead Road - - - - -	41
Exmoor Ponies - - - - -	52	Morebath - - - - -	30, 41
„ Sheep - - - - -	52	„ House - - - - -	64
Fishing in Dulverton Dis-		„ Parochial Record	36
trict - - - - -	58	Mouncey Castle - - - - -	40
„ Flies and Tackle - - -	61	Mount Sydenham - - - - -	13
Flowers and Ferns - - -	107	North Moor - - - - -	98
Fox-hunting - - - - -	75	Oxford, Earl of - - - - -	19
Fox Hounds, Dulverton -	75	Perry Weir - - - - -	50
Frogwell Cross - - - - -	89	Philip and Mary - - - - -	19, 20
Froude, James Anthony	50, 51	Pixton Park - - - - -	11, 18,
Geology of Dulverton Dis-			24, 26, 27, 50
trict - - - - -	104	Porchester, Lord, 2nd Earl	
Great Western Railway to		of Carnarvon - - - - -	27
Dulverton - - - - -	9	Port Lane - - - - -	41
Greig, Mr. Morland, of		Quarme Harriers, The - -	81
Edgcott - - - - -	82	Quarries - - - - -	105
Haddeo River - - - - -	26, 88, 89	„ Red Deer ” - - - - -	45
Haddon Hill - - - - -	26, 81, 88	Rides, Drives and Walks	88-100
Harold, Earl - - - - -	19	Road Distances - - - - -	100
Hartford Mill - - - - -	88	„ Rockwood,” the famous	
Hawisia, Heiress of Robert		hound - - - - -	82
de Shete - - - - -	19	Roman Remains in Dulver-	
Hawkridge - - - - -	38, 50, 51	ton District - - - - -	41
„ Castle - - - - -	41	Room Hill - - - - -	41
„ Church - - - - -	40	Selwyn, H. Jasper - - - -	75
„ Common - - - - -	78	Simonsbath - - - - -	56, 81, 114
Heathcoat - Amory, Sir		Sminhayes Corner - - - -	82
John's, Stag Hounds - -	73	Somerset County Boundaries	52
Hele Bridge - - - - -	50, 96	South Barton Wood - - -	79
Hollam - - - - -	24	Stag Hunting - - - - -	67
Holnicote - - - - -	52	Stephen, 1st Earl of Il-	
High Cross Haunted Hill -	27	chester - - - - -	26
Higher Combe - - - - -	91	Stuckey, J. - - - - -	65
Hippo, Bishop of - - - -	30	Sydenham, John - - - -	19, 20
Ilfracombe - - - - -	111	Taylor, Canon Isaac - - -	41
Jefferies, Richard - - - -	45	Tennyson, Lord, at Dulver-	
„ Katerfelto ” - - - - -	44	ton - - - - -	49
Killerton - - - - -	55	Tennyson's Drive - - - -	50
Lady Harriet's Drive - -	24,	Tetton, the Acland Estate -	27
	26, 50, 91	Tiverton - - - - -	115
Lugteburgh, William de -	19	Torr Steps - - - - -	38, 50, 79
Lloyd, Captain - - - - -	27	Upton Lodge - - - - -	26
London & South Western		Warre, Rev. Dr. - - - -	88
Railway to Dulverton -	10	Westwater Common - - -	78
„ Lorna Doone ” - - - -	43	Winsford - - - - -	77, 94
Lynton and Lynmouth - -	112	„ Hill - - - - -	41, 53, 83, 92
Marsh Bridge on the Barle-	65	Wiveliscombe - - - - -	23
Minehead - - - - -	113	Wood, Rev. Thomas - - -	36
„ Harriers - - - - -	82		

Exmoor Forest Hotel,



SIMONSBATH, .

. . . SOUTH MOLTON.

This First-Class Hotel combines . .

Moderate Charges & Home Comforts

. . . WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR FISHING AND HUNTING.

SEVEN MILES' FISHING FREE TO VISITORS STAYING
AT THE HOTEL.

*Most central for meets of the Devon and Somerset
Stag Hounds, Exmoor and Dulverton Fox Hounds,
and Quarme Harriers.*

* * * * *

Well-trained . .

Hunters, Hack & Harness Horses

. . FOR SALE OR HIRE.

POSTING

in all its

BRANCHES.

— R. M. MOYLE, Proprietor. —

The **Exmoor Forest Hotel** (late "William Rufus") is under entirely new management, and is situated in the centre of Exmoor. The neighbourhood is greatly admired for its romantic scenery, and the moorland drives from this Hotel combine Torr Steps, the Devil's Punch Bowl, Exford, Winsford, Dunkerry Beacon, Cloutsham, Lynton, Lynmouth, Waters Meet, Dulverton, and the far-famed Doone Valley, all within easy distance.

MELTON HOUSE, —
 DULVERTON.

♦♦♦
Miss M. FOLLETT,
Private Boarding Establishment.

Well-furnished and comfortable Apartments. Superior
Accommodation for Visitors. Suites of Rooms if desired.
Boarding Terms or not, as required.

Refreshment Rooms and Accommodation for Cyclists.

Also a CIRCULATING LENDING LIBRARY. TERMS ON APPLICATION.

G. A. YATES,
Chemist (BY EXAMINATION) and Stationer,

DULVERTON.

♦♦♦♦♦
 Physicians' Prescriptions accurately dispensed with the
 . . . Purest Drugs. . . .

Toilet Requisites of all varieties stocked.

Call and see his large selection of Views.

G. A. YATES SELLS ALL THE USUAL ARTICLES OF A
 CHEMIST'S AND STATIONER'S BUSINESS.

The Dulverton Laundry Company, . . Ltd.

HAND power only used, and all injurious Chemicals strictly excluded. Customers' washing collected and delivered FREE at their doors, on any day in the week within the town and immediate neighbourhood, and on certain days in country districts and any neighbouring towns by arrangement.

* * *

Special Terms to Households & Servants.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS PAID
 TO GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING
 KIT.



* * *
 ACCOUNTS TO BE
 SETTLED MONTHLY.

For Terms and all information apply
 MISS MOODY, *Manageress*,
 THE LAUNDRY, DULVERTON.

R. PAGE, Coachbuilder & Machinist, DULVERTON, Somerset.

* * * * *

ALL KINDS OF . .

VEHICLES BUILT TO ORDER

... AT REASONABLE PRICES.

CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

SECOND-HAND

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS FREE.



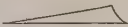
DOG-CARTS, &c.,

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

ALWAYS ON SALE.

Agent for Principal Cycle Firms and every kind of . .
 . . Agricultural and Domestic Machinery.

INVENTOR OF THE PATENT "SIMPLEX" SEAT SLIDE.

BARLE 

Fishing Association.

*Full information and
particulars from
the Hon. Sec.,*



EIGHT MILES OF
EXCELLENT TROUT
FISHING.

R. SOWTON BARROW, Solicitor, DULVERTON. 

Live Trout for Stocking.



Ova, Fry, and Yearlings of the best
strains of Common Trout, Loch
Leven Trout, and Rainbow Trout.

The Exe Valley Fishery,
EXEBRIDGE, TIVERTON.

Proprietor: T. F. TRACY (late F. Langdon).

Fishery situated about $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile from Dulverton Station.

★
AWARDED
TWO
PRIZE
MEDALS.



INTERNATIONAL
FISHERIES
EXHIBITION,
LONDON, 1883.



E. F. PRICKMAN,

Fishing Rod and . . .

Tackle Manufacturer,

North Street, EXETER,

Has the Largest Stock of . . .

Salmon and Trout Tackle

. . . In the West of England.

Sole Maker of the celebrated "Angel "
or "Totnes" Minnow.

HENRY MUDFORD, 

12, FORE STREET, TIVERTON,

Glass and China Merchant.

AGENT FOR MINTON'S, SPODE,
DOULTON'S WORCESTER, AND
GOSS'S HERALDIC CHINA.

FISHING TACKLE AND BASKET MANUFACTURER.

Passengers booked for America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, &c.

W. & C. GOODLAND,

Coal, Salt, and Lime Merchants,

 **DULVERTON STATION.**

Special Quotations for Truck Loads.

Head Office: No. 1 Yard, Tiverton.

The 

White Horse Hotel,



EXFORD, 

...TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

Proprietor : JAMES BAWDEN. * Free House.

ANGLO-BAVARIAN AND BASS'S ALES.

Best brands of Wines and Spirits

...only kept in stock.

FREE .
FISHING.



EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATION
FOR TOURISTS AND VISITORS.

Situate in the Centre of Exmoor, and close to the
Kennels of the Devon & Somerset Staghounds.

* * * * *

HUNTERS & CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

Royal Oak Hotel,



WINSFORD, .
DULVERTON.

Quiet, Comfortable, Old-Fashioned Thatched
House. . . .



Four Miles' Excellent Fishing on the
Ere and Barle.

PRETTIEST VILLAGE IN ENGLAND.

DANIEL EVANS,

Proprietor.

THE . HOMELAND HANDBOOKS

Are the Most Accurate, the Cheapest, and Most Artistically Illustrated Handbooks for Beautiful Britain.

PAPER COVERS, Price 6d. or 9d. net, postage 2d.
CLOTH LIBRARY EDITION, 1s. or 1s. 6d. net, postage 2½d.

NOW READY :

No

1. Tonbridge, Kent.
2. Tunbridge Wells.
3. London Town.
4. The Isles of Scilly.
5. Wolfe-Land (Westerham).
6. Kent's Capital—
Maidstone.
7. Croydon, New and Old.
8. Dartmoor.
9. Rochester and Chatham.
10. Reigate and Redhill.

No.

11. Guildford, Surrey.
12. Dulverton (Exmoor).
13. Farnham and District.
14. Godalming and District.
15. Teignmouth and its
Surroundings.
16. Hastings and St.
Leonards.
17. Epsom and its
Surroundings.
18. Minehead (Exmoor).

IN PREPARATION :

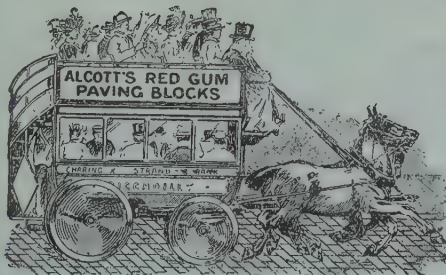
- Bromley, Kent.
St. Albans, Herts.
Dawlish, S. Devon.
Folkestone, Kent.

- Kingston, Surrey.
Richmond, Surrey
Chichester, Sussex.
Plymouth, Devon.

Published by the HOMELAND ASSOCIATION for the
Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE,
24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

ALCOTT'S "RED GUM"



Is
absolutely
the
Best Wood
for
Street
Paving.

THE "BUS-HORSE" BRAND.

As this Wood is absolutely non-absorbent, it is incomparably the best material for Paving Stables.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is a durable paving.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is not slippery.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is noiseless.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM does not swell nor shrink.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM wears smooth and even.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM does not wear into ruts; does not require gravel; is easily cleansed; and, being non-porous, is sanitary.

For Particulars, &c., apply to

**EDWARD ALCOTT, 65 and 67, Millbank Street,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.**

BODLEIAN

ivory Wove

NOTE



A MOST DELIGHTFUL SURFACE.

BODLEIAN Note Paper.

OCTAVO, 5 Quires, $1/2$.

ALBERT, 5 Quires, $1/2$.

IMPERIAL, 5 Quires, $1/2$.

COMMERCIAL, 5 Quires, $1/6$.

BODLEIAN Envelopes.

To MATCH, $1/2$ per 100.

COMMERCIAL, $1/3$ per 100.

BODLEIAN Cabinets.

Containing NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, $1/2$ per box.

BODLEIAN Pens, 6d. per box.

BODLEIAN Fountain Pen.

With SCREW SECTION, complete in box, with FILLER, $1/6$ each.

To be obtained of all Stationers,

OR WRITE TO "BODLEIAN WORKS,"

21, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

Telegraphic Address:
"HENTSCHEL, LONDON."

Telephone:
"169 HOLBORN."

CARL HENTSCHEL,

Ltd.,

Photo-Engravers

AND

Designers.

Head Offices:

182-3-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FOUNDRY:

1 & 2, GOLDSMITH STREET,
GOUGH SQUARE, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES:

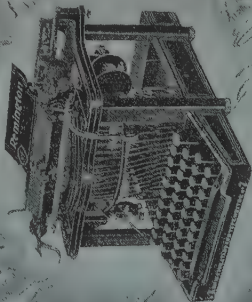
MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL,
AND WEST NORWOOD.

*Every class of Engraving for Newspapers, Catalogues, Guides,
Fine Art Publications, undertaken.*

THREE-COLOUR WORK—A Speciality.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

MANY HANDS



LIGHT WORK

**the Remington
Typewriter**

is used by many
hands, and - -
MAKES WORK
LIGHT. - - -



**WYCKOFF, SEAMANS
& BENEDICT,**

100, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
263, OXFORD STREET, W.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

. THE . HOMELAND HANDBOOKS.

Price 6d. or 9d. nett; Cloth. 1/- or 1/6 nett. Postage 2d.

The books contain excellent Maps, are beautifully illustrated, and are written by experts.

KENT.

No. 1. Tonbridge for the Resident, the Holiday-maker, and the Angler. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.

"A bright little guide to Tonbridge, at sixpence, has just been published as the first of a series of 'Homeland Handbooks.' The angler or the visitor for pleasure will find much to amuse, and hints without number, in this racily-written book, which is better printed and better illustrated than many a more pretentious guide."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

No. 2. Tunbridge Wells of To-day. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.

"This is an admirably written and cleverly illustrated guide-book. Entertains while it informs. Invaluable to any visitor."—*City Press*.

No. 5. "Wolfe-Land": a Handbook for the Westerham District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By GIBSON THOMPSON. Seventy-two Illustrations. Westerham is the birth-place of General Wolfe, a most rural corner of Kent.

"The historical, literary, and picturesque features of the district are admirably presented in words and in pictures."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

No. 6. "Kent's Capital": Maidstone on the Medway. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW. Contains a special Article on the Fishing facilities afforded in the neighbourhood. A special Art Paper Edition of this work is issued at 2/6.

"No tourist in Kent should fail to obtain this manual."—*Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette*.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.G.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

KENT—*continued.*

No. 9. Rochester and Chatham with Pen and Camera. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By A. G. MUNRO, B.A., and PRESCOTT ROW. With a valuable chapter on the Architecture of the Cathedral, by the Rev. G. M. LIVETT, M.A.

"The work is done so well that it will at once rank as THE STANDARD GUIDE to the town. The book is a marvel of cheapness."—*Rochester and Chatham News.*

IN PREPARATION.

Bromley and its Surroundings. By GEORGE CLINCH. With an Introduction by PHILIP NORMAN, Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries.

Tenterden and the Rother Valley.

Folkestone and its Surroundings.

SURREY.

No. 7. Croydon, New and Old. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. Contains chapters on Ecclesiastical Croydon, and Round About Croydon, by J. E. MORRIS, B.A.

"We cordially welcome this new edition. It contains an immense amount of information about Croydon and every place of interest in the neighbourhood."—*Estates Gazette.*

No. 10. The Holmesdale Towns: Reigate and Redhill. Has chapters devoted to every interest of the district.

"The little town in every way deserves a very hearty recommendation."—*The Bookseller.*

No. 11. "Surrey's Capital": a Handbook for the Guildford District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. Illustrated by GORDON HOME.

"With this guide, a flask, a pipe, and a packet of sandwiches, one may for a few shillings have the choicest and most refreshing of cheap holidays. The pretty pictures supplied by Mr. Gordon Home are by no means its least attractive feature."—*Topical Times.*

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

SURREY—*continued.*

- No. 13. Farnham and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Written and illustrated by GORDON HOME. With an Introduction by "Edna Lyall." The book describes a wild and beautiful corner of Surrey, Farnham Castle, Moor Park, and Waverley Abbey.

"Mr. Home is an artist as well as a writer, and has filled his pages with pleasant pencil sketches of the Castle and other objects in the neighbourhood."—*Christian World.*

- No. 14. Godalming and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. The beautiful old Church, the Charterhouse School, the lovely country and villages, are all described and illustrated.

"Another Homeland Handbook which is even better than its predecessors, certainly the best guide-book for 6d. we have seen."—*The Examiner.*

- No. 17. Epsom and its Surroundings.** Written and illustrated by GORDON HOME. 9d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth.

IN PREPARATION.

Kingston and its Surroundings.

Hindhead and Haslemere.

SUSSEX

- No. 16. Sunny Days at Hastings and St. Leonards.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By W. H. SANDERS and PRESCOTT ROW. Describes Rye, Hurstmonceux, Battle, and all the surrounding country. Being an invaluable Handbook for South-East Sussex.

IN PREPARATION.

Eastbourne and its Surroundings.

Chichester and its Surroundings.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

WEST COUNTRY.

- No. 4. Lyonesse: a Handbook for the Isles of Scilly.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By F. W. TONKIN and PRESCOTT ROW. With Introduction by Sir Walter Besant. This book is the Baedeker of the Islands.

"The authors have given us a book brimful of interesting information; every page is worth reading. To read about the pure air and fresh breezes of Scilly when surrounded by fog is almost too much for human endurance, and one is induced to throw down the pen, snatch up the bag, and take the next train west."—*Fishing Gazette.*

- No. 8. Dartmoor: What to See, and How to Find it.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

"A handy guide, very useful and commendably free from false theorizing on antiquarian topics."—*Rev. Baring Gould, "Book of the West."*

- No. 12. The Country of the Wild Red Deer: Dulverton and the Exmoor District.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. With Ordnance Map. By F. J. SNELL, M.A. Contains specially-written chapters on the Hunting and Fishing of this paradise for the sportsman.

"Sportsmen are much indebted to the Homeland Association for the issue of this handy and instructive book. There is nothing careless or perfunctory in its preparation. It carries an excellent map of West Somerset, of which Dulverton is the centre."—*Field.*

- No. 15. Teignmouth: its History and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. A book which reveals every interest of a most delightful neighbourhood. A Large Paper Edition of this book has been issued at 5/-.

"A most dainty volume, written in a graceful and fluent style which easily carries the reader along. I can only congratulate the Homeland Association upon their fortunate selection of the authoress and the illustrator. Together they have produced a book of which Teignmouth may well be proud, and which, both by pen and pencil, admirably depicts all that is interesting connected with the town."—*Rev. Anson W. H. Cartwright, in the Teignmouth Gazette.*

- No. 18. Minehead, Dunster, and Porlock.** The Seaboard of Exmoor. By C. E. LARTER, illustrated by GORDON HOME.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TAUNTON.

Ashton Temperance Hotel

.. FOR TOURISTS & FAMILIES.

Two minutes Station. Convenient breaking journey to Devon and Cornwall. Open night mail by ringing electric bell.

Mrs. W. A. BOALCH.

NOTICE.

VISITORS to the West of England are informed that The Homeland Association has published handbooks uniform with this volume for . . .

**DARTMOOR,
TEIGNMOUTH,
THE ISLES OF SCILLY,
MINEHEAD.**

JAMES SCOTT,

Miller & Corn Factor,

LOWER MILLS,



DULVERTON. .

Flour, Feeding Stuffs, Corn for Poultry, &c.

B. STRAWSON,

LADIES' AND
GENTLEMEN'S

*Hairdresser . .
and Perfumer,*

20, Fore St., TIVERTON.

Attends Dulverton First Thursday in each Month.

PROPRIETORS of Business Houses, Schools, Boarding Houses and Hotels in The WEST COUNTRY, desirous of extending their connection, are invited to communicate with THE GENERAL MANAGER of the Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ST. BRIDE'S PRESS PUBLICATIONS.

The Surveyor & Municipal & County Engineer.

Every Friday, 3d.

Yearly, 15s. (post free).

*

For Municipal and County Engineers, Consulting Engineers, Contractors, and Members of Local Authorities.

The County Council Times.

Every Friday, 3d.

Yearly, 12s. (post free).

*

The Official Organ of the County Councils of the United Kingdom.

The Municipal Officer.

Monthly, 6d.

Yearly, 6s. (post free).

*

The Official Journal of the Municipal Officers' Association.

TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Clearly printed, concisely written, and convenient in size."

3. DILAPIDATIONS, by SYDNEY PERKS, P.A.S.I., A.R.I.B.A. 6d.
10. DRAINAGE WORKS AND SANITARY FITTINGS, by W. H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, Tunbridge Wells. 1s.
12. HOUSING OF THE LABOURING CLASSES, by H. PERCY BOULNOIS, M.Inst.C.E. 1s.
13. THE SEWERAGE ENGINEER'S NOTE-BOOK, being Standard Notes on Sewer Formulæ and Sewerage Calculations. By ALBERT WOLLHEIM, A.M.I.C.E. Second Edition (Revised). Price 3s. 6d., post free.
15. PARTY STRUCTURES, by SYDNEY PERKS, A.R.I.B.A., P.A.S.I. 1s.
17. HOUSE DRAINAGE: ITS INSPECTION AND TESTING, by R. J. JENKINS, M.S.A., P.A.S.I. 1s.
18. TESTING OF PORTLAND CEMENT FOR SMALLER MUNICIPAL WORKS, by H. H. HUMPHREYS, A.M.I.C.E. 1s.
21. A HANDBOOK OF HIGHWAY CASES, by J. B. REIGNIER CONDER. 2s. 6d.
23. THE CONSTRUCTION OF ROADS AND STREETS, by W. H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, Tunbridge Wells. 3s. 6d.
25. ELECTRIC TRAMWAY TRACTION, by ALBERT D. GREATOREX, A.M.I.C.E., M.S.A., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, West Bromwich. 2s. 6d.
26. THEORY OF ENGINEERING CONSTRUCTION. A reference book for Civil Engineers and Students. Comprising a selection of Notes and Formulæ on the Theory of Construction, arranged in the form of answers to the questions set at examinations for the election of Associate Members of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By ERNEST H. ESSEX, A.M.I.C.E., Assistant Engineer and Surveyor to the Leyton Urban District Council. Price 5s. nett, post free.

ALL POST FREE.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST.

LONDON: THE ST. BRIDE'S PRESS, LD., 24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET ST., E.C.

Karslake House, Winsford, Dulverton.

Well Furnished and Comfortable APARTMENTS.
Splendid Fishing in Exe and Barle. Central for Hunting.

W. BAKER, *Proprietor.*

To the Secretaries of

Railway Companies, Ratepayers'
Associations, Borough Improve-
ment Committees, etc. . .

Have you a district to which you desire to ATTRACT
VISITORS? If so, communicate with

Mr. PRESCOTT ROW,
General Manager of the . . .

Homeland Association,

St. Bride's House, . . .

24, Bride Lane, Fleet St., London,
E.C.

It is within the scope of the Association to PUBLISH
HANDBOOKS drawing attention to the charm and beauty
of our own country. We should be glad to work in
co-operation with you.

German Brothers,
 FORE STREET,
DULVERTON.

Sole Agents for . . .

Nobel's Ballistite Ammunition.



Furnishing and General

 **Ironmongers,**

Plumbers, Painters, Glaziers, . .

Sanitary and Hot Water Fitters.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY.

E. LOCK & SON,

Family Butchers,



High Street, **DULVERTON.**

Families waited on daily, and supplied with Meat of the first quality only, at moderate prices.

The Noted House of the West for their celebrated
EXMOOR MUTTON & PRIME OX BEEF.

Gharta Imperia

PARTRIDGE & COOPER

Sample Sheet of the NEW NOTE PAPER.

THE BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

NOTE PAPER: Five Quires, 10d.; One Ream, 3/-;
Four Reams @ 2/10.

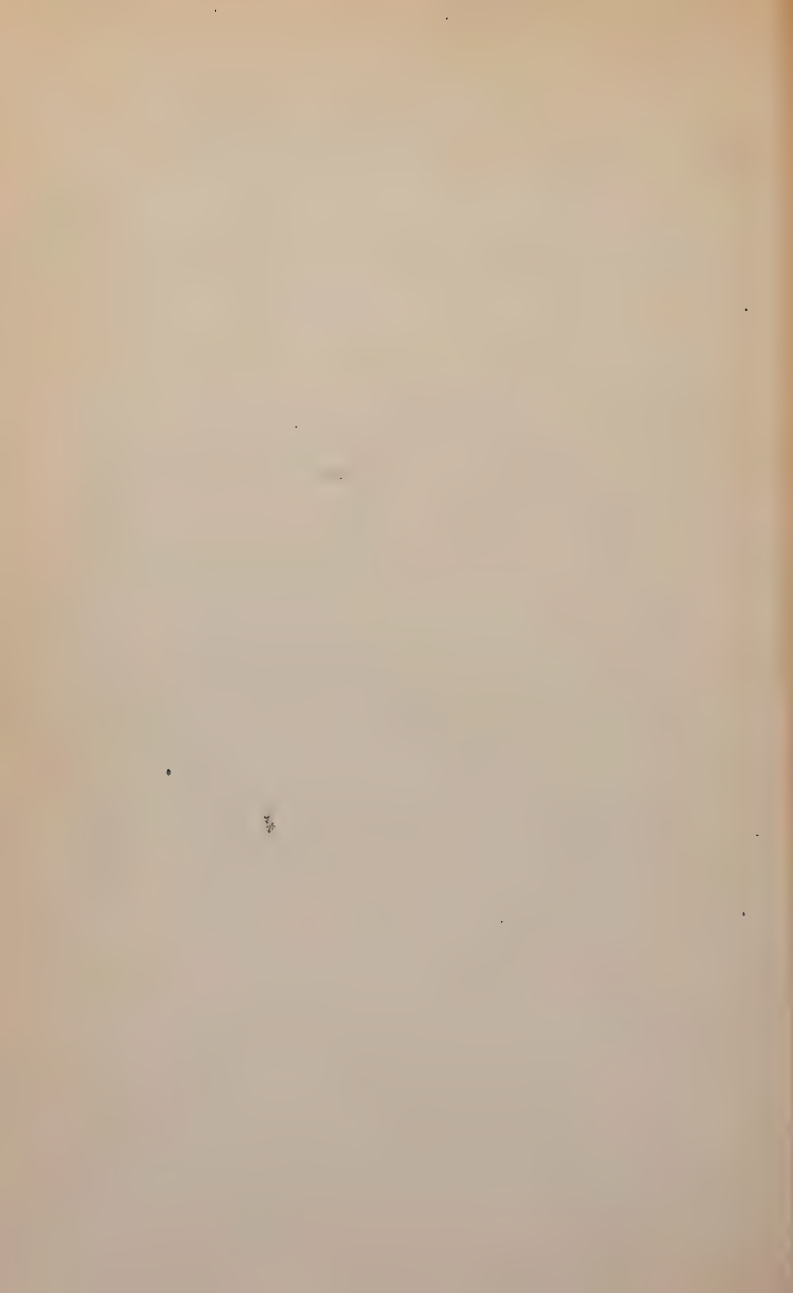
ENVELOPES: 100, 9d.; 1,000, 6/6.

NO CHARGE for PLAIN STAMPING from Customer's own Die.

SOLE MAKERS:

PARTRIDGE & COOPER,

Royal Courts Stationery Warehouse,
191-192, Fleet Street, & 1-2, Chancery Lane,
LONDON, E.C.



F. WOOD, 



Baker and . .

Confectioner,

1, CHURCH STREET,



DULVERTON.



Luncheon, Tea, Pound, Genoa, Seed, Madeira,
 Birthday, Wedding, and other Cakes.

BREAKFAST AND DINNER ROLLS. - -

- - FRUIT AND MEAT PIES TO ORDER.

White and Brown Bread as supplied to the
 . . . leading Hotels. . . .

* * * *

CATERING FOR SCHOOL TREATS, BALLS, &c.

ORDERS BY POST RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

THE DULVERTON
Cash "Supply Stores."

W. G. ROBERTS, Proprietor.



Choicest Groceries and Provisions.

Seasonable Fresh Fruits.

* * * *

MINERAL WATERS in Bottles
and Syphons.



PATENT MEDICINES.
STATIONERY.

* * * *

BURNING and OTHER OILS. METHYLATED SPIRIT.

Tobaccos and Cigars.



Buy Wisely and Well at

ROBERTS'S STORES.

The Red Lion Hotel,



DULVERTON,

Family and Commercial.



This First-Class Hotel combines Moderate Charges and Home Comforts with every convenience for Fishing and Hunting.

POSTING . .

In all its branches.

Brakes and 'Buses

for Large Parties.

HACKS AND TRAINED HUNTERS.

Loose Boxes and large Stable Accommodation.



**OMNIBUSES meet
all Trains.**

LUNCHEON BASKETS PACKED TO ORDER.

* * * *

— **J. A. MOYLE, Proprietor.**

THE RED LION is the oldest established Hotel and situated close to the Devon and Somerset Line, and within easy distance of all the meets of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, Sir John Amory's Stag-hounds, Dulverton Foxhounds, Exmoor Foxhounds, and Quarne Harriers. The rivers Barle and Exe run through the Town, both of which are abundantly supplied with trout. Free fishing to visitors staying at the Hotel. The neighbourhood is greatly admired for its romantic scenery; and the moorland drives from this Hotel combine Tarr Steps, the Devil's Punch Bowl, Exford, Winsford, The Ruins of Barlynch Abbey, Dunkerry Beacon, Cloutsham, and the Doone Valley, all of which are within easy distance.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST, BEST and MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE to
BATH, BRISTOL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON, CORNWALL,
BIRMINGHAM, MIDLAND COUNTIES, SOUTH WALES, IRELAND, &c.

EXPRESS TRAINS between LONDON (Paddington Station)

AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.
EXETER . IN	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	LEAMINGTON IN	2	CHESTER . IN	5
TORQUAY . ,	5	BIRMINGHAM ,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	BIRKENHEAD ,	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
PLYMOUTH . ,	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	WOLV'RH'MPT'N ,	3	CARDIFF . ,	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
PENZANCE . ,	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	SHREWSBURY ,	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	SWANSEA . ,	4 $\frac{3}{4}$

ALL TRAINS are FIRST, SECOND and THIRD CLASS.

CORRIDOR CARRIAGES (with Reserved Compartments for Ladies, Smoking Saloons, and Lavatory Compartments) of each class are run on many of the Express Trains.

CHANNEL ISLANDS *viâ* Weymouth or Southampton.

The Steamboat Service between Weymouth and the Channel Islands, and Southampton and the Channel Islands, is carried on jointly by the Great Western and London and South Western Railway Companies. *For full particulars see Time-book.*

IRELAND.

Powerful Steamers between NEW MILFORD and WATERFORD, and CORK.

The Powerful Steamers between MILFORD HAVEN and WATERFORD, and CORK, afford the QUICKEST ROUTE to all Stations in the South and West of Ireland. During the Summer months Tourist Tickets are issued to Killarney by the renowned and picturesque route popularly known as the "Prince of Wales," *viâ* Glengarriff.

NORTH OF IRELAND EXPRESS SERVICE—LIVERPOOL and BELFAST, and LONDONDERRY.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS by the SHORTEST and BEST ROUTE between West of England (*viâ* Severn Tunnel), Swansea, Cardiff, Newport, and other Stations in South Wales, and Liverpool, Manchester, Lancashire and Yorkshire Districts, and all the principal towns in the North of England and Scotland.

EXCURSION, TOURIST and OTHER PLEASURE TRAFFIC.—During the Season the Great Western Company supply, gratuitously, programmes of Tourist arrangements, and Passengers are thereby enabled to secure valuable and reliable information as to Fares, Routes, Conveyances, &c. WINTER TOURIST TICKETS are issued to Torquay, Paignton, Fowey, Newquay, Truro, Falmouth, Helston, St. Ives, Penzance, Tenby, and certain other Health Resorts. PLEASURE PARTY TICKETS at Reduced Rates are issued during the Summer months, and special arrangements made for the conveyance of Football Parties, Cricketers, &c. EXCURSION TRAINS are run during the Season between the principal Stations on the Great Western Railway.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE COLLECTED and DELIVERED IN ADVANCE at 1/- per package.

DINING, LUNCHEON and BREAKFAST SALOONS between London and Bristol, Exeter and Cardiff. Table d'hôte Dinner 3/6, Breakfast or Luncheon 2/6.

LUNCHEON BASKETS can be obtained at the principal Stations. Hot or Cold Luncheon, with bottle of beer, 3/6, without beer 2/6.

TEA BASKETS, containing Pot of Tea or Coffee, Bread and Butter and Cake or Bun, for one person, 1/-; Tea Basket for two persons, 1/6.

HOTELS under the management of the Great Western Railway.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL,
Paddington Station.
TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL,
St. Ives, Cornwall.

SOUTH WALES HOTEL,
New Milford.
HOTEL WYNCLIFFE,
Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.

January, 1901.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

HOMELAND HANDBOOKS

Teignmouth:

Its Past History and
Present Interests.

BY
Beatrix F.
Cresswell.

No. 15
of the Series.



ILLUSTRATED
BY
Gordon Home.

No. 15
of the Series.

GORDON

HOME

6d
NETT

Teignmouth: F. B. Owen, Royal Library.
London: The St. Bride's Press, Ltd.,
24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.
(Official Publishers to the Homeland Association.)

6d
NETT



The unique position
of this House, with
South-west aspect, on
fringe of Sea, renders
it unrivalled for
Summer and Winter
Residence.



"Marina," The Den,

Address :
Manageress.

◁ Teignmouth, Devon.



IDEAL QUARTERS FOR YACHTING AND BOATING.

Splendid Sea, River, and Moor Views from every window.

LARGE VERANDAH, GARDEN.

Railway Station, Pier, Swimming Bath, and Clubs within a
few minutes.

Good Sea, Salmon, and Trout Fishing.

Bathing Tent.

SANITARY CERTIFICATE.



Established

1857.



Estate Agents,
Auctioneers,
Surveyors,
&c., &c.



Robt. Frost & Son
(F. C. FROST, F.S.I. & F.A.I.)



The Teignmouth
Property Register,

issued monthly and containing
description of ALL houses and
residential properties to be sold or
let (either furnished or unfurnished),
in Teignmouth and the adjacent
villages of Shaldon and Bishopsteignton,
sent post free, on receipt of application.

Telegraphic Address :

Frost, Auctioneer, Teignmouth.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



J. J. O. EVANS,

(Member of the Pharmæceutical Society of Great Britain),

Dispensing and Family Chemist,

1, ORCHARD GARDENS,
and FORE STREET, **TEIGNMOUTH.**

**HIGH-CLASS
DISPENSING.**

**AERATED
WATERS.**

**MINERAL
WATERS.**

SPARKLETS.

**DIETETIC
ARTICLES.**

**INVALIDS'
REQUISITES.**

**SURGICAL
APPLIANCES.**



WEST LAWN

Private Hotel AND Boarding Establishment,

. . TEIGNMOUTH, DEVON.



COMMANDING .
A SPLENDID
SEA VIEW. . .



Telegraphic
Address:
"WEST LAWN,
TEIGNMOUTH."

THIS High-Class Boarding House stands in its own beautifully-wooded and rising Grounds of three acres in extent, and is within five minutes' walk from the Pier and Railway Station, and will be found cool in Summer and mild in Winter.

No expense has been spared to ensure the health, comfort, and enjoyment of the Visitors.

Bath Rooms (hot or cold water) for Ladies and Gentlemen, 3d. each.

Croquet, Billiards, Tennis, Photographer's Dark Room. Good Trout and Salmon fishing in the neighbourhood. Lock-up for Cycles.

Terms on Application to Proprietress.

PUBLIC HEALTH ACT, 1875. URBAN SANITARY DISTRICT OF TEIGNMOUTH.

"Having inspected the House known as 'WEST LAWN,' Teignmouth, this twenty-seventh day of October, 1893, I hereby certify the said House to be in good sanitary condition."

JOHN DRAKE, Sanitary Inspector to the said Urban Authority.

Certificated Sanitary Inspector of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain.

THE Teignmouth Newspapers!!

PUBLISHING OFFICES:

The Teignmouth Printing & Publishing Works,

STATION ROAD.

Proprietor: S. A. CROYDON.

Manager: FREDK. BYNE.

The Teignmouth Gazette,

VISITORS LIST, AND DIRECTORY,

is the oldest established Newspaper and is published on Wednesdays (One Penny). It contains the latest news, railway and river Dart time tables, in addition to the general information required by visitors. A Visitors' Book is kept at the offices to enable those wishing to have their names correctly inserted in the Directory gratis.

The Teignmouth Post

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER

is published on Fridays (One Penny); is a popular local Newspaper containing the week's news, Notes, and Coaching and Steamboat Trips, &c.

ADVERTISING RATES MAY BE OBTAINED ON
APPLICATION TO THE MANAGER.

PLAIN, FANCY, &c.

Commercial and General Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Estimates free for any class of work.

- - THE ILLUSTRATED - -
Teignmouth Guide

(PRICE SIXPENCE),

is a handy book for the Visitor who desires to see and know
TEIGNMOUTH AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD ; it gives the streets
by name ; the

Walks, Cycle Routes, . . .

Carriage Drives, Boating Trips,

. . . Steamer Excursions, and

The Places of Interest in and around the Town, and within a
20-mile area ; in addition to which it contains about

Three Dozen Photographic Views,

up-to-date. Published at the

**TEIGNMOUTH
PRINTING & PUBLISHING WORKS.**

*The Visitor passes the Offices on leaving the station for the town.
Call and obtain a copy of this really handy Guide.*

READ THE

Western Morning News,

THE LEADING WEST OF ENGLAND DAILY.

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS is a First-class Daily Paper, the oldest in the district. Independent in opinions. The earliest and fullest in news. Circulates among all classes and parties, and is the best medium for advertisers, HAVING A FAR LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY TWO PAPERS PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT COMBINED.

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS is the only paper published South of Liverpool which HAS ITS OWN PRIVATE WIRE connecting the London Office, 47, Fleet Street, with the chief Office at Plymouth. Special Advertisements are received at the London Office up to 10 p.m. for Insertion in Next Day's Issue.

WESTERN WEEKLY NEWS

(PUBLISHED ON FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS)

Has the largest circulation of any Weekly Paper published in the West of England.

NAVAL & MILITARY RECORD

And Royal Dockyards Gazette.

PRICE - - TWOPENCE.

The only weekly Service Newspaper (as distinct from a review) with Correspondents in all the Royal Dockyards, Naval and Military Centres, and on all the foreign Stations.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Western Morning News Co., Ltd.

Secretary and Manager: ERNEST CROFT.

Chief Office: 31, GEORGE STREET, PLYMOUTH.

London and Private Wire Office: 47, FLEET ST., E.C.

Branch Offices: DEVONPORT, EXETER, TRURO, &c., &c.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"SARTORIUS, LONDON."

**IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT**

BY

F. J. VANT

OF LONDON.

TO LADY CYCLISTS.

SPECIAL HIGHEST CLASS

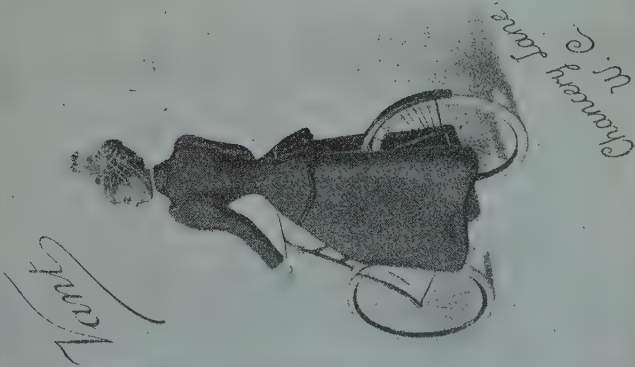
**Cycling
Costumes**

AT THE

Lowest Possible Prices.

Perfect Fit.

Comfort in Riding.



TELEPHONE NO. 65038

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT.

Inventor of the...

En-Avant Safety Cycling Skirt.

**LATEST
INVENTION.**

THE NEW MOTOR

**Driving
Coat.**

THREE DESIGNS IN ONE.
PROVISIONALLY
PROTECTED 11034.

Sure Protection against the
Most Inclement Weather.

A VISIT SOLICITED.

All Particulars in answer to a letter
addressed

F. J. VANT

67 & 69,

CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

CROWN



Lavender Salts.



**ALWAYS REFRESHING
AND INVIGORATING.**

*In Crown Stopped
Bottles only.*

Refuse Imitations.

. . Prices, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. . .

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.



CROWN



Crab-Apple Blossoms.

**The Favourite Scent of
Paris, London, and New York.**

. . Price 2/6 and 4/- per bottle. . .

Sole Makers:

The Crown Perfumery Co.,

112, 113, FORE STREET, LONDON.

LATEST NOVELTY IN CORSETS.

**THOMSON'S
"GRACIOSA"**

**Unbreakable
Waist.**

**Natural
Hinge.**

*Extract from
Madame Schild's
Fashion
Journals
for March.*

**A NEW
CORSET.**

This novelty is a very clever arrangement of the nature of a hinge at the waist, so that the wearer does not break the steels when stooping. This alteration in the Corset in no way interferes with the support which the corset should give to the body; on the contrary, if anything, it gives greater strength without pressure upon the hip bones, and yet makes the body more supple. This new corset is called "The Graciosa," is extremely comfortable to wear even from the first, it fits the body at once, and is as easy as a glove, and is manufactured by Messrs. W. S. Thomson & Co. Can be had of all ladies' outfitters.

Made in White, Dove, Black,
and Cream. Only one price, **8/11**

To be had of all Drapers. If difficulty,
send postal order direct to manufacturers,
and the Corset will at once be sent.



W. S. THOMSON & Co., Ltd.

112, Fore Street, London, E.C.

L. Cornelissen & Son,

ARTISTS' COLOURMEN.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom for



Dr. F. Schoenfeld & Co.'s Celebrated Oil, Water, and Gouache Colours.

ALSO PETROLEUM COLOURS

AND TEMPERA COLOURS IN TUBES.

Importers of French Brushes, Sketch Boxes, Pastels, Papers,
and other Artists' Materials.

PAPERS FOR REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE PHOTO-ZINCO PROCESSES.



PRICE LIST
ON APPLICATION.

22, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

STONE'S

(PERFUMED FURNITURE)

(S.A.S.E.)

CREAM.

NO FINGER-MARKS. . . .

NO LABOUR.

A BRILLIANT POLISH. .

AND A PLEASANT PERFUME. .

Sold in Bottles,

6d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

STONE'S

ESSENCE OF

(S.A.S.E. on each Genuine Bottle.)

RENNET.

NEVER FAILS, and will keep for years in the HOTTEST CLIMATE.

STONE'S RENNET is specially selected and used at THE DEVONIAN DINNERS
IN LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, SWANSEA, &c.

STONE & SON, Chemists, EXETER.

Established



1800.

ROYAL LIBRARY,

Regent Street, **Teignmouth.**

One of . .

The largest libraries in South Devon

(7,000 VOLUMES TO SELECT FROM),



*Besides being connected with the great London Libraries
of Messrs. Mudie and Messrs. Miles.*

*

10/6 per annum for Single Volumes.

PHOTO MATERIALS.

DARK ROOM.

+ PICTURES + FRAMED. +

BOOKBINDING.

RELIEF STAMPING,

CARD PLATES ENGRAVED.

&c., &c.



F. B. OWEN, Proprietor.

Killsborough School, .

TEIGNMOUTH.

Principal: Rev. O. F. GLANVILLE, B.A.

**Boys prepared for the Public Schools, Navy,
 . and .
 Professional Preliminary Examinations, &c.**

The School House is beautifully situated on high ground. Boating, Swimming, Regular Games, Liberal Diet. Specially suited for Indian, Colonial, or delicate boys, or those who may require special treatment.

There is a Junior Department under a Lady Teacher for very young boys.

Terms Moderate and Inclusive.

For Particulars apply to Principal.

SCHOOL

FOR GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS,

5 & 6, ORCHARD GARDENS,

TEIGNMOUTH.

* *

Principal: Miss Rees,

Certificated, Higher Cambridge Local.

AN EFFICIENT STAFF OF CERTIFICATED MISTRESSES.

Successful Preparation for the Local Examinations.

PREPARATORY CLASS for BOYS from 7 to 11.

. . . KINDERGARTEN for Young Children.

*Coaching for Exams. by Foreign Language Mistress, Undergraduate,
 London University.*

Gymnasium, Badminton Court.

The High School, THORN PARK, TEIGNMOUTH.



Boarders received.

Apply Head Mistress.

HERBERT T. TOWELL, Draper, Silk Mercer & Dressmaker.

Millinery and Mantle Showrooms.

Ladies' Outfitting in all Branches.

SPECIAL . .

FEATURES.

An Experienced Staff of Dressmakers and Milliners.

Personal Attention to All Orders.

Sterling Value aimed at in Every Department.

New Goods constantly on the Counters.

Undertaking and Family Mourning.

7 and 8, REGENT STREET, TEIGNMOUTH.

THIS BOOK

may be taken as a . .

Sample of Printing

executed by . .



Bradbury, Agnew,
 ——— **AND Co. Ltd.,**

Fine Art, General, and Railway Printers,

Stereotypers, Electrotypes, = = = = =

Bookbinders, Die Sinkers, and Rulers, =

10, BOUVERIE STREET,

AND

———— **LONDON, E.C.**

THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS,

———— **TONBRIDGE, KENT.**

Telegrams :

CHARIVARI, TONBRIDGE.

CHARIVARI, LONDON.

Telephone :

19, TONBRIDGE.

28, HOLBORN.

RICHARD SOUTHWOOD & Co.,

Family Wine Merchants,



TEIGNMOUTH & DAWLISH.



ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

T. H. KNIGHT & SON'S

Marble & Granite Works,

FORE STREET, TEIGNMOUTH,



.. Monumental Sculptors.



DEPÔT FOR **The Royal Aller Vale Art Pottery.**

Choice Selections sent to all parts of the Kingdom.

Prices of Pottery sent on Application. . . .

BAZAARS. Pottery supplied for Bazaars and carefully packed at specially
... low rates. . . .

PORCELAIN MEMORIAL WREATHS AND CROSSES.

“The Picture Postcard”

A MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL, PHILATELY, AND ART.

A Bright, Interesting, and Beautifully Illustrated 1d. Magazine, having
... Interesting Articles on ...

THE CHARMING CUSTOM

Of sending and Collecting Pictorial Postcards, on

HOLIDAY TRAVEL,

POPULAR PHILATELY,

AND ON

CREST, COIN, and CURIO COLLECTING.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS ON “THE PICTURE POSTCARD.”

“The first in Britain.”—*Dundee Advertiser*.

“A bright little Magazine which is sure to become popular.”—*The Empire*.

“An excellent publication for all who collect cards and stamps.”—*Court Journal*.

“An interesting little Magazine, and one which is sure to take.”—*Capitalist*.

“Having the somewhat rare merit of being on a totally new subject.”—*The Queen*.

“A new publication, having for its scope travel, philately, and art.”—*Times of India*.

“The organ of the new fashion, which will rapidly spread . . . and be a fascinating pursuit.”—*Walsall Observer*.

“A timely venture which but foreshadows the coming popularity of pictorial postcards.”—*Bradford Weekly Telegraph*.

“It is a most readable twopennyworth, and philatelists especially are bound to hail it as a boon and a blessing.”—*Book and News Trade Gazette*.

“The extent of the interest awakened in the collection of illustrated postcards may be gauged from the fact that a new monthly magazine—THE PICTURE POSTCARD—has made its appearance, and contains many beautiful specimens of the new art.”—*Field*.

Price 1d. monthly, of all Newsagents and Stationers. Subscription 1s. 6d.
a year, post free, to all countries in the Postal Union, from

E. W. RICHARDSON,

“The Picture Postcard,”

101, FLEET STREET, LONDON.







GORDON
HOME

Drawn by

A STORMY SUNSET OVER DARTMOOR.
Looking up the Teign.

[Gordon Home.]

Teignmouth

*ITS PAST HISTORY &
PRESENT INTERESTS.*

BY

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL,

*Author of "Dartmoor and its
Surroundings."*

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON HOME.

We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing, what we bring we find."

—Longfellow.

Published under the auspices of the Homeland
Association for the encouragement of Touring
in Great Britain and Ireland.

Price Sixpence (Nett). Bound in Cloth (Library Edition), 1/6 (Nett).

TEIGNMOUTH: F. B. OWEN, Royal Library.

LONDON: THE ST. BRIDES PRESS, LTD., 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

Official Publishers to the Homeland Association.

1901.

229+b

TO

MY VERY KIND FRIEND

DR. W. C. LAKE,

*I have the happiness of being able to offer this little
book as a token of affection and gratitude for his
lifelong friendship to my parents and myself.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Preface</i>	7
<i>List of Illustrations</i>	9
<i>Chapter I.—Teignmouth, its past History and present Interests</i> .	11
„ <i>II.—The Churches and other Public Buildings</i>	30
„ <i>III.—Teignmouth and the last of the “Broad Gauge”</i> .	38
„ <i>IV.—Bitton and its Memories</i>	45
„ <i>V.—Winthrop Mackworth Praed, and other Worthies of the Town</i>	48
„ <i>VI.—The Sea Coast</i>	54
„ <i>VII.—Up and Down the River</i>	65
„ <i>VIII.—Fishing</i>	75
„ <i>IX.—Haldon and the Country North of the River</i> . .	79
„ <i>X.—Across the River, Southwards</i>	94
„ <i>XI.—Steamers, and the Roads for Driving and Cycling</i> .	106
„ <i>XII.—Some Notes on the Natural History of Teignmouth</i> .	112
<i>INDEX</i>	125

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WITH a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to the Author, care of The Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

COPYRIGHT.

THIS Book as a whole, with its Contents, both Literary and Pictorial, is Copyrighted in Great Britain and America.

TERMS for Advertising Spaces in the Homeland Association's Handbooks will be forwarded on application to Mr. PRESCOTT Row, General Manager of the Homeland Association, at the above address.

PREFACE

NOBODY reads a Preface.

This affords a writer the opportunity of saying what he likes, confident of being able to ease his mind by expressing opinions which will not affect anyone else.

I trust that among the many who annually visit Teignmouth, some will find pleasure in reading the following pages. I am also sanguine enough to believe that much of the information will be new to the residents. Teignmouth has been stigmatized as a place that has no interests, an assertion that I hope this little book will go far to disprove. Personally I should never find any spot uninteresting where all nature lay before me "under the open sky," but we can only see for ourselves what we have the gift of seeing. We are also fortunately capable of having our eyes opened, and if I have managed to display some hitherto unobserved attractions of Teignmouth I shall be well satisfied.

But I am no local patriot, and it is impossible to study the history of our town without a mingling of regret and indignation that during past centuries more has been done to destroy past interests than to make present ones. Especially is it to be lamented that one charming site after another passes into the hands of those whose only idea of benefiting by the soil is to load it with as many small houses as possible. Suffering from a regrettable lack of energy in some directions, Teignmouth has too much misdirected energy in others. One is fain to cry,

"In vain with lavish kindness
Are Nature's beauties strown,
The builder in his blindness
Thinks but of wood and stone."

My warmest thanks are due to Dr. Lake, who so kindly put his books, notes, and still more valuable memory

at my disposal, and without whose assistance much interesting information would have been wanting. I must also express my gratitude to an unknown benefactor who kindly lent me, through another friend, Mr. Edward Croydon's old Teignmouth Guide, out of which I have culled many quaint details of the past for this new guide, presented to public notice on the threshold of another century.

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

Teignmouth, 1900.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>A Stormy Sunset over Dartmoor (Frontispiece)</i>	2
<i>The Mouth of the Teign</i>	11
<i>Looking Northwards along the Sea Front at Teignmouth</i>	15
<i>A View of West Teignmouth from the Point</i>	18, 19
<i>Teignmouth from the Ness</i>	21
<i>In One of the Oldest Portions of Teignmouth</i>	24
<i>Sketch Plan of Teignmouth</i>	27
<i>The Arms of the Town</i>	28
<i>Looking South-East from above Coombe Farm</i>	29
<i>The Saxon Church of St. Michael's, East Teignmouth</i>	31
<i>A Pathetic Memorial on the South Wall of St. Michael's Church</i>	32
<i>Old West Teignmouth Church</i>	34
<i>The Shaft of Teignmouth Old Town Cross</i>	36
<i>Initial Letter—The Last of the Broad Gauge</i>	38
<i>Hole Head and the Parson and Clerk Rocks from above, looking Northwards</i>	41
<i>The Clerk Rock</i>	44
<i>Winthrop Mackworth Praed</i>	49
<i>John Keats</i>	51
<i>No. 35, Strand, Teignmouth</i>	52
<i>The Sea Front, Teignmouth</i>	55
<i>Surf breaking on the Sea Wall</i>	57

	PAGE
<i>The Ness</i>	61
<i>The View Southwards from "Labrador"</i>	62
<i>Round the Ness</i>	64
<i>Looking over the River from Teign Harvey Farm</i>	67
<i>Farm Buildings at Teign Harvey</i>	69
<i>Coombe-Cellars</i>	71
<i>Looking Southwards along the Sea Front</i>	76
<i>A China Clay Lighter</i>	78
<i>The Ruined Toll House at Headway Cross</i>	83
<i>Bishops' Walls</i>	85
<i>The Adoration of the Magi</i>	86
<i>The Norman Doorway of Bishopsteignton Church</i>	87
<i>The Plague Tombs at Bishopsteignton</i>	88
<i>Kingsteignton Church</i>	91
<i>A Capital in Kingsteignton Church</i>	92
<i>The Saxon Font at St. Nicholas, Shaldon</i>	95
<i>The Whale-Jaw Gate-way at Hunters' Lodge, Shaldon</i>	96
<i>Stoke-in-Teign-head Church</i>	97
<i>Door-way of the Schoolhouse at Coombe-in-Teign-head</i>	98
<i>One of the richly-carved Pew Ends in Coombe-in-Teign-head Church</i>	99
<i>Shield of the de Haccombes</i>	100
<i>In Haccombe Park</i>	101
<i>Door-way of Haccombe Chapel, with its Horseshoes</i>	102
<i>Tomb of Sir Stephen de Haccombe</i>	103
<i>The Cross outside the West End of Haccombe Chapel</i>	105
<i>Netherton</i>	109
<i>The Great Skua</i>	122

TEIGNMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

TEIGNMOUTH—ITS PAST HISTORY AND PRESENT INTERESTS.



THE MOUTH OF THE TEIGN.

"It cannot be expected that a guide printed so cheap as this should be replete with that depth of erudition which works of magnitude and labour abound in. This is a mere *bagatelle*."—Introduction to "Croydon's Teignmouth Guide," 1817.

THE above lines are quoted from a now scarce guide to Teignmouth, published in 1817, of which few copies, one being in the British Museum, are extant.

It seems to me that I cannot do better than shelter myself behind the protest of the anonymous author,

while keeping his memory green by attaching his words to the work of a little less than a century later. Happy should I feel could I flatter myself that in another hundred years this book of mine would be of interest or value to the coming race.

Distant from London only some 200 miles by the Great Western Railway, Teignmouth is the second largest watering-place on the South Devon Coast, and possesses this advantage over Torquay, that it can be reached from Paddington by all the principal expresses (the "Cornishmen" only excepted) without change, or the delay necessary for shunting on to a branch line.

It has also the benefit of enjoying river and moorland besides the sea-shore, being situated at the mouth of the Teign, which here flows in a wide estuary for six miles, from Newton Abbot to the point at Teignmouth, affording above the bridge at high tide a magnificent stretch of water, unbroken by locks, canals, or other interferences.

Behind the town, Little Haldon rises 800 feet from the sea, and makes with the contiguous hills a very complete shelter from the north and north-east. The sea front faces east, lying back a little way from the beach, between which and the houses lies the Den, a flat that in former days must have resembled Dawlish Warren, or the sandy dunes of the east coast, but has now been reclaimed as a grassy lawn with bright flower-beds, where sheltered seats permit full enjoyment of sun and sea breezes.

At the eastern end of the esplanade is the Church of St. Michael, East Teignmouth, beyond which the sea-wall skirts the railway line, and the cliff of Hole Head shuts out the further curves of the coast, the "Parson and Clerk" rocks terminating the headland. The pier is in the centre of the sea front, and on the south the lighthouse and battery, with the lifeboat house, face the Point and river mouth, with a blunted headland, the "Ness," on the opposite shore. Beyond a line of cliffs circles the bay, terminating in "Hope's Nose," off Torquay,

* Pronounced *Tingmuth*, although the river Teign is pronounced *Tane*.

the Ore-stone and Load-stone being the two outlying rocks on the horizon.

Standing near the lighthouse, the sea behind him, the whole aspect of the town lies fairly before a stranger. He sees an irregular but not unpleasing grouping of houses rising up the face of a gentle ascent that, becoming more wooded as the buildings decrease, ends at last in the purple moorland top of Haldon.

Indeed, except that it has increased in size, the appearance of Teignmouth has altered little since Winthrop Mackworth Praed described it, assuming that the spectator was standing on the top of the Ness :—

“ A little town was there
O'er which the morning's earliest beam
Was wandering fresh and fair.
No architect of classic school
Had pondered there with line and rule—
The buildings in strange order lay
As if the streets had lost their way :
Fantastic, puzzling, narrow, muddy,
Excess of toil from lack of study,
Where Fashion's very latest fangles
Had no conception of right angles.”

This irregularity of aspect is the result of Teignmouth consisting of two different parishes, East and West Teignmouth, which have in the course of centuries drawn together and become continuous.

The Tame, a tributary of the river, divides the parishes, and until comparatively recent times flowed
The Tame. openly, being large enough to allow for a place to float timber, and a bridge nearly in the centre of the town. This brook, rising on Haldon, comes down to Brimley, and enters the town where Lower Brook Street and “Froggy-marsh” emphatically suggest a watery locality. Now, “cribbed, cabin'd, and confined,” by such measures as are used to restrain wayward brooks, it flows under the road through Wellington Street and Bank Street, where, by a mere accident of circumstance, the banks of bullion have been built on the banks of the brook. It will be observed that the buildings on the north side of the street are in West Teignmouth, those opposite in East.

In former days there were very swampy meadows, frequently under water, opposite the "London" Hotel, and in draining and digging for the foundations of Somerset-place a boat was found embedded far down in the soil. Our brook, crossing the foot of Fore Street, runs along Teign Street, and near the New Quay finds its way into the river. But though suppressed, the Tame is by no means tamed. During equinoctial gales or winter storms a combination arises which makes the brook burst all its bonds and remind us that it is still tidal. The requirements are heavy rains, a spring tide, and a strong east wind. Then the marshes on Haldon fill the brook to overflowing, and the Dartmoor bogs do the same for the river, and the east wind drives in the sea, while the moon occupies herself in drawing up an unusually high tide, and on a stormy night she finds amusement in playing bo-peep with dark clouds when in her full glory, and seeing all the accumulation of water rush into the town. The river comes up the brook, the brook bursts its bounds, the shop cellars have to be pumped out, between tide and tide, lucky if another inrush can be kept back at the next flood, for these are not, it need hardly be said,

"Tides in the affairs of men
That taken at the flood lead on to fortune."

Sometimes it has been possible to get a boat up Bank Street, a great delight and excitement to those whose property is not being damaged by the water. In the great floods of the autumn of 1894, the brook contrived to lift the great slabs of stone that bridge it at the foot of Brook Hill, and flooded the railway to such an extent that trains could hardly get through the station, which became the resort of everybody in the town, enjoying the sight of labouring engines turned for once into steam tugs.

I have observed that the coalescing of the two parishes of East and West Teignmouth has been the work of centuries. This brings me to the history of the town.

History, quotha! Is there any history in a mushroom? My good readers, be assured that Teignmouth is no



GORDON
HOME

Drawn by

LOOKING NORTHWARDS ALONG THE SEA FRONT AT TEIGNMOUTH.

[Gordon Home.]

The Tower of St. Michael's Church appears on the left, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the extreme right.

mushroom, though not perhaps of fossilized antiquity. To avail oneself of a very old adage—

“Teignmouth was a market town ”

when many new popular resorts were not even “fuzzy downs,” the gorse not having grown that covered their barrenness.

Unfortunately, however, except the tower and reredos of West Teignmouth Church, no ancient relics of the town remain. No overhanging roofs shadow narrow streets, no crumbling ruins assert themselves to the eye ; the oldest date upon a house is 1730, and the present upper story of the Royal Library alone remains to remind us of the old street fronts at the beginning of the 19th century.

But a peep into the past shows us that there was enough Teignmouth to be *burnt* a very long while ago.

Modern research shows that it was not at Teignmouth, as tradition declares, that the Danes first landed, arriving with the raven banner in search of somebody's lost falcon, which was the cause of all that “pothor,” eventually leading up to King Alfred's burning the cakes. But the Danes did undoubtedly enter and destroy the valley of the Teign in 1001, when they burned “Tegntun” (either Kingsteignton, or Bishopsteignton) and also many other “good hams,” among which “homesteads” Teignmouth may very possibly be reckoned ; and it has been assumed that the fortress Church of St. Michael was built partly to defend the place from such harryings.

In 1044 Edward the Confessor granted Dawlish (till then Crown land) to Leofric, his chaplain and chancellor. The boundary of the gift began “first at Teignmouth, up along the estuary to crampansteort,* and so back again by the salterns along the street to the west side of St. Michael's Church.”

The original of this charter is in the Cathedral library, Exeter, and gives us actual proof that there existed a

* Crampansteort : a word the meaning of which is very obscure. It has been rendered “anchor point.”

Saxon Church of St. Michael twenty-two years before the Conquest.

Teignmouth is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, because it was divided between Dawlish on the one side and Bishopsteignton on the other, both of which find place there as manors of the Bishops of Exeter.*

By the time of the Conquest, Lyfing, Bishop of Crediton, was dead; and Leofric, succeeding him, had transferred the See to St. Peter's, Exeter, being duly installed there with a magnificent ceremony, when the Confessor and his Queen were both present. When William the Conqueror landed, Leofric had been Bishop for nearly twenty years. William did not interfere with the Saxon Bishop, but after the siege of Exeter further confirmed the Confessor's grant, with this difference, that he gave the manors, including Holcombe, by name to “my faithful Bishop Leofric,” *for the See of Exeter*, not as private property. As Holcombe had been included before in the Confessor's boundary, it has been conjectured that it was for a time alienated by Harold, who certainly robbed the Bishop of Topsham, which has never been recovered.

Leofric left all his lands by will to the See, but Bishop Bruiwere, in 1235, gave Dawlish, including St. Michael's, to the Cathedral as part of the endowment of the Dean.

The history of West Teignmouth is connected with Bishopsteignton, a manor the Bishops kept for themselves. In those days they were very great men in the county; and we hear of an “unwarranted market,” held by the Bishop of Exeter at West Teignmouth, which he would “by no means forbear.” Henry III. granted a charter for a market to be held at St. Michael's with a yearly fair on St. Michael's Day; but again in the reign of Edward I. there were complaints that the Bishop had gallows, and assizes of bread and beer, “they knew not forsooth by what warrant,” and held an unlawful market, which ought to be held in the town of Teignmouth in St. Michael's part.

* Those who wish to further study the history of Teignmouth in old writers, must remember to look for the names of the elder parishes in their research.



Drawn by]

A VIEW OF WEST TEIGNMOUTH

The Bitton Estate is shown on the left, one portion

Teignmouth was also one of thirteen towns commanded to subsidize a ship for King Edward's war with Scotland, an order apparently disregarded by a good many places, Teignmouth included. In short, Teignmouth in the Middle Ages was by no means unprosperous. The port belonged to West Teignmouth, and no doubt the trade made no inconsiderable part of the revenues of the Bishops. Those who may feel curious enough to look up its mediæval history more fully than I have here space to detail it, will find many mentions of the "salterns," or cellars where salt was made, and it is quite evident that the manufacture of salt, then a valuable article of commerce, was the principal business, export, and industry of the place.

In 1340, when Edward III. was King, some French pirates sailed up the Teign, set fire to the town and burnt it. It had, however, sufficiently recovered from the damage in 1347 to contribute seven ships and 120 mariners towards the

Prosperity of
Teignmouth
in the
Middle Ages.

The Town
burnt by

French Pirates.



FROM THE POINT.

[Gordon Home.

wooded, the other covered with cottages.

King's expedition against Calais; and one can imagine that the Teignmouth men set out cheerfully enough with the intention of doing some sacking and burning in their turn. But to save the town from further incursions, and also from damages of rough seas, "bulwarks" were erected, which both parishes were bound to keep in repair.

Making salt, and fish curing, the place jogged along for a century or so without making much mark on the times. In the 16th century Leland got here, during that wonderful journey of his, to which, in the form of "Leland's Itinerary," England owes so much. His descriptions at once put the place before us.

"The very utter west point of land at the mouth of the Teigne is caullid the Nesse, and is very hy red cliffe ground.

"The est point of the haven is caullid the Poles. This is a low sandy ground other cast out by the spring of sands out of the Teigne, or els throwen up from the

shore by rage of wynd and water, and thys sand occupieth now a greate quantitie of grounde between Teignmouth Towne, where the grounde mounteth and Teignmouth Haven.

“There be two townes at this point of the Haven by name of Teignmouth, one hard joining to the other; the southern of them is Teignmouth Regis where is a market and chirch of S. Michael, and a peace of embattled waul against the shore, and this is taken for the elder town, and at the west side of this town is a peace of the sandy ground afore spoken of ther caullid the Deane, whereon hath been not many yeres sins diverse houses and wine-cellars.

“The inhabitants there tell how their town hath been defaced by the Danes and of late times by the Frenchmen.

“The other town caullid Teignmouth Episcopi standeth by the north on the same shore. Ther is a chirch S. Jacobi.”

I have given the quotation in full to show how far back we can trace the names of the Ness and the Den. The low sandy ground “caullid the Poles” is probably our present “Point,” at the extreme mouth of the river. But Leland is mistaken in calling East Teignmouth Teignmouth Regis.

Teignmouth was then on the decline; a century later Risdon describes it as having been in former times “more popular and in better esteem.” He was very much impressed by the Danish tradition, and perceived in the colour of the cliffs a reminiscence of their cruelty:

“In memory whereof the cliff exceeding red
Doth seem thereat again full fresh to bleed.”

By the reign of Charles I. Teignmouth had left off repairing the bulwarks, and a royal command issued from Bedford House, Exeter, bade the parishes do so, as in former times.

After this a century of silence falls upon the town, and we hear nothing about it until, in 1690, it was called upon to play a really important part in history.

Stand on the Den and look along the coast, and think of it, not only as far as you can see, but farther still.



photo 101

TEIGNMOUTH FROM THE SEAS.

[Denney & Co.]

There is practically no defence between Portland and Plymouth.

Dartmouth is a natural stronghold, because anybody entering there would be simply walking into a trap; but the rest of the coast is open shore.

And at the end of the 17th century the West was even less protected. Wild, remote, poorly defended, its larger towns mostly unimportant, all parts out of reach of powerful centres, its very peacefulness made it seem easy of surprise. Landing once effected, the worst part of the work was done.

In 1625 Monmouth had landed at Lyme-Regis, in Dorset; 1688 saw William of Orange step ashore at Brixham, a few miles west of Teignmouth; two years later the Jacobites thought nothing would be easier than to re-enter England from the same coast.

Admiral Tourville's attempted Invasion.	Persuading the French that all the country would welcome him if he came there, James II. induced Admiral Tourville to enter the English Channel, where after cruising for some days he drew up his fleet in Torbay.
--	---

Galleys were common enough in the Mediterranean, but this was their first appearance in the Channel. A medal was struck in Paris to commemorate the circumstance, which Louis le Grand and Tourville thought would alone be sufficient to terrify the English. Rage, however, not fear, was the sentiment they aroused. Every West-countryman who saw the unwieldy crafts afloat in Torbay imagined himself a galley-slave if something were not promptly done.

"So," writes Macaulay, "the beacon on the ridge above Teignmouth was kindled, Hey-tor and Cawsand made answer, and soon all the hill-tops of the West were on fire. Messengers were riding all night from deputy-lieutenant to deputy-lieutenant, and early the next morning, without chief, without summons, five hundred gentlemen and yeomen, armed and mounted, had assembled on the summit of Haldon Hill. In twenty-four hours all Devonshire was up."

Tourville must have perceived that with such a reception awaiting him landing was useless; but, either to

try the effect of intimidating the worthies of Devon, or because he would not leave without some action, he sent his galleys to enter Teignmouth.

The letter in which William and Mary called for relief for the town thus describes the event :—

“ On the 26th day of July last, about four in the morning (the French fleet riding in Torbay, where all the forces of the county were drawn up to oppose their landing) several of their galleys drew off the fleet, and made towards a weak unfortified place called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of Torbay ; and coming very near, having played the canon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near two hundred great shot therein to frighten away the poor inhabitants, they landed about seventeen hundred of their men, and began to plunder and fire the town.”

Apparently the “ poor inhabitants ” took flight without making the least effort to save anything or show any defence. Among the thousands of hiding-places afforded by hill and valley they took refuge, and hid until the French had satisfied themselves with their work of destruction.

This they effected with a rapidity and thoroughness worthy of better efforts. Some of them stayed in Teignmouth, others made their way to Shaldon, and to the parish of St. Nicholas, up the river, and they burnt, plundered, and destroyed all the way they went.

In such poor places the only valuables can have been in the churches, which were thoroughly ransacked. St. Michael's once possessed some golden herrings, votive offerings from the fishermen. We hear of the books being destroyed, torn to pieces, and their leaves scattered about the streets. The pulpits and communion tables were pulled down, broken, and heaped upon the bonfires, together with the fishing nets, cottage furniture, and anything else the plunderers found and did not think worth carrying away.

As no mention is made of the communion plate, which one imagines would be included in the list of damages, perhaps it was securely hidden before the inhabitants

fled. Another ecclesiastical mystery is the total disappearance of Mr. Errington, the curate-in-charge of the churches; on this eventful day he fled with everybody else, but was never again heard of.



IN ONE OF THE OLDEST PORTIONS OF TEIGNMOUTH.

The junction of French Street with Hollands Road.

Three hours, according to the letter already quoted, sufficed the invaders for their work. By that time the day was advancing, and remembering the defenders gathered on the hills but a few miles off they felt it

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A handsomely bound, large paper library edition of this book has been issued, Foolscap Quarto size, with ornamental end papers. It makes a delightful literary and artistic souvenir of the district.

The edition is limited to 300 copies, of which only 120 are now obtainable. Price 5/- nett.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION,

ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE, 24, BRIDE LANE,

FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

would be unsafe to stay any longer, but withdrew from the town and rejoined the rest of the fleet, leaving behind them a complete sack, vessels burning, and cottages in ruins.

The loss was reckoned at £11,000, an enormous sum in those days ; but it was collected for the relief of Teignmouth by an appeal to the whole of the country, the royal brief being read in 10,000 parish churches, and the story impressing those who heard it with unspeakable consternation and horror.

Macaulay tersely points out the real effect upon England and her future by this apparently trivial destruction of a small fishing town :—

“Hitherto the Jacobites had tried to persuade the nation that the French would come as friends and deliverers : would observe strict discipline, would respect temples, and the ceremonies of the established religion. The short visit of Tourville to our coasts had shown how little reason there was to expect such moderation from the soldiers of Louis. They had been on our island only a few hours, and occupied only a few acres, but within a few hours and a few acres had been exhibited in miniature the destruction of the Palatinate.”

Thus, perhaps, it is owing to the destruction of Teignmouth that “Victoria by the grace of God” sits upon the throne of her ancestors, with three generations of Princes at her knee.

No record is given of the length of time that elapsed before the town received the compensation money, mostly spent in rebuilding the houses. French Street is named in commemoration of the event, a narrow lane of houses running out near St. Michael's Church to the sea. In a court at the back stands one cottage with a date of 1730, forty years after the destruction of the town.

Fear of the French was universal during the 18th century, and Teignmouth not unreasonably shared the scare. A petition was made in 1774 for a battery on the Den, permission for which was granted ; and this battery with modifications has been retained ever since. It has two

The Battery
on the Den.

guns, and now belongs to the Teignmouth Artillery Volunteers.

The occupation of rebuilding and defending itself seems to have occupied Teignmouth during the whole of the 18th century, and we have no trace of any event occurring in the town during that time. That some French prisoners stayed here on *parole* may be conjectured by the existence of an old room with arches, now blocked up, at the foot of Mulberry Street, which in former years was pointed out by old people as a place "used as a chapel by the French prisoners."

Until 1816 the two churches had been served by one parson, sent either from Dawlish or Bishopsteignton. After this year there was a perpetual curate appointed to each place from the "mother" churches, and this arrangement may be said to continue in the case of St. Michael's, East Teignmouth, the living being in the gift of Dawlish alternately with the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. West Teignmouth was put into the hands of the Symeon Trustees about the year 1867.

Of the gradual rise of our town as a popular watering-place we have no record. It burst upon the public, as one may say, in 1817 as a flourishing sea-side resort, with a theatre, public rooms, a library, fortnightly balls during the season, and finding but one thing to regret, that no "master of the ceremonies" was annually chosen!

I have already made a passing reference to the "Teignmouth Guide," published in 1817, to which we owe a characteristic word-picture of the place as it was nearly a hundred years ago. This book consists of three thin volumes, the first part Teignmouth, the second Dawlish, and a third for Torquay, which had just developed to a "town in miniature" and is prettily patronised by Teignmouth, of which, as Risdon said, "the inhabitants boast that for antiquity they can compare with Exeter." The writer of this guide boldly took his archæology verbatim from Polwhele, whose "History of Devonshire" had been published some thirty years previously. But his local information is original, and delightful in its descriptions of the times. The author dedicates his book to

Lord Exmouth, the "Hero of Algiers," then living in Bitton.

We find that two coaches ran four days in the week to Exeter, and three days in the week two waggon left for that city, by which no doubt cheaper journeys might be taken. There

Teignmouth
in 1817.

were jaunting cars, sedan chairs, Bath chairs, and donkeys for hire, and as riding was then the most popular form of getting about, the livery stables have special mention. Further on we are informed that among the other advantages are the "smooth, firm sands, close to the water's edge," where "no boats are hauled up, nor fishermen's nets spread, nor is there any obstruction whatever to walking or riding on this beach. Horses with pillions may be procured for ladies who prefer this method of exercise, or are obliged to have recourse to it through indisposition." Those "jaunting cars" for hire must have been a great acquisition, for at the end of the previous century Teignmouth possessed neither carriages nor carts, but the panner and the pillion were universal. The first "coach" that appeared in the town was the carriage brought down by Mr. Sergeant Praed, who had his country house on the Bitton estate.

This necessarily brief sketch of the local history may



THE ARMS OF THE TOWN.

be concluded with a mention of the arms adopted by the town—"Argent, a saltire engrailed between four fleur-de-llys converging—all gules." The ground of the coat is sometimes coloured azure, but this would be false heraldry, as the principal rule of heraldry forbids the use of colour upon colour.

Dr. Lake, our local antiquary, who has interested himself very much about this coat, doubts whether the town has real right to it, the original arms being those on the top of the portreeve's staff, and therefore should properly belong to West Teignmouth only, as it is in this parish

that the port lies. However, the Heralds' College is not likely to interfere with the adoption of the arms by the united town of Teignmouth, which has acted in this case upon the old motto, that

“ They should take who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.”



LOOKING SOUTH-EAST FROM ABOVE COOMBE FARM.

The Ness, Shaldon, and the mouth of the Teign appear in the middle distance.

CHAPTER II.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

AFTER this glance at the general history it may be worth while to give a more detailed account of some of the buildings in the town.

The past antiquity of St. Michael's Church gives it the precedence. The original structure was thought to be the oldest in the Dean of Exeter's jurisdiction. It would be useless for me now to waste space in describing what has wholly passed away. Antiquaries will find many detailed accounts furnished by those who actually knew the building, of which several pictures are extant. All must agree in regretting the demolition of one of the oldest churches in the county. It was extremely dilapidated, and the parishioners having obtained a grant for repairs were unfortunately inspired to rebuild it in 1821. So down came the Saxon walls, and the defensive towers, and out tumbled the French cannon balls that had not done half the mischief now being perpetrated in the name of improvement—and how many crimes are committed in this name! Up went the “larger edifice in the Saxon style,” which was consecrated by Bishop Carey in 1822.

There was no real chancel to this church, which late in the “sixties” still displayed across the sea of pews in the nave the “three-decker” of reading desk with the parish clerk's seat below, and the pulpit above, rising as high as the galleries that ran all along the church on either side, with another carrying the organ, across the west end.

A picture of Our Lord crowned with thorns made a rather unusual altar-piece. This painting was by

Mr. King, an Exeter artist, and though of no special merit was not inharmonious in its tones. It still hangs in the northern transept of the present building, with the "Lion and Unicorn," once an indispensable ornament to the gallery. Among all this incongruity of architecture, and ugliness of detail, the then Vicar, the Rev. T. Simpson, a High Churchman of the early Tractarian movement, held some of the first Ritualistic services known in the



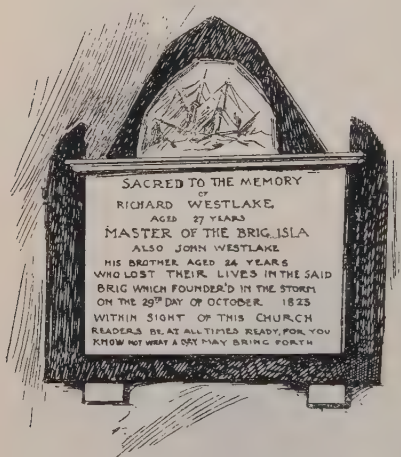
THE SAXON CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S, EAST TEIGNMOUTH.

(From a print in Dr. Oliver's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities.")

West of England, in spite of the voices of detraction and the outcry against Puseyism.

St. Michael's still retains its "moderately High Church" tone, and the fabric has been much improved. A chancel was built and opened in 1876, the galleries came down, and the church was reseated. The Jubilee of 1887 was commemorated by a new tower in the Perpendicular style, with a graceful figure of the patron saint above the west door. In making this tower the church was considerably lengthened and enlarged. The Diamond Jubilee saw a

peal of bells and clock chimes complete the structure. The organ has recently been restored and enlarged.



A PATHETIC MEMORIAL ON THE SOUTH WALL OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

There is a marble pulpit, and a new font inlaid with Torquay marbles replaces the old one, which has, however, found a location in the new church of St. Nicholas, Shaldon. The present reredos at St. Michael's is modern mosaic, and the church embroidery must not be passed unnoticed; the greater portion is the work of Teignmouth ladies, and displays no small skill in the art of the needle.

The handsomest altar frontal, a white festival one, is the work of the women of Nazareth, and was brought home from the Holy Land by a lady who gave it to the church.

The history of the fabric of St. James's, West Teignmouth, is less clear. Dr. Oliver observes, "The first time I meet with St. James's, West Teignmouth, is the 24th September, 1317, when Bishop Stapeldon held an ordination there. In 1361 Bishop Grandisson ordered the Vicar of Bishopsteignton to provide a chaplain for the said church, as his predecessors had done."

This elder church was Perpendicular; it had two side chapels dedicated to Our Lady, and Holy Cross. There were also screens, removed during the 18th century by the Rev. Elias Carter, "then minister," to make the church lighter. The pulpit was erected in 1735. "It is a regular hexagon of wainscoat, on the five panels are St. Peter,

and the four evangelists; the other panel is set against the wall." *

Polwhele, who gives these details, also describes at length the three galleries (no wonder the church was dark!), and tells us of the "altar-piece of massy stone, very curiously sculptured, in which are several large niches long since deprived of the statues that filled them." This church was taken down in 1819, and the new one (the present building) opened for Divine worship in 1821.

The tower is the last bit of the original church, never at any time a satisfactory structure, but, as Oliver observes, "bad as this church undoubtedly was, did it not yield in correct taste to its present fantastic and extravagant successor?" These adjectives aptly fit the remarkable building usually known to strangers as "the round church."

From time to time during recent years alterations have been effected, but the result is much like the hygienic attempt of the individual who "was well, would be better, took physic, and died." The "pulpit of wainscoat" has gone. The one redeeming feature of the building is the lovely reredos, marred by the texts and commandments that are painted in those "niches that have lost their statues" (may they not have been pictures?), but with leaf and moulding, curve and knot, such as the 14th century sculptors loved to carve, and all about it small figures of saints so perfect that nearly every one can be identified by the emblem.

We see St. Paul with his sword, St. Peter's keys, St. Andrew's cross, and with his fuller's club St. James the Less, who is claimed as patron of the church. I know of no authority for thus asserting the dedication. Leland simply mentions it as "S. Jacobi."

As in other churches of its date there used to be a great deal of gallery. Some of this is left, enough to be utterly unsymmetrical. Here, too, may be seen two relics of the "old high pew" which until recent years filled the building. These are the property of a private owner, who when the church was reseated refused to have them

* This is now removed, and a marble one erected (1900).

moved. A new font has been erected. Much has been done to improve the organ, and pains are taken to perfect the music of the services. The latest alteration has been the "pointing" of the outer walls with cement instead of the red sandstone being hidden by plaster. The peal of bells in the tower is another instance of that destructive



Photo

[Valentine, Teignmouth.

OLD WEST TEIGNMOUTH CHURCH.

From a contemporary drawing.)

tendency which is the bane of the town. The old bells, untuneful though they may have been, were
The Old Bells. 14th century "Jesus Bells," with Latin inscriptions, that on one of them running—

"Est michi collatum I.H.S. istud nomen amatum."

Instead of saving them when the new peal was made, they were put into the melting pot and run down to assist in casting the new ones. Inside the tower, above the church door, is a panel with those verses from the 107th Psalm painted on it, which begin "They that go down to

the sea in ships"; it was placed there as a thank-offering by some sailors after shipwreck. The monument in the churchyard to Mrs. Towhill, who died aged 103 years, is interesting from her having been granddaughter of the Mr. Elias Carter who removed the screens; and he was the successor of Mr. Errington, who was parish priest at the time of the landing of the French in 1690.

The Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady and St. Patrick stands in the Dawlish Road, replacing a building which had to be pulled down when the railway alterations were made. This church possesses a brocade chasuble presented by Marie Amélie, Queen of Louis Philippe, who resided here for a short time during her husband's exile.

Nearly on the top of the same hill stands St. Scholastica's Abbey, a Benedictine nunnery, originating from the nuns who were driven out of Dunkirk during the French Revolution. They had their first convent at Hammersmith, but came afterwards and settled in Teignmouth.

The Redemptorist Fathers made a large collegiate establishment, "St. Joseph's," out of old Buckeridge House, on the road of that name, but have quite recently sold it to the nuns of the Convent of Nôtre Dame at Plymouth.

Many denominations of Nonconformists have chapels in the town, but with the exception of the East Devon and Teignmouth Club Congregational Chapel in the Dawlish Road, none of any architectural pretensions. The East Devon and Teignmouth Club is a very good example of Georgian building, and was originally erected in 1826 for Assembly Rooms. The ball-room is the best in the town, and still used for club balls, or by special permission for private parties. The principal Assembly Room is now at the "London" Hotel; here are held nearly all the entertainments, and the performances of theatrical companies. Lectures, or entertainments on a smaller scale, are given in the Town Hall, over the Market, where local business is conducted, and the magistrates have the County Court. There is a reading-room at the Temperance Hall, besides the larger hall, where weekly

evening entertainments are held, a combination of lecture and concert, with sometimes a magic lantern exhibition.

A room over the "Den" Restaurant, another at the "Commercial" Hotel, and the Pier Pavilion concludes the list of public rooms available for entertainments; but it is a great pity there is no longer a theatre. "Croydon's Guide" shows us that in 1817 a theatre was regarded

as indispensable, for not only had the town its theatre but a company (Fisher's) acted alternately at Teignmouth and Dawlish regularly during the season. The theatre is described as "small, but neatly fitted up, and fully adequate to the town"; and the account of it continues—"Too many it may not be thought unworthy of remark that in the dressing-room, traced by his own hands in a corner, is the name of Kean, the now great and unrivalled actor; here did his merits lie in darkness."



THE SHAFT OF TEIGNMOUTH OLD TOWN CROSS.

In the Garden of the Hospital.

Evidently Kean was not appreciated in Teignmouth.

The last theatre in this town was the "Athenæum," now used as a Volunteer Drill Hall.

The Hospital on Myrtle Hill (between the Station and the Dawlish Road) has been established ever since 1848. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions, this hospital does an immense amount of good work both for the town and the neighbourhood.

It has its doctor, matron, and working staff, and many "out-patients" are attended on producing a "recommend" from subscribers. Accidents are at once admitted. The pretty sheltered garden allows convalescents to enjoy sun and sea breezes without fatigue, and in it a public *fête* is yearly held for the benefit of the institution. In this garden has been placed the old East Teignmouth Market Cross, which was found during some digging in the town, and given by Mr. G. W. Ormerod to be placed in the hospital garden. This cross, of which now only the shaft remains, used to stand near a spot where now there is a large marble drinking fountain, this being the site of the East Teignmouth Market, granted by Henry III.'s charter.

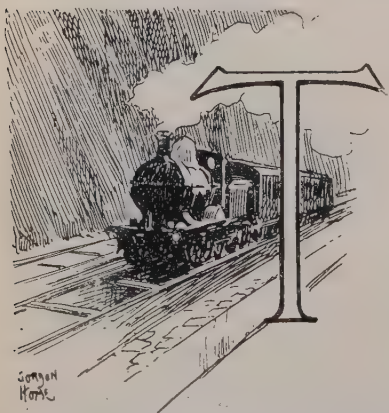
A School of Art under South Kensington is held in a house in Orchard Gardens; during the summer the master gives sketching classes to all comers, whether students or not. Behind the Market are the Public Baths, with a large swimming bath where lessons are given to those who do not care to venture in the open sea.

Besides the "London" Hotel already alluded to, which must be one of the oldest establishments if not one of the oldest buildings in the town, there are a number of others, the "Royal," on the Den, and the "Queen's," in Wellington Street, being the most important. There is a Temperance Hotel in the Station Road.

We have three lending libraries, of which the "Royal Library" is the old house originally owned by the Croydons in 1817, and which has only recently passed from the family, the present representative of the name still keeping his connection with the printing works, and the editing of the *Teignmouth Gazette*.

CHAPTER III.

TEIGNMOUTH AND THE LAST OF THE "BROAD GAUGE."



THE LAST BROAD GAUGE TRAIN
ENTERING TEIGNMOUTH.

THE railway, opened at Teignmouth in 1846, has, of course, immensely influenced the prosperity of the town. From Exeter to Newton Abbot the course of the line deserves particular study. These twenty miles or so are the masterpiece of the great engineer Brunel, who is said to have determined that

here he would show what an engineer could do, when he led the line right along the sea-shore. The object of the railway was to get from London to Plymouth, and it is asserted that to do this cheaply and easily Brunel should have struck inland from Exeter to Ashburton. We may be extremely grateful to him for not doing so, for this would have left Teignmouth to the mercy of some branch line, to be picked up some day, a place neglected from the very difficulty of getting thither.

The run from Exeter to Teignmouth is a particularly pretty one, full of interest on each side, with something noticeable whatever the season may be. Quitting the city, the grey Cathedral towers receding in the background, the railway runs near the Exe for some little way. The river is made navigable up to the city by a canal, not very visible, so that frequently the odd effect of a masted vessel floating to all appearance up the meadows is to be observed. At Turf this canal opens with a lock into the estuary of the Exe.

Exminster is the next station, the village lying a little way back from the railway, and now the river is fully in sight, with Topsham on the opposite shore. Long stretches of low meadows lie on either side of the line; in wet seasons these get much flooded, and are often the resort of a great variety of birds—gulls innumerable, rooks, jackdaws, herons, plovers (in very cold weather), and little coots may be seen on the grass, or the water. In spring golden marsh-marigolds and the white water-ranunculus fill the ditches. We pass Powderham: the church stands in the Park, the fallow deer cluster under the oaks. In early summer the masses of rhododendron are magnificent as they gleam from under the shady trees. Powderham Castle, belonging to the Earl of Devon, is plainly visible from the train. Soon after-

wards Starcross is reached: a place that has gradually grown from being the ferry passage to Exmouth. An old boat shaped like a swan, moored close to the wooden pier every summer, always excites the interest of strangers. A steam launch now runs regularly between Starcross and the new and thriving Exmouth. The mouth of the Exe is some distance off, when the train steams by the Warren, and crosses, as says a writer of 1852, "the once unfathomable swamp of Cockwood."

Such were the difficulties with which Brunel had to contend, but he fought on, leading the line along the coast to Dawlish, and there below the foot of lofty cliffs of triassic sandstone, breccia and conglomerate, tunnelling the thickness of Hole Head, taking the line through

Teignmouth, and up the estuary of the Teign to Newton Abbot. It is one of the loveliest bits of line in England; it is more than that, it is a splendid example of the power of man to subdue the earth. Moreover, it is said

The Costliest Portion of the Great Western Line. to be the most expensive piece of the whole Great Western Railway. To this day the elements are perpetually trying to recover their own. The cliffs, intensely porous, fill with water from countless springs, and are perpetually ready to fall; only continual scarping keeps them back. 'Tis not the samphire gatherer who plies his giddy trade on our cliffs to-day, but the navvy suspended upon an almost invisible rope ladder, picking at the very soil on which he is supported.

At first the line ran singly through the town, under which it passed in tunnels. Then after some thirty years or more the "South Devon Railway Company" was dissolved, and the line bought up by the Great Western. A long period was then occupied in doubling the rail by the sea wall, from Hole Head tunnel into the town, of which work a series of most interesting photographs was taken by the late Mr. G. W. Ormerod, and presented to the Albert Museum, Exeter. The opening of the line through the town followed, many houses being removed, bridges built across the principal streets, and a daylight cutting substituted for the tunnels.

Up to 1892 the railway from Exeter to Penzance was **The Last of the Broad Gauge.** the old broad gauge, the last bit left in the country: with its alteration to the narrow gauge the line may be said to have been completed. It was a wonderful piece of work, almost as remarkable as Brunel's original achievement, and the rapidity of its final accomplishment the most marvellous part of it all. For years the work was being quietly prepared. Where the line was built on sleepers a third rail was laid inside the others; but for many miles beyond Teignmouth the line ran on what was technically called the "baulk road"—that is, the rails were laid on horizontal baulks of timber, kept in place by cross bars at regular intervals. Along the line on either side of these baulks the earth was dug away, the bars were half

cut, so that the final task was merely to finish shortening them, and then push the baulk line inwards until it measured the narrow gauge. By the week ending May



**HOLE HEAD AND THE PARSON AND CLERK ROCKS FROM ABOVE,
LOOKING NORTHWARDS.** [Denney & Co.
Photo by]

A portion of the Great Western Railway can be seen, with a train emerging from the Hole Head tunnel.

20th, 1892, all was in readiness for finishing the task. Most of the cross bars were cut, the alternate ones removed; gangs of navvies came down, and camps were

established at intervals all along the line, about sixty men to every quarter of a mile. At Floor Point up the Teign there was a camp with tents and great cauldrons for cooking porridge, and buckets of cold tea. The masons belonging to the line were told off to cook for the navvies, who declared that it was thirsty work!

On Friday the last of the broad gauge came up. All day long they rumbled by, old rolling stock out of the West, much of which could not have been put on the line for years. Old carriages, old trucks, old engines, from Dartmoor lines, from obscure wayside stations in Cornwall—up they came; now and then set aside for the ordinary traffic, rolling onwards as soon as the working trains passed by. It was a muster of veterans, all responding to the last roll-call.

Between ten and eleven on Friday night the last train, the five o'clock mail from Paddington, passed down. She was not very full, but perhaps her passengers remember their journey in that historical train, and it is to be hoped that they enjoyed their destination, for there was no escape (at least not by rail) until Monday. Many people on the Torquay branch took the penny trip from Torquay to Torre station, just to say they had been in the last broad gauge train. The mail, after reaching Plymouth, and discharging her passengers and luggage, came up as fast as she could to Swindon. All along the line people were waiting up to greet her. At every local station all the officials were present, the engine was decked with boughs and flowers, champagne was drunk, healths were cried. It was "Good-bye, good-bye," everywhere to the old broad gauge, *Ave atque vale*.

At Teignmouth the scene was particularly lively, for the Yeomanry were having their yearly drill in the town, and they came to greet the passing train with the band, fireworks, champagne, and passing cheers of farewell.

And when the grey dawn broke on Saturday morning there was no rolling stock on the line all the way down the West. But not silence. From the moment the mail passed the navvies began working behind her: by flaring fires, by dim dawn light, in the early sunrise of the summer morning, they narrowed the line, fixed the

baulks, and saw that all was firm and true. By 1.30 on Saturday a light narrow gauge engine passed down the line, as the rails could not be properly fixed until an engine had gone over them—to iron the work!

It seemed a strange world without any trains, and yet before it was finished we came to the conclusion that after all our forefathers were not so badly off without the railway as we had supposed. As regards the mails, that was splendidly managed: here in Teignmouth we had two deliveries instead of four, the later ones coming in a cart from Exeter. On Sunday morning this mail cart arrived at five, bringing the usual London Sunday letters; and the cart started for Exeter at five that afternoon; the usual mail train came down, narrow gauge, at 3 a.m. on the Monday morning.

But that was a memorable Sunday in Teignmouth, for it was what is called Yeomanry Sunday, when there is a special church parade, and a full dress drill on the Den afterwards. On these occasions spectators come in from all the country round, and how, asked every one, were they going to get into the town when there were no trains? But the sisters, the cousins and the aunts of South Devon Yeomanry were not going to be debarred from the show because the Great Western had cut off the trains. All through Sunday there was a steady influx of people from every side and in every imaginable vehicle, from the coach-and-four to the humble tax-cart. A steam tug ran up and down the river, the *Duchess of Devonshire* excursion steamer plied perpetually to and fro between Exmouth, Teignmouth, and Torquay, the then rarer bicycle appeared, and tricycles that had not seen the road for many years came wheeling in, and, in short, every sort of locomotion that could be set going was utilised, trouble, fatigue, discomfort all disregarded.

And all day long the steady clink of hammer on metal told of the working at the line, and at eight o'clock on Sunday evening an engine with tender and van came down, bringing inspectors to see the work. It passed slowly, as if feeling its way, and in thirty-one hours the line was pronounced practically done. In another twenty-four hours we saw what had never before been seen in

the West, the white coaches of the London and North Western coming down all the way from Carlisle to Plymouth.

The last railway improvement at Teignmouth was the building of the new station, which had long been needed. The work was delayed many years, but the Great Western atoned for its dilatoriness by furnishing the town with a station that for size and convenience compares favourably with any in Devon.



THE CLERK ROCK.

(From a water-colour drawing made twenty years ago.) See p. 56.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BITTON ESTATE.

OF the many residences belonging to the town none are of any great extent or architectural merit. Convenient, pleasant houses, in pretty, but not extensive, gardens, they recall rather the agreeable characters of those who live in them than any merits of their own.

But those who have known Teignmouth all their lives cannot fail to express regret over the fate of the Bitton estate, now recently fallen into the builders' hands, in spite of every effort to sell it in its entirety as a private residence. This fate was perhaps inevitable; the all-devouring town has overwhelmed the property, which is too much for a town house, and does not possess the requirements now demanded for a country one.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century three residences stood on the property, of which the centre, then known as "West Cliff House," belonged to Lord Exmouth. The continual harrying of all coasts by the Algerian pirates had at that time become intolerable, and England determined to put a stop to it. The fleet sailed under Lord Exmouth, and we have some account of its expedition in "Croydon's Guide." "The fleet sailing for Algiers was plainly discerned in the offing, and excited more than usual sympathy. The cause alone of releasing Christian captives from slavery had been sufficient, but it was coupled with a more powerful motive—the commander of the expedition had his residence here." The story of the bombardment of Algiers, the freedom of the Christian slaves, the treaty which for ever put a stop to such abominations, are part of the history of England: merely a withered leaf in that laurel

crown for "wrongs redressed," Britannia has worn throughout the centuries, so many of which have been plucked on the Dark Continent.

Lord Exmouth was the hero of the day, and Teignmouth could not be proud enough of him, as the eulogies in the old "Guide" plainly show. The two small cannon outside the entrance gates of Bitton House were taken at the siege of Algiers, and the grounds were further decorated with some fine specimens of brain-corals, an old sun-dial, and a piece of the rock on which the *Royal George* was wrecked, all part of Lord Exmouth's collection. The last-named curiosities have been removed to Colonel Morrison's grounds at Rowdens, by Mrs. Morrison (*née* Miss Parson), who wished to keep these relics from her old home.

The house at the eastern end of the estate was called Teignmouth House; and in what is now known as Lower Bitton stood the original Bitton House, the stables there being part of the outbuildings. This was from the end of the eighteenth century until about 1862 the property of the Praed family, the poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, giving us in 1829 this picture of their home—

"There beamed upon the river side
A shady dwelling-place
Most beautiful! Upon that spot,
Beside the echoing wave,
A fairy might have built her grot,
An anchorite his grave.
The river with its constant fall
Came close up to the garden wall,
As if it longed, but thought it sin,
To look into the charms within.
Behind majestic mountains frowned
And dark rich groves were all around,
And just before the gate there stood
Two trees that were themselves a wood:
Two lovely trees whose clasping forms
Were blended still in calms and storms
Like sisters who have lived together
Through every change of fortune's weather,
United in their bliss and sorrow,
Their yesterday and their to-morrow,
So fond, so faithful, you would wonder
To see them smile or weep asunder."

These two elms, "the sisters," are yet standing in Lower Bitton; they have always been connected with the poet's sisters, though whether they were planted by the Misses Praed or at their birth does not seem very clear. Long may it be before the axe touches them!

Lord Exmouth died in Teignmouth, but is buried at Canon Teign. After his death Mr. William Mackworth Praed added Higher Bitton to his property, and kept the place as a country house until about 1863, when it was all bought by Mr. John Parson, then chairman of the Metropolitan Railway.

Mr. Parson was born at Teignmouth, his father, Captain Parson, R.N., living in Church House, near St. Michael's. Having made his fortune in London through that combination of diligence, ability, and foresight that constitute financial genius, Mr. Parson returned to his native town, bringing his family to reside in the most beautiful estate of a beautiful locality. He pulled down Teignmouth House, and the house in Lower Bitton, and greatly enlarged and improved the present Bitton House, which was for many years a centre of gaiety, hospitality, and happiness that those who shared in its pleasures will never forget.

CHAPTER V.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED AND OTHER WORTHIES OF THE TOWN.

DEVON has contributed largely to the makers of England both in the arts of peace and war, and Teignmouth must not be omitted when reckoning up those who have added to the literature, science, and art of the country.

Among literary people the name of Winthrop Mackworth Praed is well known as standing high among our minor lyrical poets. Teignmouth was, as we have seen, the country home of the family, and on the north side of West Teignmouth churchyard will be found the monument to the poet's father—"William Mackworth Praed, Sergeant at Law, born 1756, died at Bitton in 1835." On the other side is the name of his daughter Elizabeth, born 1796, died at Bitton 1830.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed was the third son, born July 26th, 1802, at 35, John Street, Bedford Row, the town house of the family. Bitton has always been regarded as his youthful home, where, his mother dying while he was yet a child, his "mother-sister" Elizabeth had chief care of the delicate boy, who early displayed a talent for versifying. Poetry at that date was considerably the fashion, and Winthrop Praed's talent was carefully cultivated at home, and afterwards encouraged when he went to school, first at Colnbrook, then at Eton. Some of his first work was printed in Eton College publications in 1819. Cambridge naturally followed Eton, but Mr. Praed returned to the latter place as tutor to the Marquis of Ailesbury. Mainly through his efforts the "Boys' Library" was founded at Eton, and it has

been said that the harm done to the college by the evil influence of Shelley was in a great measure counteracted by the admirable example of Winthrop Praed.

After concluding his tutorship he was called to the Bar in 1829, and, determining upon a parliamentary career, was elected for St. Germain's, which he represented from 1830 till the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832; in 1834 he was returned for Great Yarmouth, for which town he sat till 1837, when he was asked to stand for Aylesbury, of which borough he was member till his death.

He married in 1835 Miss Bogle, the "Helen" of many of his verses. Their married life was very brief, Mr. Praed dying in London in 1839, and being buried at Kensal Green. His brother William erected a stall to his memory in Eton College Chapel.



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Like many men, Winthrop Mackworth Praed has not been remembered through the work he himself thought of greatest importance. It is as a poet, not an M.P., that he leaves his name behind him. Of these poems the ballad of "The Red Fisherman" is the most striking in its weird originality, and has rightly been included in all collections of recent ballad poetry; but perhaps his happiest lines were those light *vers de société* that so pleasantly hit off the manners of the times. We find many of them

scattered among the pages of old annuals, especially the "Literary Souvenir," from 1827 to 1832, and Teignmouth is fortunate in having been described more than once by his pen. I have already largely drawn from the "Descriptive Fragment" which pictures our town. His "Arrivals at our Watering-place" is another Teignmouth sketch, telling how the summer finds—

"The lodgings at enormous prices,
New donkeys and another fly,
And Madam Bonbon's out of ices
Although we're hardly in July."

There are two "Letters from Teignmouth," of which the first, "Our Ball," is so fresh and true that any girl in the town now on the threshold of a new century might claim it as a picture of her occupations. It is an entreaty to "Clarence"—who may be brother or cousin—to "come to our ball," with a comment on what has passed in his absence—

"I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with pup,
I've often been over to Shaldon
To see how your boat is laid up."

And was it of the new St. James's that he wrote, in that pretty ballad, "The Vicar"—

"The church is larger than before,
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry"?

Dr. Lake describes how, as a lad, he used to see Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed in church, on his occasional visits to his family, when the poet M.P. appeared in the gallery pew, his hair brushed into a tuft on either side, and a wide velvet collar turned down over his coat. "And I didn't think anything in particular about him," adds our old friend.

But a man has taken his place in literature when his works have been familiar to the country for well-nigh a century, and it is time that Teignmouth should assert herself to remind the world of her connection with

Winthrop Mackworth Praed. There are three libraries in the town, and not one of them possesses a copy of his works. This deficiency might, at any rate, be remedied, and perhaps by the time that a Winthrop Praed centenary approaches something might be done towards giving him a fitting memorial in the town.

In 1818, Keats, already in bad health, and searching for warm climates, spent a winter and spring in Teignmouth. A year or two ago, Dr. Lake and Mr. H. Buxton Forman, C.B. (the latter then



JOHN KEATS.

(From a portrait by William Hilton, R.A.)

busy in searching for memorials of Keats), were at some pains to ascertain, if possible, the house in which he stayed. By studying his letters they concluded that the young poet lodged in a house (now 35, Strand) at the corner of Queen Street, a turning towards the river. Then, as now, there was a shop close by, and the pretty milliners who kept it seemed to have been no small attraction to the young gentleman as yet "to fortune and

to fame unknown," who was busy revising and finishing his "Endymion," begun the year previously in the Isle



NO. 35, STRAND, TEIGNMOUTH.

Where the poet Keats resided and from which he issued his "Endymion."

of Wight, but which was issued from Teignmouth, the author's preface bearing the date, "Teignmouth, April 10th, 1818."

Luny Cottage and Luny House in Teign Street must be names the significance of which puzzle a stranger. But here lived the well-known painter of sea pieces, J. Luny, in 1818. Nowadays the man of talent has to suffer the interviewer more or less gladly, but, at any rate, he is spared the intrusion of the casual caller, and is not advertised in the local guides. Croydon's guide-book included Mr. Luny as one of the sights of the town. "It will not be inappropriate to recommend the admirers of marine painting to visit J. Luny, Esq., whose works evidently show the hand of a master."

The name of Mr. George Wareing Ormerod is well known among scientific men for his valuable contributions to the geological knowledge of Devon, and especially of Dartmoor, where he made a particular study of the minerals of the whole district. Mr. Ormerod was a resident of Teignmouth for many years, and took great interest in all local affairs. The Teign Naturalists' Field Club, instituted for the study of local natural history, was founded by him. He died here in 1891.

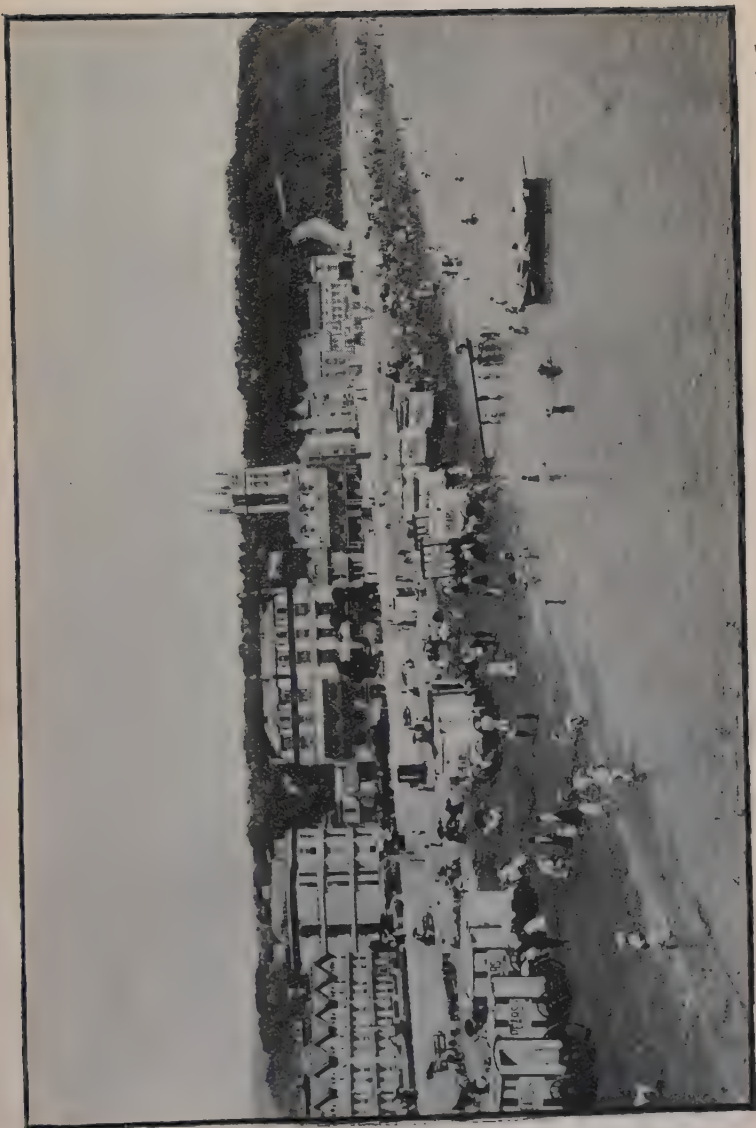
CHAPTER VI.

THE SEA COAST.

TEIGNMOUTH is justly proud of its sandy beach, undoubtedly the best on the coast of Devon. Ordinarily there is a beach, even at high tides, and at low tide it may fairly be reckoned to extend from the Point at the harbour mouth, to the Parson and Clerk, at Hole Head, a distance of nearly three miles. On the west stands that red bluff, the Ness, bearing shady woods on its summit. Ness House, facing the sea, is Lord Clifford's property; he is lord of the manor of West Teignmouth, East Teignmouth belonging to the Earl of Devon; and, oddly enough, a bit of the Den, near the Point and lighthouse, is in the "manor of Kenton," also Courtenay property.

From the Ness we carry our eyes down the long line of coast eastward to Hope's Nose, with two rocks, the large one the Ore-stone, and the flat Load-stone standing off the extreme point, the light break of rock where the marble quarry of Anstey's Cove is plainly visible, and above, on Babbacombe Downs, stands the tower of Mary Church and the spire of All Saints, Babbacombe.

Then comes an open space of sea, stretching to the Dorset coast. Portland Bill is not visible from the Den, but the farthest point appearing on a clear day is Golden Cap, just west of Bridport. The chalk of Seaton and Beer, the first white cliffs of Albion, appear on this side; High Peak, over Sidmouth, rears a conical crest, and the red coast runs down until it reaches Exmouth, and the estuary of the Exe, hidden, as is Dawlish from Teignmouth beach, by the massive wall of Hole Head, with its jutting crag the "Parson," opposite to which the



“ Clerk ” stands out at sea. They were, says legendary lore, a Vicar of Dawlish and his clerk, who had been over to Teignmouth collecting tithes, and were riding home together. It should be remembered that they would take the old inland road, down the lanes ; and as the night was very wet and wild it is not altogether remarkable that they lost their way. Presently they came to a house which they could not remember having seen before ; but the windows were bright with lights, and they could hear the laughter of many merry guests. Very heartily did both the parson and the clerk wish themselves inside, and they were much surprised when a window was thrown open and a voice invited them in. Willingly they accepted the invitation, entered, sat down, and soon began enjoying themselves. Every moment they waxed merrier. The parson, forgetting the sanctity of his calling, drank deep, and sang songs unfit for a priest ; the clerk, copying his master, grew even more jovial than a layman should have done. By-and-by they felt it was time to be getting home, and with giddy heads and unsteady legs they went to their horses. The parson was sure they did not know the way, and declared he must have a guide, even if it were the devil himself. Whereat one of their hosts, the same man who had asked them in, undertook to put them on the way for Dawlish. He led them to the top of the road, and bade them go straight on. But when they had gone a little way, they thought the tide had risen uncommonly high ; it reached their feet, though a moment before they had been sure they were on dry ground. And the more they attempted to ride away the higher rose the water. Boisterous laughter echoed around, but the guide had vanished. They shouted and he came—a bright flash of light revealed him—it was the devil himself, jeering and pointing to the sea, into which they had ridden. Morning dawned, but the parson and clerk were never found again. Their horses were straying on the sands, and at Hole Head stood, daily washed by the tide, those two rocks which bear their names.

The beach is also haunted by a certain Sir Warwick



Photo 11

SURF BREAKING ON THE SEA-WALL BETWEEN TEIGNMOUTH AND DAWLISH.
The face of the wall is curved outwards to throw back the breaking seas.

[Denney & Co.

Tonkin, who, the old people will tell you, frequents the shore making ropes of sand. Why this poor gentleman is thus employed I cannot say. He was a resident in the town during the "forties and fifties," a gentleman of fashion, a friend of Louis Napoleon, who interested himself in many schemes for the benefit of the place; and if he suffered from a good deal of unnecessary vanity, did not deserve the fate that is meted out for Tregeagle on the Cornish coast.

Probably the first stroll any one will take after reaching
Sea-Wall. Teignmouth will be along the sea-wall, which forms a delightful walk, level and clean at all seasons of the year, and affording constant changes of lights and colours on the views of cliff and sea and distant shore obtained therefrom. It ends in a flight of steps, and a steep path called Smugglers' Lane, at the head of which runs the cross-road into Holcombe village. This is a pretty cluster of thatched cottages, flowers growing up to the very roofs, deep porches, and on the hills all round are gnarled apple-trees, for the place is, so to say, buried in its orchard lawns. And if you were to continue along the high road eastwards you would reach Dawlish after another mile or more of a very hilly walk. But there really isn't time for seeing Dawlish on this occasion—inseparably connected though the history of the two places must be, I must return to my subject, Teignmouth, leaving Dawlish for another opportunity.* So we will make our way back along the high road westwards, reaching at the top of the hill a cross-way which used to be named Gorway Cross, Polwhele noting that a wayside cross used to stand there, destroyed some little time before he wrote. Here the high road, the road to Holcombe, and the old Dawlish Road meet; the last-named being a pretty, hilly lane trending inland, and descending into Dawlish near the old Parish Church. The name of Gorway is preserved for one of the resi-

* Dawlish has so many local interests of its own, and lies among such pleasant surroundings, that it was found impossible to treat it with the detail it merits in this volume. I hope, through the kindness of the Homeland Association, to be able shortly to bring out a little book entirely devoted to Dawlish and the neighbourhood, where are many most interesting places almost unknown to ordinary sightseers.

dences on the road that enters Teignmouth, but for a pleasant walk we had better turn down the tiny lane that creeps near a garden wall not far from the old turnpike cottage. This little cut is known as Lovers' Lane, and is so narrow that two must be agreed to walk close together, or else assertive dignity will stride in front, while injured innocence paces slowly behind! Presently a stile is reached, and a field path leads into another winding lane known as the Wanes. If it is true that this term signifies "a winding road over cliffs," it is well named. St. Michael's tower comes in sight, and very soon we are back in Teignmouth, much at the same place whence we started for the walk on the wall.

Among other advantages, shared by all the West coast, is to be reckoned that Nature and the moon have so arranged as to give us the lowest spring tides at mid-day. Roughly calculating, we consider that at spring tide the water is low at 12, and high at 6 o'clock; making the beach and shore most available during the middle of the day.

Another merit of Teignmouth beach is its safety, either for walking or bathing. There is no fear of being caught by the tide anywhere along it. The rocks round the Parson and Clerk are only uncovered at spring tides, and here the water does come in rather sharply round the corner of the cliff. But even were any one caught here they would only suffer the inconvenience of waiting for low water, the front of the cliff rising above high-tide mark, and being broken into a shallow cavern. From this side the appearance of the Clerk is somewhat altered, and a cleft through the top of the rock is visible. Bathing is permitted along the open shore from the beginning of the sea-wall to the Parson and Clerk from the hours of 9 p.m. to 8 a.m. The gentlemen's bathing machines are on the west side of the pier, the ladies' on the east. I have never heard of any fatality among bathers using the machines, as every precaution is taken in rough weather. Sometimes a heavy sea will wash an unexpected pit along part of the shore, but the owners of the machines give every warning necessary to prevent bathers getting out of

The Safety of
the Beach.

their depth in such places. Dresses and towels can be hired with the machines for a very small extra charge, and there are also deck chairs for hire on the beach for those who do not care to sit on the sands.

The same remarks about rocks and tides may be repeated as regards the Ness. Those who

The Ness. enjoy a rock scramble will find a delightful excursion in crossing the ferry, and choosing a time when the tide is falling, making their way across the rocks that lie heaped at the foot of the headland, looking, as the witty Barham described them, "like anchovy sauce spread upon toast." On the other side of the Ness there is a stretch of sandy beach, where there is a tunnel through the cliff to Ness House, as that residence has its private path, and a bathing cove on the shore. Here a runlet of fresh water trickles through the tangled herbage that clothes the cliff, and many a picnic kettle has been boiled upon the shore. The Rifle Volunteer targets are also here. Crossing another group of rocks, "Labrador" is reached, where in June strawberries and cream flow like Canaan's milk and honey. The warm, sunny cliff has had strawberry gardens spread upon its face. Here they ripen lusciously under the southern sunshine, and feasters come on foot, or by boat, though landing is not always easy. Should pedestrians outstay the tide, there is a pathway up the cliffs leading into the Torquay road by which to return home.

The best way to see the coast is to take a boat, with some inquiries as to the tide over the bar, and the wind "outside," as it is not always fit to go down the coast. All necessary details can be learnt from the boatmen, or the pleasure-boat owners will send out a trustworthy man to pull, and take all responsibility.

There is a little consideration needed in getting over the bar, which is marked, even on a calm day, with a little curl of white water, where the waves reach that broad belt of shifting sand that prevents any vessels of large tonnage from entering the harbour.

Then away down the coast, beyond Labrador, by Minnicombe Bell Rock, which stands just off the shore,

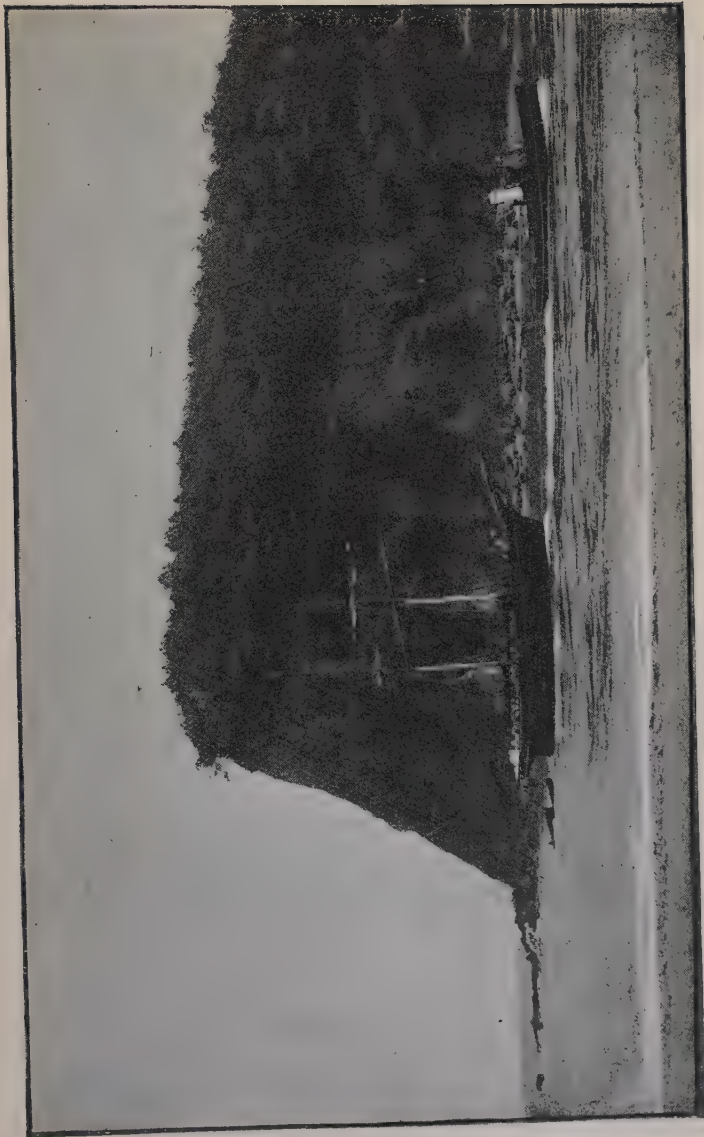


Photo by]

THE NESS.

The sandstone headland, of a deep red colour, at the mouth of the Teign.

[Denney & Co.

to Watcombe, where jagged Petit Tor overlooks the sea, and Maidencombe, for one winter the residence of Rudyard Kipling, who declared it would have been lovely if it had not always rained! Bablacombe Downs are



Ore-stone.

Hope's Nose.

THE VIEW SOUTHWARDS FROM LABRADOR.

The house and gardens are perched on a ledge half-way up the face of a tremendous cliff.

now civilised with villas and golf links, but the cowslips still grow there within reach of the sea spray. Oddicombe beach has red cliffs and white pebbles, and so we

come upon Anstey's Cove and the Torquay Marbles, and just beyond is the Ore-stone, tempting the adventurous to pull a bit farther, and have a look at this rock, never quitted by the restless waves. At the northern angle they have cut out a cave big enough for a boat to enter, and all this side of the rock is very precipitous. On the south side the geological strata is very interesting. The limestone has been uplifted by the intrusion of a greenstone rock. At one angle the limestone touches the sea; sharply beside it rises a perpendicular wall of greenstone, which has broken and raised the stratified rock about it. All is of course very much cracked and fissured, and the highest point terminates in a cairn of loose limestone that looks as if at any time it might fall into the sea. This limestone is a mass of fossil coral *favosites*, and it gives a remarkable example of what may have been the original appearance of such a coral bed. A few fossil shells show amongst it, and some *orthoceratites* that almost defy the geological hammer. It is possible to land on this south side, though the acorn barnacles with which the rock is covered are painfully sharp to the hands. Rough vegetation grows on the top of the plateau—sea beet, and the tree mallow, and a few sandworts. Nor is the Ore-stone without its inhabitants. It is colonised by a little beetle of bright scarlet colour, *Pyrrhoderis apterus*, which is hardly known in any other part of the British Islands except the few rocks at this corner of Devon. Here it is so abundant as to gleam in scarlet patches on the grey, barren soil, and twenty or more may be caught on a bunch of thistle-down. Needless to say, landing on the Ore-stone can only be effected in calm weather, and at any time boating parties must be prepared for the heavy recoil of the sea from the foot of the cliffs. If the weather is fair a trip to the Ore-stone may be taken direct from Teignmouth without creeping along the coast. The distance from the beach is just seven miles.

The sea-wall, which affords a pleasant, clean walk at all times of the year, very much affects the sea for boating when the tide is up, the rolling recoil of the water from the stonework being often very heavy. It

is a pleasant pull to Dawlish, but not as interesting as the other way. Beyond the Parson and Clerk lies the "Fairy Beach," or Shell Cove, a pretty landing-place, though care must be taken in getting the boat between the rocks. Sometimes it is very tricky landing anywhere at Dawlish, but a special shelter for boats has been made on the extreme west of the beach under the cliffs, and here there are always men ready to pull a boat ashore.



ROUND THE NESS.

Towards Maidencombe and Babbacombe,

CHAPTER VII.

UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.

THE beautiful estuary of the Teign affords at high water six miles of uninterrupted boating from the harbour to Newton Abbot, and some little way farther up the meadows, where the stream is navigable as far as old Teign bridge, though only at very high tides is it possible to get a light craft up all the way. Pleasure-boats may be hired from Perryman, Scagell, and other boat-keepers, who mostly have them moored on the shore near the Coastguard Station. The Urban District Council is very particular as to the safety of the crafts and the efficiency of the men, making strict inquiries every spring about the condition of the boats, etc., and licensing only those pleasure-boats that are fit for hire. The charge is usually ninepence an hour without a man, or one shilling with one, and rather more for sailing-boats. It would be worth while for anybody to take a man the first time of going up the river, to point out the channel, sandbanks, and backwater, for the Teign is a little difficult, especially at the bridge. If it is studied from the bridge at low water, it will be seen that all the way up the centre is choked with sandbanks. Of these the most extensive is Salty, below the bridge, between Teignmouth and Shaldon. At neap tides this does not get quite covered. Above bridge the channel is marked out with stakes and buoys all the way up on either side. Going through the bridge requires consideration: the current runs very swiftly through the arches, and also crookedly, so that careful steering is necessary. In taking a boat against the tide, whether up or down, the stone arch (with the

drawbridge over it) should be chosen, as a strong back-water runs through it. The large arch at the Shaldon side of the river should be avoided by those unfamiliar with the Teign, as the force of the current there frequently renders it very dangerous. In crossing the harbour mouth, there is at half-tide a considerable eddy from the Point, which must be remembered and calculated for. With these few warnings kept in mind, boating in the Teign need be attended by no risks. There may be a tug against tide, or it is possible to get aground on a sandbank, but no treacherous rock lies below water ready to tear out the bottom of a boat, and there are many hours when the oars may be shipped and the boat allowed to drift on the gentle current without fear of any harm.

Until 1853 the port of Teignmouth was reckoned in nautical parlance as "a creek under Exeter," but that year it was made a free port, with great festivities to commemorate the circumstance. Unfortunately the bar outside prevents any vessels of large tonnage coming into the harbour, though of late years some good-sized steamers, English, Danish, and Swedish, have entered to unload directly into railway trucks, that are brought close to the side of the quays.

The length and convenience of the quays has also been much improved, but the "New Quay," as it is called, is of interest from having been built in 1820, for the loading and shipping of the Dartmoor granite to rebuild London Bridge. The stone was sent by barges to Teignmouth, and there shipped for the Thames.

A trade in salt fish with Newfoundland has existed ever since the 18th century, but has not been so brisk of late years.

To Dr. Whipham, a former Vicar of Kingsteignton, the discovery of the valuable china clay filling the
 China Clay. Teign valley is due, and this constitutes the principal export, from Teignmouth to all parts of the world.

Every day the picturesque "lighters" with their lugails may be seen coming down the river, and many vessels from other ports enter Teignmouth light, sure of a cargo here.



[Gordon Home.

LOOKING OVER THE RIVER FROM TEIGN HARVEY FARM.

Drawn by]

GORDON
HOME

At high tide the harbour presents a very pretty picture that the pen of Clark Russell would best describe. Some big steamer is unloading at the quay, the rattle of the donkey engine ringing over the water, mingling harmoniously with the "Yeo-ho" of the men who are hauling the cargo out of a collier. Close by a barge is discharging her clay in lumps. These are picked up on a spiked stick by the men, who are known as "lumpers," and lifted lump by lump over the vessel's side, a leisurely process only to be witnessed in the dreamy West Countree. Some Norwegian sailors scull across in their "pram," the quaintly shaped "jolly boat" built to encounter the seas of the fiords. A ship is ready to go out, flying her name and "Blue Peter" at the mast-head. The little tug puffs up and tows her away, and off she goes with a waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and the cheery cry of the men as they haul up the shaking sail.

Above bridge the calm blue water often lies like an unruffled lake, with little more on it than an occasional skiff sailing to and fro, and some fishing-boats, where the men are dredging for mussels. During the season the salmon boats are moored at anchor at intervals up the river, waiting for the rising tide to bring the fish in from the sea.

The Shaldon shore is the prettier, for here cliff and meadow are untouched by road or rail. Above Ringmore Point and the old Church of St. Nicholas, the Lime-kiln is reached, one of the many old disused kilns scattered over the country. It is a favourite place for picnics, as landing is very easy and the shady shore affords good bathing without mud or weeds.

A story is told of a purse of money buried in the Lime-kiln which will be given to any adventurer who dares go and fetch it at midnight.

Beyond this low cliffs edge the shore as far as Teign Harvey, where the thatched roofs of the farm nestle among the trees, and the slopes are covered with orchards—a typical bit of Devonshire scenery. And here strangers should be reminded that in landing they must run ashore at the side of the little beach, not the centre, which is very muddy. This applies

to all the river coves, the corners of which will be found to have nice shingly ground for landing.

Very lovely are these cliffs in early summer, overgrown with wild cherries that hang out beautiful banners of blossom over the water, and the red rocks are broken by many a nook and cleft, where one can anchor and loiter under the shadows, watching the boats that pass up and



TEIGN HARVEY FARM.

down, or the little baby pipe-fishes darting in and out among the seaweeds.

The water-wagtails come boldly on to the rocks close by, a flock of sandpipers flits across the river, some stately heron makes its way towards the sand-banks, beautiful white gulls skim overhead, or some cormorant, dark and grim, perches on a distant buoy, motionless as if he were cast-iron, until something startles him, and with a sudden croak he dives out of sight. There is a splash and a silver gleam—a salmon leaps out of the water, swift in his movements as a falling star; and just as quick, and, if possible, brighter, is the blue flash that passes near the cliff—seen and vanished—it is the kingfisher.

The bay above Teign Harvey is Archbrook, where the stream coming down the valley forms a muddy delta, and

landing can only be made by the cliff at the corner. Archbrook is wonderfully sheltered; it is the garden of the river. Here the hawthorn is in blossom by the 1st of May, the hedges are a tangle of wild clematis, and the meadows near the brook are golden with marsh marigolds and yellow iris.

The little bridge crossing the stream divides the parishes of Coombe and Stoke-in-Teign-head.

Coombe-Cellars is but a little way farther up. It is the goal of most river parties, and has been so for quite a century. Keats expressed his appreciation of it, sending these lines in a letter from Teignmouth—

“ Here all the summer I could stay :
 For there's Bishops Teign, and Kings Teign,
 And Coombe at the clear Teign head,
 Where close by the stream
 You may have your cream
 All spread upon barley bread.
 Then who would go into dark Soho,
 And chatter with lank-haired critics,
 When here he can stay
 For the new-mown hay
 And startle the dappled crickets ? ”

“ Cockles and cream ” are the specialities of the Cellars, which, distant about three miles from Teignmouth, is built upon piles jutting out into the river. Lately the house, that was getting out of repair, has been rebuilt, but though the picturesque thatch is gone the shape is outwardly unaltered. The views from the balcony looking up the river are very fine, the long line of Dartmoor with the three lofty tors standing up against the sky, below them the undulating hills, meadow clad, that lie behind Newton, and in front the silver river. The sunsets from this balcony are worth waiting for, gleaming as they do over the water, and perhaps tinging red some sail of a dark barge as it makes its way up the stream.

Suggestions of smuggling hang about the Cellars, though kindly antiquaries have tried to identify the place with some of the old salt factories of the locality. It is the

scene of Mr. Baring Gould's novel, "Kitty Alone," a story not to be relied upon for accuracy of description or of dates; but if accepted as "fiction," interesting enough to read on the river.

When the cockles and cream are disposed of, and the game of skittles done (everybody who goes to the Cellars plays skittles), the boat may be regained, and pulling



Photo by]

GOOMBE-CELLARS.

[Denney & Co.

A favoured resort on the Teign.

farther up, the aspect of the river-shore will be found to have altered; the red cliffs are changed for grey ones overhung with tangled woods. The junction of the shale and new red sandstone close by here is very interesting to the geologist, representing as it does a great "fault" in the rocks, which extends right across the river bed, and is repeated at Ware Hill on the Teignmouth side.

The shale makes a delightful beach, and many are the picnic parties to be met with on the shore, or in the woods all the way up to Netherton Point. The channel narrows here, the course all the way up being marked by buoys, and at half-tide the line of seaweed on the edge of the bank is plainly visible. Above Netherton and below Buckland Woods a short towing path commences, and the stream is led up a made course as far as the railway bridge at Newton Abbot.

To make a satisfactory excursion up the meadows at Newton, some summer evening should be chosen when there is a new, or preferably a full moon, and the meadows can be approached on the rising tide. If the moon is three days after her change the tides will be at their fullest, and high at about eight o'clock. Leaving Teignmouth at about four or five, with the current helping all the way, it is an easy pull of little more than an hour. Pass under the railway bridge, and take the turning to the right, the road bridge between Newton and Kingsteignton will soon be reached. It is necessary to look out for "stickles," as they are locally termed, those places where the water trickles, and

" Glides in silver waterways,
Over the golden gravel."

Sometimes it is even necessary to wait a few moments until the water has risen sufficiently to lift up the boat.

But who will grudge delay? The banks are a mass of blossoms, teeming with

" Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,"

mixed with meadow-sweet, blue vetches, and comfrey.

Wide-spreading sycamore trees border the shore at the edge of Newton Racecourse: farther up is a view of Sampford Audley, Pacha Sir Samuel Baker's house; and the three tors

rise beyond it. Farther up the stream borders Teign Bridge Cricket Ground, with its pretty club-house, where dinners and occasional dances are held during the summer. The course narrows; many times do the alders that border the bank brush against the boat. Up here is

what the boatmen call the weir—not a real weir, but a tiny fall in the stream over which it is possible to get the boat only at the very highest tides. Old Teign bridge is just beyond, and rarely is it possible to pull a boat so far. Probably by the time the meadows have been thoroughly enjoyed the tide will have turned, and slipping down on the ebb makes an easy journey homewards. The distance from Teignmouth harbour to Old Teign bridge may be little more than seven miles.

The northern side of the river, though not so picturesque, has its interests. Below Newton, as far as Hackney Reach, lie marshy meadows, where the water is still brackish, and salt marsh vegetation overgrows the soft soil. These marshes are only covered at very high tides, and being full of fresh-water springs they present a most curious appearance when the rising waves creep over them—the springs dancing up through the water, like white fingers beckoning in wild despair. Hackney Reach is a row of low thatched cottages on the shore, a shallow channel leading up to the houses, only navigable once or twice a day. In former times, Risdon tells us, the harbour of Teignmouth had the right to claim any valuables found on a body drowned between Hackney Reach and the Parson and Clerk.

On this side of the river, from Hackney to Ware Barton it is only possible to get a boat along at high tide. Nearly opposite Coombe-Cellars a rock juts out into the river, known as “Buckingham Palace.” On the top of this will be found traces of building, a summer-house having once stood there, belonging to the property of “Wood” at Bishopsteignton. It is said that a crazy old man named Buckingham took up his residence on the rock, hence its name. The sea lavender grows in profusion on the beach, and tiny briar roses and the everlasting pea suggest that there are traces of a former garden. Just below is “Lucky Steps,” where a flight of wooden steps leads to a bridge over the railway, and good fortune is said to attend the individual who stands upon it when the train passes underneath. The sandy shore with its sheltered nooks and safe bathing makes a popular picnic

spot. All down the rough railway wall grows the samphire, and one may guess by the copses and cliffs that before the railway came this side of the river was as pretty as the other. Floor Point follows, after which the river bank offers nothing of interest all the way to the bridge. It is the best side to take if there should be an easterly wind.

I have observed that the Teign is tricky. This I think is particularly the case at the turn of the tide, when the water and weather will frequently alter completely. It is never worth while to turn the boat with the tide, but better to wait a quarter of an hour or so to see what the water will settle into before starting. A west wind blowing hard down the river with a rising tide makes boating almost impracticable ; at any rate, it can be no longer called "pleasure boating," being sheer hard work. With an east wind the river will be little affected until above Archbrook, where the wind catches it sharply. There is a considerable draught down the valley here, and also between the gashouse and limekiln, frequently making choppy water at these points when the rest of the river is comparatively calm. But the estuary is very wide, and so feels the wind more than an inland river would do.

To reach Coombe-Cellars against a west wind, the best plan is to row up the Teignmouth side as far as Floor Point and thence cross to the Cellars ; this is the old ferry course between Bishopsteignton and Coombe ; and in very severe frosts the river has often been able to be crossed here on foot over the ice.

Boating accidents on the Teign are so infrequent, that it is evident the river may be enjoyed by any fair oarsman without apprehension.

CHAPTER VIII.

FISHING.

NO license is necessary for sea fishing, nor in the estuary of the Teign, except for the salmon. These are caught with rod and line above Newton, but lower down the river in seines.

To Frank Buckland we owe the salmon in the Teign.

Fishing. He came to Exeter in 1867, lectured upon the fisheries, inspected the Exe, Teign, and other Devonshire rivers, restocked them with fish, and worked so energetically that in ten years the salmon fishing was well re-established in the West.

The season on the Teign begins in March, and continues until September. During this time the salmon boats, each numbered, are moored at intervals up the river, the seines piled in the stern ready for work when the tide turns. A salmon license costs £5, which is paid in shares by the men in each boat. No license is required for salmon caught "outside," that is, at sea; but the number of salmon mysteriously found in the mackerel nets decreases as the industry grows more prosperous, and the men find it worth while to work fairly.

From March till September the salmon fishing makes a daily excitement on the river. From Friday at sunset till Monday sunrise is "close time," when the salmon are left to go up the river and spawn unmolested. All through the rest of the week, as the tide rises, the men may be seen throwing out the seines, and then laboriously dragging them in again, often only to find the net full of weeds, or a few flat fishes, locally known as "flukes." It is heavy work, and wet work, frequently reminding

the onlooker of the old cry, "We have toiled all night and taken nothing."

A practised eye can judge if there is salmon in the seine before it comes in. The king of the fishes does not struggle and leap like a little fish, but lies still, reserving all his strength for the final battle. Should a good haul ensue, an exciting struggle follows, the men fighting the big fish that sometimes will even knock them down, and

are quite capable of leaping clean over the boat and escaping. They are killed by a blow on the head with a knife, and I have seen as many as twenty-five landed in one seine. It is really a splendid sight, a stirring scene of beautiful salmon and excited men, with a lovely landscape surrounding it as a setting.

Sometimes the weight of two or three good fishes will compensate for lack of quantity. They have



Photo by]

[Denney & Co.

LOOKING SOUTHWARDS ALONG THE SEA FRONT.

been taken as heavy as 54 lbs. With characteristic idleness, the men quit the work as soon as they have got what they consider a fair haul. The fish are brought in, laid on the beach, and sold by auction on the spot. They fetch from 8d. to 2s. the pound. Most of them are sent direct to London, but some of them are taken by the local fish shops, or a few small peel sold privately. Now and then a watering-place visitor who has seen the fish caught makes a bid from the boat, under the impression that the

unsophisticated fisherman will charge next to nothing. This usually results in paying a fancy price. The best plan is to get some of the pleasure boatmen to bid at the auction, and in this way it is very possible to get a small peel weighing from 3 to 5 lbs. for about 7*d.* or 8*d.* the pound.

Visitors who wish for a few hours' fishing up the river, or outside, should apply to the boatmen, who will find lines and bait, know the best places, and manage the boat while its occupants pull the fish in. The men keep fresh mussels or sprats ready for baiting. Pollock are often caught by an artificial bait known as Belgian grub. The best river fish are salmon-bass and pollock. The former are taken from an anchored boat, or caught with lines thrown over the bridge. Pollock may be found all down the harbour, and best of all near the river mouth, where they congregate under the shallow rocks. The boat is kept in gentle motion, the line trailed behind; and on a summer's evening there will be many little pleasure craft on the water, whose occupants are enjoying the gentle art of angling.

Dab and mackerel are the principal fish got outside. For "dabbing" it is necessary to row out a mile or more, to reach the gravelly dabbing grounds, where these dainty little flat fish are found.

Late in August or September the mackerel, as the men say, "begin to bite"—that is, they can be caught by hook and line instead of needing the seine. Few sports are more enjoyable than getting a day's mackerel fishing, with a good sailing boat that skims lightly over the waves, taking a course nearly to the Ore-stone, or Budleigh Salterton. The lines are thrown out, baited at first with bits of mussel, but as soon as a few fish are taken nothing is so tempting to the mackerel as a bit of brother mackerel's tail. On the whole, the fish are small—we do not find the great Plymouth mackerel in our bay—but they are none the less dainty for that; indeed, no mackerel is so nice as the little "Joey" fresh caught and fried. And they look perfectly lovely in their bright iridescence when first they come out of the water. The boat skims over the waves, trailing the lines behind it, and no distance off follow the sea-birds—the gulls and guillemots, hoping

for the fish ere it can be pulled in. With them, if the season is late, and the distance far out at sea, may often be seen the Great Skua (see illustration on page 122), who has come down from the north after the mackerel. The men call him the Mackerel Cock, for he does not dive himself after the fish, but depends on his superior size and power to rob the gulls as they rise out of the wave. And often rocking all along the edge of the water may be seen rows of quaint little puffins, with their fat faces and hooked beaks, like queer clumsy parrots.

Some people sneer at this fishing as lacking sport, but more skill is needed in pulling in a line and landing a mackerel safely than most will credit until they have tried, for a very active mackerel can easily wriggle himself into the sea again, none the worse for his adventure. The cost of such a day's fishing is about 7s. 6d. to 10s. for boat, two men, bait, etc., and the result will probably be more fish than anybody wants, with a delightful experience of sport, scenery, and sea-birds, that make up a day's enjoyment no one will fail to remember with pleasure.



A CHINA CLAY LIGHTER.

One of the familiar objects on the Teign (see p. 68).

CHAPTER IX.

HALDON AND THE COUNTRY NORTH OF THE RIVER.

WHEN the interests of sea and river are exhausted, Little Haldon still awaits exploration. Though it may truly be said that all our country roads lead thither, the simplest way of reaching the moorland is by the Exeter road that, passing behind St. James's Church, leads straight up the hill.

On the right are the old "East and West Teignmouth Parochial Schools, founded in 1815, and rebuilt in 1859." These schools are still used, the new Board School buildings on Brook Hill not being large enough to accommodate all the youthful population, for Teignmouth swarms with children.

The road is pretty, shady, with some handsome residences on either side, and a fine prospect of sea and country as it ascends to the Cemetery.

Before reaching the Cemetery, and just above it, two lanes from the left side run steeply down from the high road into Coombe valley below. They are called Rocky Lane and Paddon's Lane, but the higher one was formerly known as Magdalen Lane. The valley into which they lead, with its thatched farms and meadowy orchards sheltered in the hollow, is a typical Devonshire coombe.

Above the Cemetery the New Reservoir stands upon land which was once occupied by a ruined Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, nearly every trace of which had disappeared by the end of the eighteenth century. But in the garden of a house, "Hazeldown," close by, stands the last relic of the place,

usually regarded as a small font. It has, however, been said by antiquaries to be an example of a rather rare form of holy-water stoup, raised on a pedestal instead of being in the usual niche. The road begins to assume a more moorland character, but there is nothing to detain one's steps until the top of Haldon be reached.

It is a beautiful expanse of wild country, in summer a sheet of colour from the heather and gorse, with bog and copse and dark fir plantations breaking the view in endless variety. Roads rough and stony fork left and right, and directing posts have lately been set up at most of the turnings. From the summit of the moorland a wide view of the country spreads all around. Teignmouth and the bay lie at one's feet. On the far east the Dorset coast, Portland Bill visible in clear weather, Golden Cap, the chalk of Seaton and Beer, the sheer top of Peak Hill above Sidmouth, the Exe and its estuary, with hills lying out behind to the Blackdowns and Somerset. Dawlish lies in the hollow below, and the plantations on the east of the hill are Luscombe Woods. At the north the white road crosses the Saddle Back between Little and Great Haldons.

The View
from Haldon.

The Bottor Rock tips a crest above the Teign valley, which seems closed in by the rounded end of Lustleigh Cleave. There are the tall chimneys of Heathfield potteries in the valley, behind which rise the three Tors, blue and noble—Hey Tor on the right, Saddle Tor in the centre, and, lastly, Ripon Tor's mountainous cairn. Then the moorland drops towards Buckland Beacon, and in the far dimness of the south-west come Ugborough Beacon and the conical top of Brent Hill.

Below, ending a mass of green wooded undulations, gleam the white houses of Newton Abbot at the head of the estuary. We can see Stoke-in-Teign-head church nestling up the valley, and on the other side of the hills that border the Teign appear Hope's Nose, the Ore-stone, and, still farther out, Berry Head. It is a magnificent panorama; and measuring as the crow flies, the distance from Golden Cap to Ugborough Beacon would be about fifty miles.

The following advice to visitors has been recently given: "Drive to Haldon, walk down to the ruins of Lidwell Chapel, passing thence to Smallacombe Goyle, take your carriage at the top of the hill."

It sounds delightfully simple! But the stranger who betakes himself to Lidwell Chapel,

"Over park, over pale,
Through brake, through brier,"

must make his way in the bogs, bent double under the bracken that rises over the head, up the stream of Smallacombe Goyle to the old quarry, the "Devil's Punch-bowl," there perhaps to find himself rewarded by a fossil or two for his pains.

There is no road of any kind to Lidwell; the ruined chapel, surrounded by bogs and briers, lies hidden among the copses on the eastern side of Haldon. The easiest way to reach the place is from the lane that turns back at the top of the Exeter Road towards Dawlish.

Looking down, a farm will be seen below, and by striking along the fields towards it the copse where Lidwell lies, just beyond the farm, may be reached without more than a moderate amount of scrambling. Nothing is now left of the curious old place but the western end with its lancet window and arched doorway. The walls can be traced a little farther down among the bogs and bushes that nearly overwhelm them.

Oliver tells us that he finds no mention of "Lydwell" before 1411, but does not say what that mention is. Polwhele remarks that "at Ludwell, an estate of Mr. Richard Whidbourne, near Haldon, in a field called Chapel Park is the ruined chapel of St. Mary, of which the proprietor can give no other account than that he had heard his father say it is prayed for in Roman Catholic countries by the name of the Holy Chapel at Lidwell. He added that his father, when he gave him the estate, exacted a promise from him that he would not remove any of the stones, nor any part of the building."

Either prayers or prohibition have preserved Lidwell; possibly, too, the remoteness of the spot has helped to

save it from being turned into a cattle shed. Many people in the neighbourhood do not even know where it lies.

In former days it was a wayside chapel where passing travellers might find shelter. Two or three monks often resided at these places; at Lidwell, according to tradition, there was only one. The legend goes that he was a particularly evil person. Wanderers came to him for a hospitable reception, but they never left the spot. The monk slew them while they slept, and throwing their bodies into the well near the chapel, kept whatever valuables might be found upon them. For a long while he continued this evil practice, until one night a traveller came. Some say he was a sailor—anyhow, he was a careless fellow, for all his goods were tied up in a handkerchief, which looked as if it held great riches. On this bundle the monk fixed such a greedy gaze that the stranger grew suspicious, and instead of sleeping kept awake to watch his host, and when the would-be murderer arrived he found his victim ready for the attack. A long fight ensued, which ended in the stranger throwing the monk's body into the well that contained those of his victims, but of the stolen wealth none was found near Lidwell. That, says the story, is also in the well, which has mysteriously disappeared; but if any one will venture there at midnight he will find the well and the money.

Continuing the way across Haldon by this old Exeter road at the fork where the Dawlish and Luton roads cross it, stands the Camp, Castle Dyke as it is frequently called—a fruitful source of discussion among antiquaries, who assert that it is no more Roman than British, and even declare that it is not a camp at all. However, here lie the earthworks, thrown up once upon a time by some one for some purpose, whether defence or beacon. The place is now a popular meet for the hounds.

The rough white road now passes over the Saddle Back from Little Haldon to Great Haldon. At this crossway the road on the right leads to Dawlish by Luscombe Woods; that on the left goes through Luton

to Bishopsteignton. The higher "Ashcombe" road presently brings Haldon Belvidere to view, one of those towers intended to combine a gamekeeper's lodge with a sight across the fine scenery visible from the property. But the tower has become so ruinous inside that I doubt whether any one could venture upon the broken stairs and floors to the roof, while the view is now hidden by the Belvidere being enclosed in lofty tree tops.

Haldon is too large for one walk to exhaust its exploration, and the south-western side still awaits inspection.

Exactly opposite the gates of the Tennis Club in Bitton a lane will be found running upwards. This leads directly to Haldon; it is known as Shepherd's Lane or Mill Lane, the

traces of the leat at the bottom being still visible, where there was once a water mill, yet remembered by some old people. Not very far up is a cross-road—Headway Cross—with an old toll hut at the corner. The left road leads to Bishopsteignton, the right to Coombe Vale, this latter making a pretty, short walk, "up Mill Lane and back by Coombe," for those who seek a stroll out of the town. Above this there is no



THE RUINED TOLL HOUSE AT HEADWAY CROSS.

break in the lane until almost at the top, where a turning leads to Venn Farm. Here, by the wayside, lie some porphyry boulders, relics of the Glacial period; and over the gate close by is a lovely view up the river and towards the moorland. It is about two miles by this road to Haldon. At the head of the lane, on the left hand, a broken corner of the green sandbank will, if examined, yield a good number of fossils, often mixed with bits of the red jasper so common up here. Turning to the left at the top of the hill the road may be followed towards the plantations at the western side. Presently a little path crossing the heathery moor comes in sight; no made road, but just such a heathery track as that

"Bonnie road
That winds about the ferny brae,"

adown which Fata Morgana took Thomas the Rhymer to Elf-land. Beyond it are places fairylike enough in their charm if you care to walk over bog and bracken to the ferny "goyles" on the hillside, or you may follow the road to Luton at the other end, a way so still, so shady, so mossy, that it has well won the title of the Lonely Walk.

In describing Haldon it is necessary to mention often that typical Devonshire word "goyle." To those who do not know the term it is best explained by the equally descriptive "chine," though our goyles are not quite as large as the chines in the Isle of Wight. A goyle is a ditch, some say, but it is more than that. It is a tiny ravine, rocky, ferny, water-worn—and to those who know them, the idea of a goyle always conveys a sense of hidden beauty.

The Haldon marshes, though extremely swampy, are free from the dangers of the Dartmoor mire. A day's bog-trotting up there will result in no worse misfortune than wet feet. One of the softest places is on the southern face of the hill, where the stream that runs all down the valley springs from the White (or Whitey) Well—a stone well, but when built, or by whom, is now quite forgotten. Perhaps it was the work of the monks who in the fourteenth century had a religious house in

the hollow below. The bog is delightful, as are all bogs—full of sundews, bog harebells, pimpernels, and little butterworts.

Quitting the White Well marsh, and following the field paths or the moorland for a little distance eastwards, another road will be reached. This descends upon the hamlet of Ash Hill, a mere handful of cottages among



BISHOPS' WALLS.

Showing the East End of the Church and the South Wall with its holy-water stoup.

orchards, some farm buildings, and the interesting ruins **Bishops' Walls.** locally known as the Bishops' Walls, or Old Walls. Of these the only bits left are the south wall and door, with the pointed window and holy-water stoup, and the east end with its window of three narrow lights. A further inspection round the orchard will show traces of thick walls on the east, and a ditch outside, so considerable that one cannot help thinking the stream may have been led into a moat. The barns that run round the quadrangle have in some measure helped to preserve the form of the house, but they have unfortunately lost their picturesqueness, having been

mischievously burnt some years ago. The thatch and the old cider press perished, but fortunately the ruined chapel was left untouched. Bishop Grandisson mentions this house in a letter to Pope John XXII. in an early year of his episcopate; but whether it was, as is popularly asserted, a home for aged clergy, or that country residence the Bishop of Exeter had at Bishopsteignton, is a mooted question on which many opinions are offered, and all are conjecture at the best. There is a choice of roads homewards: Up the steep lane and "over the Lea," descending at last into the highroad by the Gasworks; through the valley until Headway (or Headly) Cross is attained, and so back by Coombe; or close by on the right hand is

BISHOPSTEIGNTON.

This is a place of some size, where cottages and houses in pretty gardens stand interspersed among larger residences surrounded by beautiful grounds.

The Church.

The church is some way from the rest of the village, much nearer the highroad, and it is here we

must seek for the antiquities of Bishopsteignton. The ivy-mantled tower was rebuilt in 1815, the building formerly having a tower on the south side, very much like the tower of old St. Michael's. The church is otherwise unaltered, the chancel being the oldest part. Dr. Oliver observes, "I cannot suppose it later than the reign of Richard I." The west door is a par-



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI,
A Carving on the outside of the South Wall
of Bishopsteignton Church.

particularly fine piece of Norman work, and the font is also Norman.

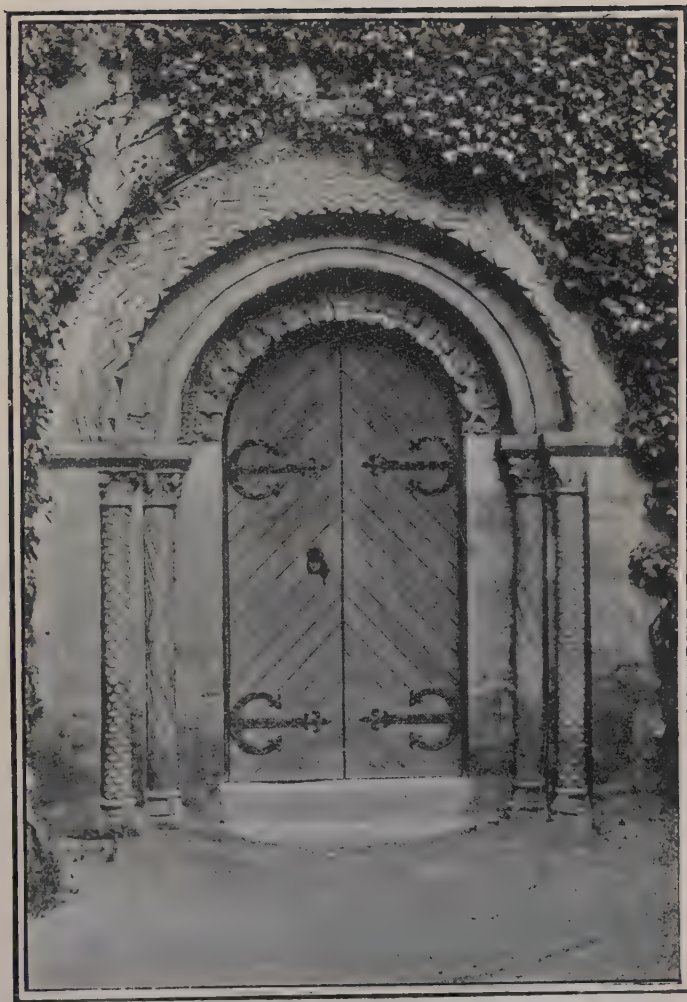


Photo by]

[Valentine, Teignmouth.

THE NORMAN DOORWAY OF BISHOPSTEIGNTON CHURCH,

On the south side of the church is, let into the wall, a curious piece of carving, conjectured to be a Saxon representation of the Adoration of the Magi. Outside the church at the east end are some ruined walls, which may have been part of Bishop Grandisson's palace; and the curious may, if they like, trace the bits of undoubtedly old stonework behind the houses and cottages for a long



THE PLAGUE TOMBS AT BISHOPSTEIGNTON.

The tombs lie hidden beneath the heavy growth of creepers shown in the drawing. The hart's tongue fern on the left is growing out of the base of one of the graves.

way up. At the east end of the churchyard are some old tombs, defaced, iron bound, and nearly overgrown with a tangle of roses—"Plague roses," as I have heard old people in the place call them—for these are the tombs of those who died here of the plague in the seventeenth century.

This village was for centuries a manor of the Bishop of Exeter. In Dr. Oliver's "Lives of the Bishops" we learn that in his old age Bishop Bronescombe retired

first to Chudleigh, and then to his "manor at Bishopsteignton." Whether he actually died here in 1280 is not mentioned. In the next century we read of Bishop Grandisson obtaining "Radway in the parish of Bishopsteignton, where he erected convenient and costly buildings, as the former residence there had become so dilapidated that it had to be demolished before Bishop Quivil's death."

It may very reasonably be asked how came the Bishops of Exeter to part with this rich and beautiful manor connected with the See for so many centuries? They could not help themselves, for in 1549 Bishop Vescey was commanded by Edward VI. to give the manor of Bishopsteignton with West Teignmouth to Sir Andrew Dudley Knight, with the advowson of the vicarage. The only comment on the circumstance to be made is that of Dr. Oliver: "it is a good thing for the church that Edward VI. died young." Having reached Bishopsteignton the fatigue of walking back to Teignmouth may be saved by taking advantage of the local "'bus" that runs in and out of the village three times a day. The fare to Teignmouth is 6d., and as it returns to Teignmouth at seven o'clock, a long afternoon's ramble can be pleasantly concluded by a ride home.

Many of the country places already mentioned may be reached from Teignmouth through Broad Meadow, one of the prettiest walks in the neighbourhood. Just before reaching the Gasworks a lane turns up opposite a couple of houses, and leads to a stream and field path. The stream is that which rises at White Well, and may be followed all the way up its course through the fields. The tiny path runs beside the water, and though some of the gates may be shut, this is to keep cattle in, not visitors out, as it is a right of way. After crossing some half-a-dozen fields, it ends in the lane to Ash-hill already described. The last two meadows are very marshy, and in June present a lovely appearance with the masses of yellow iris. Here, too, the lady-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*) is to be found in abundance, with double flowers.

LINDRIDGE AND KINGSTEIGNTON.

Visitors to Teignmouth should certainly make an excursion to Lindridge Woods beyond Bishopsteignton. The distance is five miles, and if considered too far for a walk it is a pretty drive, or the "bus" may be taken for part of the way. There is a way through the woods to Kingsteignton, nor does the owner exclude cyclists from enjoying a spin through his property. Taking the hilly lane out of Bishopsteignton, the road for Chudleigh (on the signpost) must be followed. Humber Farm is soon reached, and the lodge gate of Lindridge is nearly opposite. Before reaching the woods the house may be seen at some distance off on the right hand. It was in the possession of William Martin before 1640; and in Bishopsteignton Church, on the north wall, is a Latin monument to some of the Martin family, interesting from the circumstance that a note is added to the foot of the inscription to say that the memorial could not be erected for some time, owing to the unsettled state of the country. In fact, the Martins were Cavaliers, and did not put up the monument until after the Restoration. In one of the principal rooms of Lindridge House is a very beautiful ceiling. It is not, however, a show place, and visitors must content themselves with the woods. They are most beautiful in spring with the masses of anemones, primroses, and bluebells.

The lanes beyond the second lodge lead to Kingsteignton and Springhead, the clear "Fairwater" soon appearing near some stone quarries.

In the days of "once upon a time," that delightful period which saves historians all the trouble of verifying dates, there was no water at Kingsteignton. So the people went and consulted a "wise woman," who promised them an abundant spring on condition that they yearly sacrificed a lamb to her. The promise was made, and the fair water at Springhead bubbled up in the meadow, flowing in the clearest and brightest of streams through the village. Nor have Kingsteignton folk ever omitted to keep their word. Every year at Whitsuntide a lamb

The Fair
Water Spring.

is roasted whole, either in the bed of the stream or the fields close by. It is a grand feast day, known as Kingsteignton Lukes, or the "Sacrifice of the Ram." On the previous day, usually Whitsunday evening, the women may be seen drawing water in every available bucket and can,



KINGSTEIGNTON CHURCH.
Showing the Fairwater Stream.

for the stream is turned off at Spring Head, and allowed to run dry that the bed may be ready for the roasting. The lamb, or "Ram," usually the present of some farmer in the parish, is placed in a waggon, decked with boughs and flags and flowers, and brought through Bishopsteignton and Teignmouth—this is called "The procession of the Ram"—taken back, killed, and cooked

It is a complete and consistent survival of old heathendom, and the vicar has the wisdom to encourage the quaint old custom by having a church service that day, and some sort of entertainment in the schoolroom in the evening, so that "Church and State" may unite in the celebration of Kingsteignton Lukes.

For the rest of the year the fair water flows through the village in front of the cottages. It ripples under the trees that shade the churchyard, and turns a mill before finding its way into the Teign.

Kingsteignton was one of William the Conqueror's manors, and the church is dedicated to his patron St.

Michael. It is large and handsome, of the usual fourteenth century Perpendicular style. The white marble shafts of the pillars give a particular impression of light and coolness. The screen has long since been removed, and nothing of very special interest remains to be seen in the church.



A CAPITAL IN KINGSTEIGNTON CHURCH.

There is, however, a remarkable epitaph sometimes referred to, for which the stranger may look in vain. This "Apostrophe to Death" is upon a slab, on the chancel floor, under the carpets, and close to the priest's door. All the "Vicars' stones" were collected and laid in the chancel by the Rev. John Hext when the church was restored in 1865. The stone seems to bear traces of a rustic carver: it will be observed that the "ad" has been omitted, and cut afterwards above the other words:—

Ricardus Adlam Huius
Ecclesiæ Vicarius obiit
Feb. 10, 1670

ad
Apostrophe Mortem

Damned tyrant cant prophaner blood suffice
Must priests that offer be the sacrifice

Go tell the genii that in Hades lie
Thy triumph ore this sacred Calvary
Till some just nemesis avenge our cause
And force this Killpriest to revere good lawes.

This extraordinary epitaph is quoted by Polwhele and other writers, who comment upon the purely pagan sentiments it expresses, and the vehement terms of the wording. But of the man commemorated there is nothing said, and we can only judge by his name that he was one of the Huish family, well known among the worthies of Devon.

Another mile of highroad brings the traveller into Newton Abbot, and a long excursion may very reasonably be concluded by returning to Teignmouth by train.



THE CROSS OUTSIDE THE WEST END OF HACCOMBE CHAPEL.

Discovered a few years ago in a farmyard at Buckland Barton.

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS THE RIVER SOUTHWARDS.

HITHERTO the southern side of the Teign has only been considered from the water, but crossing either by the bridge or the ferry, many places of interest will be found among the hills and valleys of the opposite shore.

The bridge, for which there is a penny toll, was built in 1827, and for many years remained the longest *wooden* bridge in the country. It was, however, found advisable to replace the greater portion of the old piers with iron ones, which was done some few years ago without altering the appearance of the structure or hindering the traffic.

On the south side, under the shelter of towering hills, the town of Shaldon lies along the banks, a narrow slip of a place soon merging into Stoke parish. Just above Ringmore Point stands the old church of St. Nicholas, from which the parish really takes its name. This little building has recently been restored to its original shape and style, and is particularly interesting, as affording an example of what the chapelries of Lidwell and St. Mary Magdalen must have been like. Polwhele tells us that it was built by the Carewes, of Haccombe, and annexed to that living, being subject to the Arch-Priest of Haccombe, who performed all the duties there.

Later the Cliffords had the appointment of the perpetual curate, and Polwhele goes on to say that Mr. Elias Carter of Teignmouth "served St. Nicholas once a fortnight one part of the day; though before his time

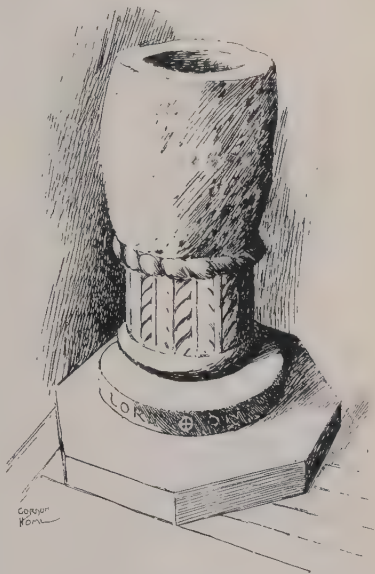
it was served but once a month." Mr. Elias Carter was evidently more energetic than most of the clergy of his time.

In restoring the chapel a piscina was found, and a "Lazar" window, both blocked up. The font, too, is worthy of notice. It is the rudest block of the local red porphyry, scooped with a shallow basin, and for years stood out in the churchyard, until some local antiquaries expressed their opinion that it was undoubtedly the font, and might also be pre-Saxon; and a generous donor had it set up in the present form.

Shaldon having long since outgrown the accommodation of this little chapel, a new church is being erected, which will, when complete, prove a very handsome building, and all earnestly hope it will be soon finished.

Just beyond where it stands, the "Hunters' Lodge" is noticeable, a house at the foot of the Torquay road where the gateposts are formed of whales' jaws, possibly those of some cetacean thrown up on the shore.

Beautiful views of sea and river reward those who ascend the Torquay road, and near the gates of "Dunmore" a little lane on the right hand leads to yet steeper tracks, known as "Fuzzy Dee," and really being the old Torquay road, yet more uncompromisingly steep than



THE SAXON FONT AT ST. NICHOLAS,
SHALDON.

The base is modern.

the present one. Here a seat has been placed by a late landowner, in a sheltered nook opposite a sundial, on the



THE WHALE-JAW GATEWAY AT HUNTERS'
LODGE, SHALDON.

pedestal of which are a few lines addressed to those who may rest themselves there :—

Youth :

" Mark well the hour of need,
The too fleeting shadow tells ;
And, reader, ne'er commit a deed
On which a shadow dwells."

Age :

" And as yon sun declining rolls away
To rise in glory at return of day,
So may we set, this transient being o'er,
So may we rise upon the eternal shore."

Pursuing the way over Fuzzy Down or Dee into the high-road, a turning to Stoke-in-Teign-head is no great distance off.

Oddly enough, Leland reached Stoke. He must have



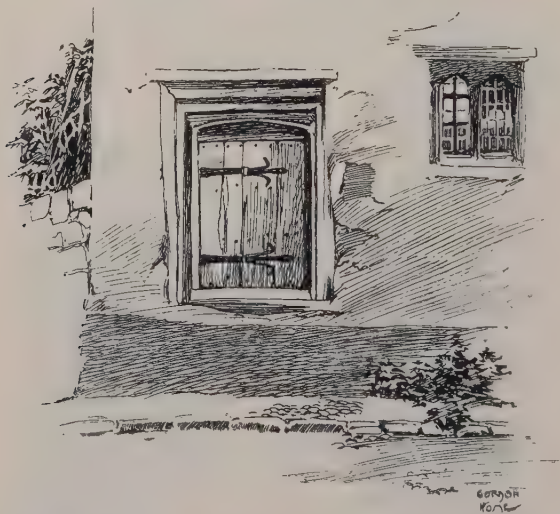
STOKE-IN-TEIGN-HEAD CHURCH.

The weather-beaten Church tower nestles beneath a steep hillside.

gone up the river, for he says : "First I marked a little start above the Haven mouth, on the west side of it a creek caullid Stoke-Teign-Hed, no great thing."

The old church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was formerly

collegiate for a warden and several chaplains, established in honour of Our Lady and St. Andrew by John de Stoke-in-Teign-head. Stamford in the reign of Edward III. The screen remains, but the painted panels have perished, and on one pillar may be observed the four virgin martyrs carved round the capital. On the floor



DOORWAY OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT COOMBE-IN-TEIGN-HEAD.

near the altar is a brass to a former rector, Master John Symons, or as the inscription runs:—

"Orate pro anima Magistri Johannis Symo Canoci Exon, Prebedarii de Kyrton, Crantock & Heys, ac hujus loci Rectoris, Qui obiit XXXdie de Mai Ao. Dni. CCCCLxxxvii."

Stoke lies buried in a hollow threaded by flowery lanes, notable in springtime for white violets.

Following these mazes westwards Coombe-in-Teign-head is reached, though really the pleasantest way of getting there is from Coombe-Cellars, from which the village is barely half a mile distant. On the left hand, nearly opposite the church, may be observed

an old building, now used as a school and village hall, with carved Tudor doors and windows. The Perpendicular church is an interesting one, with Norman font, "squints" into the chancel, a screen well restored, and transepts that have been side-chapels. That on the north is full of the monuments of the Hockmore family, on which their punning motto, "Hoc more Fata," may be read. The seat ends here exhibit very fine carving, with St. Katherine, St. Barbara, in long full-length figures, and on two others four smaller figures, those at the left being St. George, St. Agnes, possibly St. Hubert, and the rare figure of St. Genest, the jester saint. Those opposite are less easy to discern, but two of them appear to be St. Paul and St. James-the-Less.



ONE OF THE RICHLY-CARVED PEW ENDS IN COOMBE-IN-TEIGN-HEAD CHURCH.

Quitting Coombe, and passing Netherton, with its glittering ford, a turning leads to the gate of Haccombe

Park, where the woods cover the hillside and shelter the home of those Carewes who with

"Carey and Copplestone,
When the Conqueror came he found them at home."

But he did not then find the Carewes at Haccombe.

It is mentioned in Domesday as *Terra Haccombe. Baldwini, vicecomitis Hacome, terra Willelmi Chievre Hacome*. In the twenty-seventh year of Henry III. Stephen de Haccombe held the lands. But Haccombe has never been alienated by sale. It passed on through the marriage of heiresses to the L'Ercedekeynes, thence to the Courtenays, and by the marriage of Joan Courtenay with Sir Nicholas Carewe to the present family.

Haccombe is the smallest parish in England, containing



SHIELD
OF THE
DE HACCOMBES

but the mansion and the parsonage, with a few cottages and a farmhouse recently built. It also has extraordinary privileges: is not included in any hundred; no officer, either civil or military, has a right to take notice of any proceeding in the parish; the rector is arch-priest, may claim the privilege of wearing lawn sleeves and sitting next the bishop; while his church is subject to the visitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury only.

Such are the ancient rights of Haccombe; how far they are now claimed it boots not to say.

At present either the rector of Coombe or Newton Abbot acts as arch-priest, and should the Bishop of Exeter wish to come there I do not suppose he would be refused admission. Also one questions whether Haccombe would really prove a city of refuge for the evildoer.

The house is a Georgian building of no special merit, with pretty waterfalls splashing in the gardens; the chapel stands close by, and permission is given to see it on asking at the house for the keys.

Outside, at the west end, a cross leaning against the wall attracts immediate attention. It was found a year or two ago in the farmyard at Buckland Barton close by, and brought up to Haccombe and placed in the

churchyard. The exterior of the chapel is not particularly striking. Within it is unique, for here, like a page of history brought to life, is a collection of monuments representing an unbroken record of owners who have held the land by inheritance through all the centuries of England's history.

Hacombe
Chapel.

The little building consists of chancel, nave, and north aisle, and was dedicated to St. Blaise on the 19th of July, 1328, with its cemetery and two altars. The actual



IN HACCOMBE PARK.

The Chapel showing among the trees.

fabric is in parts somewhat older, as the simple pillars testify. In the south window of the chancel is some very old glass dating from the fourteenth century, carrying the arms of Hacombe, argent three bendlets sable. The panes on the left show the Annunciation, and the Madonna with a lily; those on the right are less clear. There are two bishops—one might be St. Blaise, though the wool-carding comb is not to be seen. One of the figures is certainly St. Paul.

A small window near the pulpit has panes of old Dutch or Flemish glass—at the top St. John writing his gospel,

the Baptism of Our Lord at the bottom. The subject of the centre picture is less apparent; it may be St. Martin or the departure of Tobit.

The encaustic tiles, noticeable from their beautiful preservation, exhibit almost without a rub colours as bright as when first made, and many old patterns besides the arms of the various families connected with Haccombe.



THE DOORWAY OF HACCOMBE CHAPEL, WITH
ITS HORSESHOES.

There are the bendlets of Haccombe, the coats of the L'Ercekeynes, the sable lions of the Carewes, the Royal Arms of England, and, perhaps, the most curious of all, the old arms of France, with the coat "semè de fleur de lys." The stone screen and reredos are comparatively modern.

On the church door a horseshoe and a half are all that remain of the four once nailed there by a

Carewe of Haccombe, who made a wager with one of the Champernownes as to which could swim his horse farthest into Torbay. Not only did the Carewe win



TOMB OF SIR STEPHEN DE HACCOMBE IN HACCOMBE CHURCH.
The knight is in complete chain armour.

the wager, but also saved the life of his venturesome antagonist, and on returning he took off his horse's shoes and nailed them on the church door. The story of this feat will be found on the printed card which is in the church, but the date is not given.

But the tombs are the great interest of the place.

“ The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
And their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

In the vast aisles of a cathedral the monuments fail to appeal to the imagination as they do here, where those now lying beneath the stones lived and worshipped. The oldest is that of Sir Stephen de Haccombe, the Crusader, whose feet crossed on the lion denote that he really went to Palestine. In the niche opposite is Margaret his wife.

On a second niche in the aisle is a tomb with a fourteenth century cross upon it—the grave of “ Robert de Pyl, Clerk,” who was, we may conjecture, an arch-priest of Haccombe.

Sir Hugh Courtenay, with Phillipa his wife, reposes upon a lofty tomb, and by their side a little monument, after the fashion of the time, commemorates their son Edward, who died young at Oxford, and through whose death the estates passed to his sister Joan, wife of Sir Nicholas Carewe.

The brass of Sir Nicholas lies in the chancel, showing a knight in full armour, with a rhyming Latin inscription at his feet, which tells us that he died on the 13th day of September, 1469, in the ninth year of King Edward IV. :—

“ Armiger insignis jacet hic Carewe Nicholaus
Prudens egregius de stirpe nobile natus
Vitam Septembris presentem clausit eundo
Ab isto mensis die decimo tercio mundo
Edwardi nono regni quarti Regis anno
Necnon milleno cccc° gratio pleno
Cum sexageno nono domini numerato
Cujus solamen animi cito det Deus. Amen.”

It is impossible to render this inscription with the quaintness of the original wording, but translated it runs somewhat thus :—

“ Here lies a famous gentleman, Nicholas Carewe,
Eminent for prudence, born of a noble race :
Who closed his present life in the world
On the thirteenth day of this month of September
In the ninth year of the reign of our gracious King, Edward IVth,
Also reckoned of the Lord one thousand four hundred and
sixty nine.
To whose soul may God soon grant solace. Amen.”

A most interesting series of brasses extending from the Middle Ages to the present date commemorates the family.

From the ascending road that winds through the park the river soon becomes visible, a blue streak at the foot of the valley. Standing thus, the chapel is just below; close by are the house and gardens; beyond, meadows, orchard, thatched roof and sloping hill—a spot where we are made to feel that

“The past and present here unite
Beneath Time’s flowing tide.”

The lanes lead past Buckland Barton, an old Tudor house, almost concealed by the trees, up to Buckland Barton, Milber Down above Newton, where the scenery widens, giving a fine view of Dartmoor, the Tors, and the length of the river.

Coombe and Haccombe are most pleasantly reached by water, taking the river at half flood, and leaving the boat at the Cellars, where it will be looked after during an absence that may last for an hour or two. I would suggest first visiting Coombe-in-Teign-head, and walking by the lanes to Haccombe, returning by a short field cut that leads straight to the Cellars, regaining the river in time to return by the ebb tide.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STEAMERS, AND THE ROADS FOR DRIVING AND CYCLING.

FROM May until the end of September two excursion steamers, the *Duke* and *Duchess of Devonshire*, call daily at Teignmouth Pier for passengers who may like to avail themselves of these boats for coast trips either eastwards or westwards.

Full particulars of the excursions, with fares, either to return by boat or by rail, are put up every week on the pier and in many of the shop windows. These trips extend from Weymouth to Plymouth.

Both are extremely comfortable boats and excellently managed. The *Duke* is the newer and the larger vessel. There are ladies' cabins, smoking rooms, and a dining saloon below, and, though not prepared for long voyages, the boats afford every accommodation in case of bad weather, or, what is commoner in summer, a sea fog.

Eastwards the steamers' first calls are at Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton, and they take passengers to Sidmouth when the tide permits (it is a bad shore for landing). Seaton is a very popular spot, where it is worth while to try and get a longer sojourn than the boats allow for. An hour is not time enough to see the "Moridunum" of the Romans (the odd name marked in stones along the sea wall always puzzles strangers). The town was undoubtedly for a long while a fort of the Danes, and there are lovely spots along the banks of the Axe by Axmouth. On the west is Beer, the notable village of Honiton lace-makers.

Lyme Regis, the first town in Dorset on the west, is the next goal of the boats. Here, again, **Lyme Regis.** landing is difficult, the muddy shores not always allowing a large vessel to reach the "Cobb." From the sea the beautiful Water Gate and the shattered defences are plainly visible. It will be remembered that it was at Lyme the Duke of Monmouth landed, and after his defeat and death the fortifications of Lyme Regis were totally destroyed.

More rarely the steamers call at Bridport. There is little to be seen in the town, and nothing, save the pretty cliff shore, at West Bay, where the boats call.

To reach Weymouth, Portland Bill must be rounded, and the rush of "Portland Race" encountered, a longer and more enterprising trip than any of the others.

Westward, Torquay is the first place of call. Beyond this familiar shore the coast becomes very interesting, the boats passing Berry Head and Mudstone Bay, affording a view of the Blackstone and Dartmouth Mew Stone. When tides suit in the Dart, arrangements are made for the passenger to join the Dart boat and go up the river to Totnes, returning thence to Teignmouth by rail, thus completing a circular trip of great interest.

Below Dartmouth the places visited are Black Cove, and more frequently Slapton Sands and Torcross. Slapton is famous for the Ley, or Slapton Pool, one of those fresh-water lakes only divided from **Slapton Ley.** the sea by a natural embankment. It is a popular resort for anglers, who find, as did Leland, "good fysche in Slapton Poole."

Then is rounded Start Point, with its famous lighthouse, and the other Mew Stone passed before Bolt Head, Bolt Tail, and Bigbury Bay are reached, and Plymouth Sound entered. If the day be bright, as all days should **Plymouth Sound.** be that are intended for enjoying the sea, Plymouth never looks fairer than when seen from the water, with the Hoe and the Citadel commanding the Hamoaze from one side, and the woods of Mount Edgcumbe on the other, smiling back at the fortifications opposite, like a fair dame who laughs in gladness from her very sense of security in the protection of her doughty knight.

Longer trips are occasionally made to Bournemouth or the Cornish coast; but these are only taken a few times during the season, due notice being given beforehand, that passengers may make arrangements for sleeping ashore.

I must add that the steamers will undertake to carry a small box of luggage, and they are quite the best way of reaching some of the more out-of-the-way places on the coast. They also carry bicycles, charging 1s. for the machine, so passengers may make the half journey and ride back by road.

ON THE ROADS: DRIVING AND CYCLING.

Some longer excursions may be taken from Teignmouth by road without the intervention of the railway. The prettiest of these is to Chudleigh Glen and Ugbrooke Park. It is eight miles to Chudleigh town by a pleasant road that runs beyond Kingsteignton past the clay pits and Bellamarsh farm to Chudleigh station, and
Chudleigh
Glen. thence up a steep hill into the town. The Glen is reached by a turning to the right, where the horse may be stabled, the cycle put up, and while tea is prepared at the farm a ramble may be taken through the Glen. There is no charge for admittance.

The stream, a tributary to the Teign, dashes picturesquely over the rocks, great crags rise on the right hand, and in them is a considerable cavern known as the Pixies' Cave. It is necessary to have a candle to go through it, but visitors who come unprovided will usually find guides in the Glen with candles for sale. When the pleasures of the Glen are exhausted, and the tea finished, the drive should be continued through Chudleigh town, turning again to the right, passing the cemetery, and ascending a further hill, on the top of which another turn to the right leads directly into Lord Clifford's place, Ugbrooke Park. The beautiful road descends under the trees to the lakes, which are crossed by a rustic bridge. Ugbrooke House stands opposite, but has not a very attractive exterior. Leaving the lakes, the road continues to wind through the park for some distance farther, passing the picturesque



GORDON
HORN

NETHERTON.

A very typical Devonshire village (see page 72).

bailiff's house with its Tudor windows, and ending at last near Sandy Gate, not very far from Kingsteignton. Altogether the excursion is about twenty miles, and for cyclists one of the best in the neighbourhood, as the road to Chudleigh is a more level bit than most of those in the West.

Justly popular is the drive to Torquay, with the fine coast scenery all the way. On reaching Mary Church, the road over Babbacombe Down should be taken, thus going on to Daddy Hole Plain, getting a fine view of Torbay and the Thatcher Rock. For cyclists the return through Newton makes a pretty change of roads, and saves more pushing uphill, of which, by the time they have reached Torquay, most riders will have had enough.

But cyclists who come to Teignmouth must be prepared to find that there are no flat roads in the locality, except, perhaps, the Den, and that isn't level! The roads round Teignmouth are *undulating*, which expression covers a great deal of up and down. They are, however, fairly tolerable in surface, and the average hill climber will find he can ride a long way without a dismount. Those who do not mind a little rough riding will find the lanes round Bishopsteignton and on the south bank of the river delightful. The Dawlish road out of Teignmouth is very steep, and the Exeter road up to Haldon a steady drag few will care to ride.

To enter into a detailed description of the rides would be in most cases a mere repetition of what has already been written, so I will content myself with here inserting a list of rides with distances, taken from a little booklet written by me and published in the town.* Reliable cycles can be hired at moderate charges in Teignmouth.

* "Rides and Roads about Teignmouth," E. J. Cornish, price 4d.

RIDES ROUND TEIGNMOUTH AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I. To Newton Abbot, over Milber Down, return by Haccombe, Coombe-in-Teign-head, and Shaldon. (12 miles.)

II. Dawlish and Starcross, by the high-road, returning over the Warren. (14 miles.)

III. To Torquay, return by Kingskerswell and Newton. (12 miles.)

IV. Exeter, over Haldon, returning by Countess Weir, Starcross, and Dawlish. (32 miles.)

V. To Bovey Tracy by Teigngrace, returning on Stover road. (21 miles.)

VI. To Chudleigh, through Kingsteignton, return through Ugbrooke Park. (20 miles.)

VII. Lindridge Woods, returning through Kingsteignton. (11 miles.)

VIII. Over Haldon, the Saddle Back, Great Haldon, to Ideford Arch, Sandy Gate, and Kingsteignton. (16 miles.)

CHAPTER XII.

SOME NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF TEIGNMOUTH.

A COUNTRY place, however small, never lacks interest for lovers of Nature, and Teignmouth, with its rocks and meadows, sea, river and moorland, offers such a variety of subjects that students in almost any branch of science could scarcely fail to find something that would minister to their hobby, while shells, madrepores, and flowers serve to amuse those who only, as it were, flirt with Dame Nature on a summer holiday.

Beginning our considerations at the cliffs on this side of the Exe, we have, from Dawlish Warren to Teignmouth, a new red sandstone formation, surmounted with a layer of triassic sandstones and keuper marls, which, gradually disappearing near Teignmouth, are totally absent on the other side of the Teign, where from the Ness and down the coast we get a somewhat older formation of the new red sandstone, gradually merging into the Devonian limestones of Anstey's Cove and Torquay. Oddicombe beach presents a curious example of the conjunction, the cliffs new red sandstone, and the white shore entirely composed of pebbles washed out of the elder rocks.

Actual permian fossils are not very common in the neighbourhood, though a few madrepores are occasionally found. Those that strew the beach belong to the Devonian limestone, and have been twice fossilized; the lime replacing the living coral, and these in their turn broken away, and caught into the soft mud of the

sandstone ere it hardened into the cliffs, whence again the ever-restless sea has torn it out and rolled it on the shore.

Teignmouth cliffs also contain porphyry in pieces, varying from the size of boulders to small pebbles, and an examination of these "plum-pudding stones" will show what a variety of gravels, clays, and silicas were all blended together and tinted with the oxide of iron which makes the colour and fertility of our soil.

The madrepores usually found are of the species *Favosites*, *Heliolites*, and *Stromatopora*. The **Polished Stones.** stones are soft, and easily take a polish; but those who prefer to have them treated professionally can get them polished at a very small charge by Mr. Sclater, at his Natural History Store, in the Strand, Teignmouth. He will also name them correctly.

The junction of the new red sandstone with the shale some distance up the river, has already been alluded to, and, as has been remarked, the "fault" extends across the river, and may be plainly observed in the rocks at the summit of Ware Hill. In Bishopsteignton village the shale asserts itself, until we become aware that it is the shattered top of the magnesian limestone, large quarries of which, between Bishopsteignton and Lindridge, are regularly worked. Thence very beautiful carbonate of lime crystals are taken out, and used to ornament gardens and rockeries.

Ascending Haldon, we reach later formations. The limestones and sandstone are below us, and we stand on the Upper Greensand, full of flints denuded from their original chalky bed.

The fossils on the top of Haldon give indisputable evidence that this was a beach washed and broken by the sea. There are many places where they lie in beds and are easy to extract, but are all more or less fragmentary—shells and corals not found where they grew, but where they were thrown by the waves. Corals, serpulæ, pectens, a small species of *gryphæa*, and that common shell, *Carduus quinqueradiatus*, are found all shattered. Large lumps of conglomerate of shells, sandstone, and red jasper are also frequent, and good

pieces of red jasper are frequently picked up among the flints.

It is impossible to imagine the ages that have been passed in making this tiny spot on the face of the earth. The upheavals, the actions of fire and flood and ice: comprising its history from the corals to the limestone, from the limestone to the clay that formed the oozy chalk, where the flints, then living sponges, grew; how it was all washed away again, and then with a final thrust what had been beach, sent up to the very top of the red hills.

After considering the fossils, the recent dwellers by the ocean naturally attract the notice. In this respect Teignmouth beach is somewhat disappointing. It is too open, too rough, for searchers to be rewarded by any but the commonest shells and zoophytes, and these frequently only in a shattered condition. At exceptionally low tides the sands are bare for a considerable distance, and then a search among the rocks by the Parson and Clerk may be undertaken with advantage, as this place is less attainable than the Ness. The latter will afford specimens of the small razor shell (*Solen siliqua*), and the large common one, in great quantities, and a variety of anemones are hidden under the tangles of seaweed. At the Parson and Clerk *Trochus ziziphymus* is to be found abundantly, and the pretty, though not uncommon, "Nanny-nun" (*Cyprea Europea*): *Pholas dactylus*, and *Pholas candida* make their hiding-places in the soft stones, needing a hammer to extract them, and sometimes a specimen of that odd shell *Pecten distortus*, another rock dweller, may be found. *Mactra lutraria* and *Nerita glauca* are picked up on the beach from time to time. At the Parson and Clerk that curious creature, the Sea-cucumber (*Holothuria*), creeps about in the pools, star-fishes are innumerable, some less common ones coming up in the dredge net, with the Sea-urchins that occasionally are thrown up unbroken; but they are fragile deep-water animals, and are more often shattered by the force of the waves. A late autumn or early spring storm will strew the beach with curious forms of life, torn from the very heart of the ocean. Then the

great mermaids' tails (*Laminaria*) are literally rooted out, and nestling among the roots are little shells and little crabs of rarer kinds worth the attention of collectors. On these occasions we often find the "Sea-mouse," an ugly creature that seems a mere lump of flesh, but clothed with beautiful iridescent hairs to compensate for its other want of attractions.

Dawlish Beach is better than Teignmouth for the naturalist, and after a stroll many interesting things may be found in a better condition than those on our shore. At the Warren the sandy pools yield quantities of small delicate shells.

Langstone Point may be mentioned as another spot satisfactory to the collector. Here, among other plants, the peacock's-tail seaweed (*Pavonia*) grows abundantly.

In May or June the shore is generally visited by shoals of jelly fish, that either from choice or the wash of the tide get up the river, where they are sometimes gathered in such masses that it is hard to pull a boat through them. They are pretty creatures, with brown filaments and crosses on their backs. Another smaller medusa is shaped and coloured like a large green gooseberry, transparently clear, and so quick as it slips by on the water that one feels it must be endowed with a merry life.

These brief notes, for they are nothing more, may be fitly closed with a reference to Mr. Sclater's museum-like shop in the Strand, where shells and zoophytes, common to the coast, may be seen, and information obtained about dredging or collecting. The father of the present proprietor was an enthusiastic naturalist, and his grandfather was employed to arrange and classify many of the English shells which then were in the British Museum.

The fauna of a country town may well be summed up as "rats and mice and such small deer," the latter including the stoat and weasel, not unfrequently seen in the lanes, the merry squirrels in the woods, and the hedgehogs which at night rustle among the bushes, and, like the moles; are oftener found dead in the farmyard than actually perceived while living.

Many years ago, before Bitton became Mr. Parsons'

property, a badger was said to be found in some of the empty outbuildings, and for long afterwards remained as a sort of imaginary terror to the children who played in the grounds. As the "badger" we heard of this creature, but I have reason to believe it was more probably an otter. Quite recently some otters came down the river after the salmon and boldly frequented the shore, feeding on the rubbish thrown on the quays; but the damage to the fish made them unwelcome visitors, and they were speedily driven away.

On the stream banks the blunt-nosed water rat is often to be seen; the little shrew-mouse makes his appearance in country gardens, being with his cousin, the field mouse, of more interest to the naturalist than to the gardener. In cliff gardens, too, the dormouse is not unfrequently turned out. He likes to make his winter nest in the clumps of pampas grass. Nor must the bat be omitted from the list, where indeed he should scientifically have taken precedence. Besides the common bat, the horseshoe bat and the great bat have been found in the neighbourhood. A fair number of foxes afford sport for the hounds, and the hares on Haldon occupy the harriers, while there is no lack anywhere of the jolly little rabbits.

Occasionally a whale comes ashore. Of these, one washed up round the Ness in 1874, was an enormous "right whale," sixty feet long, whose curious whalebone was the occasion of much speculation about the veracity of the tale of Jonah among the hitherto unsceptical natives of the town. The jaws and skeleton of this whale are now in the Albert Museum at Exeter. Porpoises invariably come after the mackerel shoals, and will even venture up the river after the salmon. Sharks, too, and monkfish, occasionally get driven into our waters, and are caught in the seines, which they tear to pieces in their frantic struggles. Usually after such a misadventure, if the men secure the fish, they take it round the town on a barrow, and exhibit it in hopes of collecting a few shillings towards defraying the expense of a new net.

I have spoken more fully of the fish and fishing else-

where, and need not repeat that information, though in addition to the fish there mentioned, I may add the queer little Tom-cod caught in the harbour by those who are hoping for better things; the pipe-fish that breed in the river, and are to be found grown up among the rocks round the Ness; and the shoals of delicious red mullet, that occasionally come abundantly to the shore, and are taken in seines; besides the "lants," or sand eels, and the common sprats that are sometimes so abundant as to be used for manuring the fields.

In sunny weather the little brown lizards bask on the banks upon Haldon, but so quick are they in their movements it is difficult to see them—a rustle, and they are gone. The harmless grass snake is to be found occasionally. The viper is more common. We have more toads than frogs, and in some places the beautiful little newts are to be found in marshy pools.

As the town increases the small birds get driven farther away, and opportunities of studying them become lessened every year. The greatest variety is to be seen in the winter, when the cold sends the plovers and wild duck to feed on the marshes near the river, and the more timid of the small birds come to the garden for food. I have made a list of such as have come under my own observation, with the localities where I have seen them, but I do not pretend that it completely represents the birds of the neighbourhood. A fuller account may be read in Mr. Jordan's "Natural History of Teignmouth," in the Devon Association Transaction for 1874. I do not quote from this, because the district included is larger than that of which I am treating, and also because Mr. Jordan (like many other naturalists) is more inclined to make notes of birds shot many years ago, than to tell us what might be seen at the present time. The same article contains a very full list of local insects, doubtless comprising creatures dearer to the naturalist than to the casual observer. Rare butterflies are not, I imagine, often seen, but at the end of the summer we usually have crowds of handsome red admirals and peacock butterflies, and the pretty humming-bird sphinx hovers round our garden flowers. The lobster moth is common,

and I have seen the privet hawk moth, goat moth, and death's head all taken near the town. The stag-horn beetle, too, and the mole cricket have been found here, and the large green grasshopper has been brought from gardens. A few years ago a splendid wasps' nest, that of *Vespa Britannica*, was found in clipping the ivy of a garden. The insects had deserted it, so it was carefully cut out and afterwards preserved.

During the present month (October, 1900) a specimen of the Oleander Hawk Moth (*Daphnis Nerii*) has been taken in the town. This moth, frequent on the Continent, is rare in England, though it has been known to visit our southern coasts: a specimen at Kensington was taken at St. Leonards. However, it has only been found some five or six times, and twice in Teignmouth—Dr. Lake recalling one being caught some years ago in the garden at Trafalgar Cottage. This one was seen on Myrtle Hill, in the hands of some small boys, who were very much afraid it would bite! Mr. Valentine, however, took it, and brought it to Mr. J. O. F. Evans, who has set it up, and visitors from Torquay and elsewhere have been coming in to look at the rarity. The moth is five inches across the wings, beautifully marked, and pale pink and green in colour. Mr. Evans has presented it to the Albert Museum, Exeter.

No county in England is so lavish of flowers as South Devon, and in the neighbourhood of
 Flora. Teignmouth Nature's garden is bright all through the summer with abundance of blossom, though the increase of building may have marred many spots close to the town. Yet we cannot complain when we think of our spring copses carpeted with primroses, anemones, and bluebells: the river banks where the wild cherry flaunts its white banners, the marshy meadows full of flag-irises, and the sheet of purple heather thrown over Haldon. The cliffs are covered from top to bottom with sea flowers innumerable. Our neighbourhood is not so good for ferns as remoter parts of the county—they are so ruthlessly torn up either by visitors or flower-sellers, nor is the red sandstone so much affected by them as the shale or limestone.

The accompanying list does not pretend to include all the flowers of the locality, for they would indeed form a long one; nor does it profess to be of rare blossoms only, but must be taken as including all the more interesting and conspicuous flowers to be gathered in our lanes and hedges, with the locality where they may be found. Such as are rare or peculiar have been marked with an asterisk.

INTERESTING FLOWERS TO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TEIGNMOUTH.

NAME.	LOCALITY.
<i>Ranunculus auricomus</i> , Goldilocks	Woods.
<i>Ranunculus parviflorus</i>	Meadows.
<i>Caltha palustris</i> , Marsh Marigold	Broad-meadows, &c.
<i>Aquilegia vulgaris</i> , Columbine	Lindridge Wood.
<i>Glaucium luteum</i> , Horn Poppy	Sea-wall.
<i>Reseda alba</i> , Wild Mignonette	Shaldon.
<i>Dianthus deltoides</i> , Maiden Pink	Ware Hill.
<i>Saponaria officinalis</i> , Soapwort	Bishopsteignton Rd.
<i>Tamarix gallica</i> , Tamarisk	Shaldon.
<i>Hypericum elodes</i> , Marsh St. John's Wort	Haldon.
* <i>Lavatera arborea</i> , Tree Mallow	Ore-stone, Waste places and Gardens.
<i>Euonymus europæus</i> , Spindle Tree	Hedges.
<i>Melilotus officinalis</i> , Melilot	A field weed.
<i>Onobrychis sativa</i> , Sanfoin	Fields.
* <i>Vicia bythinica</i>	Ness, The Wanes.
<i>Lathyrus nissola</i> , Grass Vetch	Banks and Fields.
<i>Lathyrus sylvestris</i> , Everlasting Pea	Road banks.
<i>Lathyrus latifolius</i>	Up the River.
<i>Sanguisorba officinalis</i> , Great Burnet	Road banks.
<i>Epilobium angustifolium</i> , Rosebay Willow Herb. .	White Well.
<i>Cotyledon umbilicus</i> , Pennywort	Hedgebanks.
<i>Sedum anglicum</i> , Stonecrop	Haldon.
<i>Sedum rupestre</i>	The Wanes.
<i>Drosera rotundifolia</i> , Sundew	Marshes, Haldon.
<i>Eryngium maritimum</i> , Sea Holly	Warren.
<i>Crithmum maritimum</i> , Samphire	River shore, Cliffs.
<i>Viburnum opulus</i> , Guelder Rose	Wood, Hedges near Lindridge.
<i>Rubia perigrina</i> , Madder	Hedges.
<i>Asperula odorata</i> , Woodruff	Lindridge.

- Centranthus ruber*, Red Valerian Ware Hill.
Dipsacus sylvestris, Teazel Ness, River banks
Petasites fragrans, Winter Heliotrope Road banks.
Aster tripolium, Sea Aster River marshes.
Senecio viscosus, Viscid Groundsel Haldon.
Carduus nutans, Nodding Thistle Fields.
Carlina vulgaris, Carlina Thistle Haldon.
**Wahlenbergia hederacea*, Bog Harebell White Well.
Anagallis tenella, Bog Pimpernell Haldon.
**Pinguicula lusitanica*, Lesser Butterwort White Well.
Vinca minor, Periwinkle Holcombe, Stoke.
Menyanthes trifoliata, Bog Bean Haldon.
Convolvulus soldanella, Sea Convolvulus Warren.
Echium vulgare, Vipers' Bugloss Fields and Cliffs.
Hyoscyamus niger, Henbane Rubbish heaps by old
 buildings (occa-
 sional).
Orobanche minor, Lesser Broomrape On Ivy in Bitton.
Lathraea squamaria, Toothwort Lindridge.
Verbascum blattaria, Moth Mullein Fields.
Linaria cymbalaria, Ivy Leaves Toadflax Walls.
Mimulus luteus, Yellow Mimulus River bank near New-
 ton (occasional).
**Bartsia viscosa* Haldon.
Pedicularis palustris, Red Rattle Haldon.
**Melitus melissophyllum*, Bastard Balm Copses Bishops-
 teignton.
Statice limonium, Sea Lavender River shore.
Statice armeria, Thrift River shore, Cliffs.
Beta maritima, Sea Beet Shores.
Habenaria bifolia, Butterfly Orchid Wood.
Iris pseudacorus, Yellow Flag Marshy meadows.
Iris fœtidissima, Stinking Iris Hedge banks.
Narcissus pseudonarcissus, Daffodil Ware.
Narcissus biflorus, Butter and Eggs Teignmouth, Hol-
 combe, in Fields
 and Orchards.
Ruscus aculeatus, Butcher's Broom Hedges.
Briza minima, Lesser Quaking Grass Haldon.

FERNS.

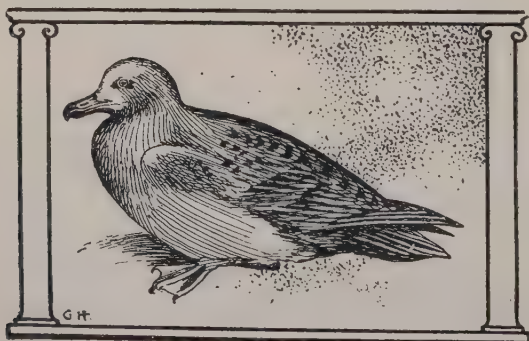
- Polypodium vulgare* Hedges.
Aspidium aculeatum Hedges.
Aspidium thelypteris Haldon.
Aspidium filix-mas Haldon.
Lastrea dilatata Haldon.
Asplenium filix-femina Haldon.
Asplenium marinum, Sea Spleenwort Has been found near
 Hole Head Tunnel.
Asplenium tricomanes Haldon.
Asplenium adiantum nigrum Hedges.

<i>Asplenium ruta-muraria</i>	Limestone walls, not very frequent.
<i>Scolopendrium vulgare</i>	Hedges.
<i>Ceterach officinarum</i>	Limestone walls.
<i>Blechnum spicant</i>	Haldon.
<i>Pteris aquilina</i>	Haldon.

BIRDS OF TEIGNMOUTH AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Merlin Falcon	Teign River.
Sparrow Hawk	Cliffs, Haldon.
Common Barn Owl	Bitton.
Missel Thrush	Bitton, in Winter.
Song Thrush	
Redwing	Hedges.
Fieldfare	A Winter visitor.
Blackbird	
Golden-crested Wren	} Frequent in the Garden.
Blue Titmouse	
Great Titmouse	
Coletit	
Long-tailed Tit	
Hedge Sparrow	
Water Wagtail	
Yellow Wagtail	
Rook	
Jackdaw	
Jay	
Starling	
Magpie	
Greenfinch	
Goldfinch	
Linnet	
House Sparrow	
Chaffinch	
Skylark	
Woodlark	
Bullfinch	
Green Woodpecker	
Common Creeper	
Nuthatch	Bitton.
Wren	
Cuckoo	
Kingfisher	Up the River.

Goatsucker	Haldon.
Swallow	
Martin	
Sand Martin	
Swift	
Yellowhammer	
Wood Pigeon	
Partridge	
Pheasant	
Heron	Up the River.
Sandpiper	
Lapwing	
Corncrake	
Coot	
Wild Duck	
Curlew	In Spring on the Warren.
Herring Gull	
Common Gull.....	
Puffin	
Cormorant	
Skua	Out at Sea, after mackerel.
Gannet	
Tern	



THE GREAT SKUA.

It is only known while resident with us to nest in the Shetlands, and is mostly met with on its way to or from more northern districts during autumn and winter.

THE MEAN OF TEIGNMOUTH CLIMATE DURING THE PAST EIGHTEEN YEARS.

KINDLY FURNISHED BY DR. LAKE. THERMOMETER IN SHADE.

MONTH.		MAXIMA. Degrees.		MINIMA. Degrees.		TEMPERATURE. Degrees.
January	..	46·5	..	36·8	..	41·6
February	..	47·6	..	37·7	..	42·6
March ..	..	49·9	..	37·7	..	43·8
April ..	..	54·2	..	41·1	..	47·6
May ..	..	60·1	..	45·7	..	52·9
June ..	..	65·9	..	51·6	..	58·7
July ..	..	68·2	..	54·3	..	61·2
August ..	..	67·7	..	54·5	..	61·1
September	..	65·0	..	51·4	..	58·2
October	..	57·4	..	45·8	..	51·6
November	..	51·6	..	41·2	..	46·4
December	..	46·8	..	37·2	..	42·0

MONTH.		HUMIDITY.		RAINFALL. Inches.		WET DAYS.
January ..	..	89	..	3·23	..	16
February	..	86	..	2·74	..	14
March ..	..	83	..	2·36	..	13
April ..	..	79	..	2·69	..	14
May ..	..	76	..	2·21	..	13
June ..	..	75	..	2·41	..	13
July ..	..	76	..	2·54	..	14
August ..	..	77	..	2·49	..	13
September	..	82	..	2·69	..	13
October ..	..	86	..	4·30	..	18
November	..	86	..	3·82	..	17
December	..	88	..	3·51	..	18
				34·99	..	176

Reviews of New Books on British Topography, etc.

The Editor of the Homeland Handbooks will be pleased to receive books for review providing they have British topographical interest.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 6/-.

Sons of the Morning. London: METHUEN & Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.

Lovers of Dartmoor and dialect will read "Sons of the Morning" for the sake of local descriptions, and the capital "talk" put into the mouths of the rustics, in its pages. The slight disguises of nomenclature here and there assumed by the Author will in no way mystify those who are familiar with the localities that are described at length in rather stilted language, as when Scorhill Circle is called the "Ancient hypæthral high place of the Damnonians."

But Mr. Eden Phillpotts has no more story to tell than the Needy Knife Grinder. There are two heroes who resemble one another in a love for early rising; one of them has "learnt more by looking over gates" than by any other educational method, a cheap form of tuition that should recommend itself to country parsons with long families and shallow purses. The other young gentlemen suffers from inborn idleness, a characteristic not confined to the West country. The heroine is one of those young ladies who, when she has got a thing, at once finds out that she really wanted something else, a misfortune common to her sex in all ages and places.

In fact, spite of the scenery the story might have happened anywhere. Re-christen the surroundings, twist the dialect into another vernacular, and these people might have plodded through their uneventful lives in any rustic part of the United Kingdom. A story placed in a strongly local setting should impress its readers with the sense that it could not possibly have happened anywhere else. "Christowell" carries this conviction. We are sure the Wessex novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy would not flourish on any other soil. But "Sons of the Morning" are not really influenced by their surroundings—rather they are pitched into those surroundings because the Author knows the places so well. And spite of his accuracy of detail and wording, Mr. Eden Phillpotts gives a painfully grim impression of the wild, desolate, yet lovely moorland, while he cannot be said to flatter either the country or its inhabitants.

BOOKS AND QUARTERLIES RECEIVED.

"Home Counties" Magazine, for January. 1901.

"Odo; or the Seige of Rochester Cathedral." By Edwin Harris. 5/-.

"Ianthe, of the Devil's Jumps." By Thomas Wright. 1/-.

"The Northern Counties" Magazine. (Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire). Andrew Reid & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne. Monthly. Price, 6d. nett.

LOCAL NOTANDA.

The Publishers have not felt it necessary to incorporate in this handbook a list of the times of the services in the churches or chapels, nor a list of local Public Institutions. Full particulars regarding these matters, together with Postal Information and suggestions for Railway and Coaching trips, will be found in the excellent "Teignmouth Guide," published (price 6d.) by the Teignmouth Printing and Publishing Company, and obtainable at all local Booksellers.

The following newspapers circulate in Teignmouth and the neighbourhood:—

"The Teignmouth Gazette, and Visitors' List." Wednesday. One Penny. Publishing Office: Station Road.

"The Teignmouth Post." Friday. One Penny. Publishing Office: Station Road.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Ailesbury, Marquis of	48
Algerian Pirates	45
Anstey's Cove	54, 62, 112
Archbrook	70, 74
Ashcombe	83
Ash Hill	85, 89
Babbacombe	54, 62, 108
Baker Pacha, Sir Samuel	72
Baring-Gould, Rev. S.	71
Battery on the Den, The	25
Beer	54, 80, 106
Berry Head	80, 107
Bitton	28, 45, 46, 47
Bronescombe, Bishop	88
Bishopsteignton	16, 17, 26, 32, 83, 113
" Church	86, 90
" Plague Tombs	at - 88
Bishops' Walls	85
Boating-	65, 68
Bottor Rock	80
Brent Hill-	80
Brimley	13
Brixham	22
Broad Gauge, The	38
Brunel, the engineer	38, 39
Buckingham Palace	73
Buckland Barton	100, 105
" Beacon	80
" Woods	72
Butterflies-	117
Carewes of Haccombe	94, 100
Carewe, Sir Nicholas	100, 104
Carey, Bishop	30
Carter, Rev. Elias	32, 35, 94
Castle Dyke	82
Charles I.	20
China Clay	66
Chudleigh	89

	PAGE
Chudleigh Glen	108
Clifford, Lord	54, 108
Coombe-Cellars	70, 74, 98, 105
Coombe-in-Teignhead	41, 98
Coombe Valley	79, 83
Courtenay, Sir Hugh	104
" Joan	100
Cycling Roads	110
Daddy Hole Plain	108
Danish Incursion	16
Dartmoor	70, 105
Dartmouth	22
" Mew-stone	107
Dawlish	12, 17, 26, 39, 54, 58, 81, 112, 115
Den, The	12, 20, 54
Devil's Punch-bowl	81
Edward the Confessor-	17
Edward III.	18, 98
Edward VI.	24, 35, 89
Errington, Mr.	24, 35
Eton College Chapel	49
Exeter	17, 39, 43
" Albert Museum-	40, 116
" Bedford House-	20
" Bishop of-	17, 86, 100
" Dean of	26, 30
" Cathedral Library-	16
Exminster-	39
Exmouth	106
Exmouth, Lord	28, 45, 46
Fair Water Spring, The	90
Fairy Beach	64
Fauna	115
Ferns	120
Fishing-	75
Floor Point	74
Flowers, List of	118, 119
Forman, Mr. H. Buxton, C.B.	51
Fossil Shells	63

	PAGE		PAGE
French Pirates - - -	18	Ness, The 12, 19, 20, 54, 60,	112, 114
French Fleet in Torbay -	22	Netherton - - - - -	72, 99
Geology - - - - -	112	Newton Abbot 12, 40, 65, 72,	93, 100
Glacial Period, Relics of -	84	Oddicombe - - - - -	112
Golden Cap - - - - -	54, 80	Oliver, Dr. - - - - -	33, 86
Gorway Cross - - - - -	58	Ore-stone, The 13, 63, 77, 80	
Goyles, Devonshire - -	84	Ormerod, G. W. - - -	37, 40, 53
Grandisson, Bishop- 86, 88, 89		Parson, Captain, R.N. -	47
Great Western Railway 12, 38		Parson and Clerk Rocks 12, 54,	56, 59, 73, 114
Hacombe, Chapel of St.		Petit Tor - - - - -	62
Blaise - - - - -	101	Plymouth - - - - -	42, 107
Park - - - - -	100	Point, The- - - - -	20, 54
St. Stephen de		Polished Stones - - -	113
100, 104		Polwhele - 26, 33, 58, 81, 94	
Hackney Reach - - - -	73	Portland Bill- 22, 54, 80, 107	
Haldon 12, 13, 14, 22, 79, 80,	81, 110, 113	Powderham - - - - -	39
Belvidere - - - -	83	Praed, Mr. Sergeant - -	28
Harold - - - - -	17	Praed, Winthrop Mack-	
Headway Cross - - - -	83, 86	worth - - - - -	13, 46, 48
Hey Tor - - - - -	80	Puseyism - - - - -	31
Holcombe - - - - -	17, 58	Queen Marie Amélie, wife	
Hole Head - - - - -	39, 40, 41, 54	of Louis Philippe - -	35
Hope's Nose - - - - -	12, 80	Queen Victoria - - - -	25
Jacobites, The - - - -	22	Quivil, Bishop - - - -	89
James II. - - - - -	22	Radway - - - - -	89
Kean, Edmund - - - -	36	Ringmore Point - - -	68, 94
Keats, John - - - - -	51, 70	Ripon Tor - - - - -	80
Kenton, Manor of - - -	54	Risdon - - - - -	26, 73
Kingsteignton - - - -	16, 90, 108	"Rowdens" - - - - -	46
Lukes - - - - -	91	"Royal George" - - -	46
Knight, Sir Andrew Dudley	89	Saddle Back, The - - -	80, 82
"Labrador" - - - - -	60, 62	Salt Industry- - - - -	18
Lake, Dr. - - - - -	28, 50, 51	Salterns - - - - -	18
Leofric, Bishop of Crediton	17	Sampford Audley - - -	72
L'Erce de keynes - - -	100, 102	Seaton - - - - -	54, 80,
Lidwell Chapel - - - -	81, 94	106	
Lindridge - - - - -	90, 113	Shaldon - - - - -	23
House- - - - -	90	St. Nicholas Church, Shal-	
Load-stone, The - - - -	13	don - - - - -	23, 32, 94
Luny, J., the marine painter	53	Simpson, Rev. T. - - -	31
Luscombe Woods - - -	80, 82	Skua, Great - - - - -	78, 122
Luton - - - - -	82, 84	Slapton Ley and Sands -	107
Lyfing, Bishop of Crediton	17	Smallacombe Goyle - -	81
Lyme Regis - - - - -	22, 107	St. James' Church 16, 32, 34, 79	
Maidencombe - - - -	62	St. Mary Magdalen Chapel	79,
Mary Church - - - - -	54, 110	94	
Milber Down - - - - -	105	St. Michael's Church, 12, 16,	
Minnicombe Bell Rock -	60	17, 20, 23, 26, 30	
Monmouth, Duke of - -	10, 22		
Mudstone Bay - - - -	107		

	PAGE		PAGE
Stapleton, Bishop - - -	32	Teignmouth in the Middle	
Starcross - - - - -	39	Ages - - - -	18
Start Point - - - - -	107	" Quay - - - -	66
Stoke-in-Teign-head	70, 80, 97,	" Railway Station	44
	98	" Risdon's De-	
Symeon Trustees - - -	26	scription -	20
Tame, The - - - - -	13	" Rise as a water-	
" Tegntun " - - - - -	16	ing-place -	26
Teign Harvey Farm - -	69	" Sack of - - -	23
Teign, River - - - -	40, 68, 74	" School of Art	37
Teign Naturalists' Field		" Sea-wall - - -	58
Club - - - - -	53	" Smuggler's	
Teignmouth		Lane - - -	58
Artillery		" Town Hall -	35
Volunteers -	26	" Yeomanry	
" Birds - - - -	121	Sunday -	43
" Bridge - - - -	94	Thatcher Rock - - - -	108
" " Bulwarks,"		Tonkin, Sir Warwick - -	56
The - - - -	19	Torbay - - - - -	110
" Burning of -	18	Torquay - - - - -	12, 107, 112
" Commerce	18, 66	" Marbles - - -	62
" Heraldry - - -	28	Tourville, Admiral - -	22, 25
" Hospital - - -	36	Towhill, Mrs., Centenarian	35
" Leland's De-		Ugborough Beacon - - -	80
scription -	19	Ugbrooke Park - - - -	108
" Market, The -	17,	Vescey, Bishop - - - -	89
	37	Watcombe - - - - -	62
" Meteorology -	123	Ware Hill - - - - -	71, 113
" Nonconformist		West Cliff House - - -	45
Chapels - - -	35	Whidbourne, Mr. Richard	81
" Old Town		Whipham, Dr. - - - -	66
Cross - - - -	36	White Well - - - - -	84, 89
" Parishes, The		William the Conqueror -	77
two - - - -	13	William and Mary - - -	22, 23
" Pier, The	12, 106		

 All SEEDS and BULBS sent Carriage and Packing Free on receipt of remittance.

BARR'S ^{SUPERIOR} SEEDS FOR FLOWER & KITCHEN GARDEN

THE best Seeds in the world or securing a supply of Vegetables "the year round," and for keeping the Flower Garden and Greenhouse always gay, and with abundance of Flowers to cut for vases and bouquets.

Barr's Seeds are all the finest selected strains, and of good growth; they cannot fail to give the fullest satisfaction.

Barr's Collections of Vegetable Seeds, 5/6, 7/6, 12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- and 105/-, contain a liberal assortment of the best Seeds for a supply of Vegetables "the year round." Full particulars free on application.

Barr's Choice Flower Seeds: Barr's Seed Guide contains a Select List of all the most beautiful Annuals and Perennials. Special Collections for all purposes, **2/6, 3/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 to 63/-,** and many sterling Novelties.

BARR'S BEAUTIFUL HARDY DAFFODILS GOLD MEDAL THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

BARR'S DAFFODILS were awarded the only Gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Society's First Great Daffodil Conference; the Premier Prize at the Birmingham Daffodil Show, 1894; the Gold Medal at Wolverhampton, 1896; the Gold Medal at Wisbech, 1899; Silver Cup at Edinburgh, 1900; also many Silver and Silver-Gilt Medals, Certificates of Merit, etc., at London and Country Flower Shows.

Barr's 21/- Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each of 25 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

Barr's 12/6 Amateur's Collection of Daffodils contains 3 Bulbs each of 15 high-class Daffodils, all beautiful.

Barr's 21/- "Woodland" Collection of Daffodils contains 18 Bulbs each of 20 suitable kinds, all showy and beautiful.

COLLECTIONS OF BULBS for the Greenhouse, Flower Garden, Rockery, or for Woodlands, **12/6, 21/-, 42/-, 63/- to 105/-.**—See BARR'S GENERAL BULB CATALOGUE.

BARR'S Seed Guide, ready 1st January, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Hardy Perennials and Alpines, ready in February, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of the Best Bulbs and Tubers for Spring Planting, ready in Jan., Free.

BARR'S List of Autumn-flowering Bulbs, ready 1st July, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Beautiful Daffodils, ready in August, Free.

BARR'S Catalogue of Bulbs for Garden and Greenhouse, ready 1st September, Free.

BARR & SONS, 11, 12 & 13, KING STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

Nurseries: Long Ditton, Surrey (Surbiton Station, L.S.W.R.).

10 & 11, WELLINGTON STREET, TEIGNMOUTH.

.....

M. FRASER, 

Linen Draper and Silk Mercier,
Hosier, Glover, and Laceman.

IMPORTER OF DAMASK TABLE LINENS, SHEETINGS, &c.

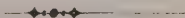
Milliner, Dressmaker, and Outfitter.

MOURNING : FUNERALS COMPLETELY FURNISHED.

S. CHURCHILL,
Tailor, Draper and Hatter,



8, WELLINGTON STREET,
TEIGNMOUTH. 



Naval and Military Uniforms.

Ladies' Riding

- - Habits and Jackets. - -

Valentine & Sons,

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS,
9, SOMERSET PLACE, TEIGNMOUTH.

HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY at Popular Prices.

Eastman Kodaks and Specialities.

Stand and Hand Cameras from 1/- to £10. Every Requisite for Photography stocked. Plates, Papers, Films, &c.

Amateurs' Negatives and Films Developed and Printed.

A special Dark Room for Amateurs. . . Lessons Given.

The Noted House for Violin, Guitar, Banjo and Mandoline Strings.

PIANOFORTES FOR SALE OR ON HIRE. PIANOFORTES TUNED.

W. TAPPER,



*Auctioneer, House
& Land Agent. . .*

LIST OF HOUSES

BY POST, FREE.

*

APPRAISER & VALUER

FOR PROBATE.

UNDERTAKER.

Furniture Warehoused and Furniture Removed.

 **TEIGNMOUTH.**

Telegraphic Address :

"HENTSCHEL, LONDON."

Telephone :

"169 HOLBORN."

CARL HENTSCHEL,

Ltd.,

Photo-Engravers

AND

Designers.

Head Offices :

182-3-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FOUNDRY :

1 & 2, GOLDSMITH STREET,
GOUGH SQUARE, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES :

MANCHESTER. LIVERPOOL,
AND WEST NORWOOD.

*Every class of Engraving for Newspapers, Catalogues, Guides,
Fine Art Publications, undertaken.*

THREE-COLOUR WORK—A Speciality.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

The South

Devon Hydro.

HEALTH AND HOLIDAY RESORT.

One of the loveliest spots in the country; strongly recommended to all who need rest and pleasant healthful change.

BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE GROUNDS. TENNIS. BOATING. PICNICS.
DELIGHTFUL WALKS AND DRIVES.

For Terms, &c., apply to . . .

C. F. CARPENTER,
Bishop's Teignton, near Teignmouth.

PERRY'S

(W. R. Perry, Ltd.)

Trade Protection Offices,

BUSH LANE HOUSE, CANNON STREET,
LONDON.

Status Inquiries made as to the position and standing of Traders
. . . and others. . .

Perry's Gazette and Lists of Creditors

Are published weekly, and are invaluable to everyone in
business. . .

DEBTS RECOVERED AND PAID OVER PROMPTLY.

Terms from £1 1s. upwards, according to requirements. Prospectus and further particulars on application to the above Offices.

Remington Typewriter.

OVER 

300,000

Remington Typewriters HAVE BEEN SOLD.

This means that a continuous line of Remingtons could be made from London to Hastings, and the comparison helps the mind to gauge the extent to which our machine is used. The 300,000th buyer buys because 299,999 have been satisfied.



WYCKOFF, 
SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
100, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
263, OXFORD STREET, W.

TELEPHONE NOS. 5545 & 5546 AVENUE.



TEIGNMOUTH.

Portland House = = =

Boarding Establishment

(Opposite Pier Promenade).

Large, lofty Rooms; Table d'Hôte;
Home Comforts; Terms Moderate;
Good Fishing. - - -

Proprietress.

Frederick Hammond,

Builder, etc.,

27, BICKFORD LANE, .

TEIGNMOUTH. .

E. BENNETT,

17, Northumberland Place,

TEIGNMOUTH. . . .

Agent for the London Dailies, "Western
Morning News," "Devon and Exeter
Gazette," "Evening Post," "Herald,"
and Local Papers.

NEWSPAPERS SUPPLIED TO VISITORS.

J. M. PRATT,

Baker & Confectioner,

9, BITTON STREET,

TEIGNMOUTH. . .

Genuine Whole Brown and Home
Made Bread Fresh Daily.

The Railway Family and Commercial Hotel,

TEIGNMOUTH.

E. MARKS, Proprietress.

*The Railway Hotel is situated immediately opposite the Railway Station,
and three minutes from the Sea and Post Office. Replete with every
comfort and convenience for Visitors and Tourists. Good Cooking
and Attendance. Moderate Tariff.*

PARTRIDGE'S COMMERCIAL

Temperance Hotel and Boarding House,

— STATION ROAD.

Close to Station and Sea. Home Comforts. Moderate Charges.

M. PARTRIDGE, Proprietress.

ST. BRIDE'S PRESS PUBLICATIONS.

The Surveyor & Municipal & County Engineer.

Every Friday, 3d.

Yearly, 15s. (post free). *

For Municipal and County Engineers, Consulting Engineers, Contractors, and Members of Local Authorities.

The County Council Times.

Every Friday, 3d.

Yearly, 12s. (post free). *

The Official Organ of the County Councils of the United Kingdom.

The Municipal Officer.

Monthly, 6d.

Yearly, 6s. (post free). *

The Official Journal of the Municipal Officers' Association.

TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Clearly printed, concisely written, and convenient in size."

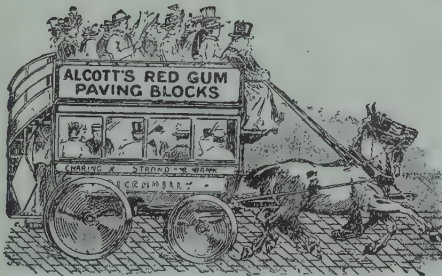
3. DILAPIDATIONS, by SYDNEY PERKS, P.A.S.I., A.R.I.B.A. 6d.
10. DRAINAGE WORKS AND SANITARY FITTINGS, by W. H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, Tunbridge Wells. 1s.
12. HOUSING OF THE LABOURING CLASSES, by H. PERCY BOULNOIS, M.Inst.C.E. 1s.
13. THE SEWERAGE ENGINEER'S NOTE-BOOK, being Standard Notes on Sewer Formulæ and Sewerage Calculations. By ALBERT WOLLHEIM, A.M.I.C.E. Second Edition (Revised). Price 3s. 6d., post free.
15. PARTY STRUCTURES, by SYDNEY PERKS, A.R.I.B.A., P.A.S.I. 1s.
17. HOUSE DRAINAGE: ITS INSPECTION AND TESTING, by R. J. JENKINS, M.S.A., P.A.S.I. 1s.
18. TESTING OF PORTLAND CEMENT FOR SMALLER MUNICIPAL WORKS, by H. H. HUMPHREYS, A.M.I.C.E. 1s.
21. A HANDBOOK OF HIGHWAY CASES, by J. B. REIGNIER CONDER. 2s. 6d.
23. THE CONSTRUCTION OF ROADS AND STREETS, by W. H. MAXWELL, A.M.I.C.E., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, Tunbridge Wells. 3s. 6d.
25. ELECTRIC TRAMWAY TRACTION, by ALBERT D. GREATOREX, A.M.I.C.E., M.S.A., Borough Engineer and Surveyor, West Bromwich. 2s. 6d.
26. THEORY OF ENGINEERING CONSTRUCTION. A reference book for Civil Engineers and Students. Comprising a selection of Notes and Formulæ on the Theory of Construction, arranged in the form of answers to the questions set at examinations for the election of Associate Members of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By ERNEST H. ESSEX, A.M.I.C.E., Assistant Engineer and Surveyor to the Leyton Urban District Council. Price 5s. nett, post free.

ALL POST FREE.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST.

LONDON: THE ST. BRIDE'S PRESS, LD., 24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET ST., E.C.

ALCOTT'S "RED GUM"



Is
absolutely
the
Best Wood
for
Street
Paving.

THE "BUS-HORSE" BRAND.

As this Wood is absolutely non-absorbent, it is incomparably the best material for Paving Stables.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is a durable paving.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is not slippery.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM is noiseless.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM does not swell nor shrink.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM wears smooth and even.

ALCOTT'S RED GUM does not wear into ruts; does not require gravel; is easily cleansed; and, being non-porous, is sanitary.

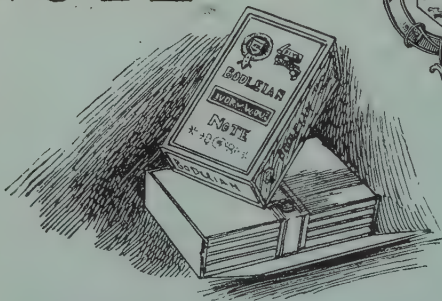
For Particulars, &c., apply to

**EDWARD ALCOTT, 65 and 67, Millbank Street,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.**

BODLEIAN

ivory Wove

NOTE



A MOST DELIGHTFUL SURFACE.

BODLEIAN Note Paper.

OCTAVO, 5 Quires, 1/-.

ALBERT, 5 Quires, 1/-.

IMPERIAL, 5 Quires, 1/-.

COMMERCIAL, 5 Quires, 1/6.

BODLEIAN Envelopes.

To MATCH, 1/- per 100.

COMMERCIAL, 1/3 per 100.

BODLEIAN Cabinets.

Containing NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, 1/- per box.

BODLEIAN Pens, 6d. per box.

BODLEIAN Fountain pen.

With SCREW SECTION, complete in box, with FILLER, 1/6 each.

To be obtained of all Stationers,

OR WRITE TO "BODLEIAN WORKS,"

21, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

Telegraphic Address:
"HENTSCHEL. LONDON."

Telephone:
"169 HOLBORN."

CARL HENTSCHEL,

Ltd.,

Photo-Engravers

AND

Designers.

Head Offices:

182-3-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FOUNDRY:

1 & 2, GOLDSMITH STREET,
GOUGH SQUARE, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES:

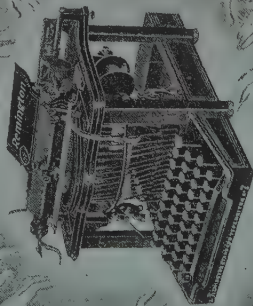
MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL,
AND WEST NORWOOD.

*Every class of Engraving for Newspapers, Catalogues, Guides,
Fine Art Publications, undertaken.*

THREE-COLOUR WORK—A Speciality.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

MANY HANDS



LIGHT WORK

the **Remington**
Typewriter

is used by many
hands, and - -
MAKES WORK
LIGHT. . . .



**WYCKOFF, SEAMANS
& BENEDICT,**

100, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
263, OXFORD STREET, W.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

. THE . HOMELAND HANDBOOKS.

Price 6d. or 9d. nett; Cloth, 1/- or 1/6 nett. Postage 2d.

The books contain excellent Maps, are beautifully illustrated, and are written by experts.

KENT.

No. 1. Tonbridge for the Resident, the Holiday-maker, and the Angler. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.

"A bright little guide to Tonbridge, at sixpence, has just been published as the first of a series of 'Homeland Handbooks.' The angler or the visitor for pleasure will find much to amuse, and hints without number, in this racily-written book, which is better printed and better illustrated than many a more pretentious guide."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

No. 2. Tunbridge Wells of To-day. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW.

"This is an admirably written and cleverly illustrated guide-book. Entertains while it informs. Invaluable to any visitor."—*City Press*.

No. 5. "Wolfe - Land": a Handbook for the Westerham District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By GIBSON THOMPSON. Seventy-two Illustrations. Westerham is the birth-place of General Wolfe, a most rural corner of Kent.

"The historical, literary, and picturesque features of the district are admirably presented in words and in pictures."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

No. 6. "Kent's Capital": Maidstone on the Medway. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By STANLEY MARTIN and PRESCOTT ROW. Contains a special Article on the Fishing facilities afforded in the neighbourhood. A special Art Paper Edition of this work is issued at 2/6.

"No tourist in Kent should fail to obtain this manual."—*Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette*.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

KENT—*continued.*

- No. 9. Rochester and Chatham with Pen and Camera.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By A. G. MUNRO, B.A., and PRESCOTT ROW. With a valuable chapter on the Architecture of the Cathedral, by the Rev. G. M. LIVETT, M.A.

"The work is done so well that it will at once rank as THE STANDARD GUIDE to the town. The book is a marvel of cheapness."—*Rochester and Chatham News.*

IN PREPARATION.

- Bromley and its Surroundings.** By GEORGE CLINCH. With an Introduction by PHILIP NORMAN, Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries.

Tenterden and the Rother Valley.

Folkestone and its Surroundings.

SURREY.

- No. 7. Croydon, New and Old.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. Contains chapters on Ecclesiastical Croydon, and Round About Croydon, by J. E. MORRIS, B.A.

"We cordially welcome this new edition. It contains an immense amount of information about Croydon and every place of interest in the neighbourhood."—*Estates Gazette.*

- No. 10. The Holmesdale Towns: Reigate and Redhill.** Has chapters devoted to every interest of the district.

"The little book in every way deserves a very hearty recommendation."—*The Bookseller.*

- No. 11. "Surrey's Capital": a Handbook for the Guildford District.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. Illustrated by GORDON HOME.

"With this guide, a flask, a pipe, and a packet of sandwiches, one may for a few shillings have the choicest and most refreshing of cheap holidays. The pretty pictures supplied by Mr. Gordon Home are by no means its least attractive feature."—*Topical Times.*

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

SURREY—*continued.*

- No. 13. Farnham and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Written and illustrated by GORDON HOME. With an Introduction by "Edna Lyall." The book describes a wild and beautiful corner of Surrey, Farnham Castle, Moor Park, and Waverley Abbey.

"Mr. Home is an artist as well as a writer, and has filled his pages with pleasant pencil sketches of the Castle and other objects in the neighbourhood."—*Christian World.*

- No. 14. Godalming and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. The beautiful old Church, the Charterhouse School, the lovely country and villages, are all described and illustrated.

"Another Homeland Handbook which is even better than its predecessors, certainly the best guide-book for 6d. we have seen."—*The Examiner.*

- No. 17. Epsom and its Surroundings.** Written and illustrated by GORDON HOME. 9d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth.

IN PREPARATION.

Kingston and its Surroundings.

Hindhead and Haslemere.

SUSSEX.

- No. 16. Sunny Days at Hastings and St. Leonards.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By W. H. SANDERS and PRESCOTT ROW. Describes Rye, Hurstmonceux, Battle, and all the surrounding country. Being an invaluable Handbook for South-East Sussex.

IN PREPARATION.

Eastbourne and its Surroundings.

Chichester and its Surroundings.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

List of the Publications of The Homeland Association.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

WEST COUNTRY.

- No. 4. Lyonesse: a Handbook for the Isles of Scilly.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By F. W. TONKIN and PRESCOTT ROW. With Introduction by Sir Walter Besant. This book is the Baedeker of the Islands.

"The authors have given us a book brimful of interesting information; every page is worth reading. To read about the pure air and fresh breezes of Scilly when surrounded by fog is almost too much for human endurance, and one is induced to throw down the pen, snatch up the bag, and take the next train west."—*Fishing Gazette.*

- No. 8. Dartmoor: What to See, and How to Find it.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

"A handy guide, very useful and commendably free from false theorizing on antiquarian topics."—*Rev. Baring Gould, "Book of the West."*

- No. 12. The Country of the Wild Red Deer: Dulverton and the Exmoor District.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. With Ordnance Map. By F. J. SNELL, M.A. Contains specially-written chapters on the Hunting and Fishing of this paradise for the sportsman.

"Sportsmen are much indebted to the Homeland Association for the issue of this handy and instructive book. There is nothing careless or perfunctory in its preparation. It carries an excellent map of West Somerset, of which Dulverton is the centre."—*Field.*

- No. 15. Teignmouth: its History and its Surroundings.** 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. A book which reveals every interest of a most delightful neighbourhood. A Large Paper Edition of this book has been issued at 5/-.

"A most dainty volume, written in a graceful and fluent style which easily carries the reader along. I can only congratulate the Homeland Association upon their fortunate selection of the authoress and the illustrator. Together they have produced a book of which Teignmouth may well be proud, and which, both by pen and pencil, admirably depicts all that is interesting connected with the town."—*Rev. Anson W. H. Cartwright, in the Teignmouth Gazette.*

- No. 18. Minehead, Dunster, and Porlock.** The Seaboard of Exmoor. By C. E. LARTER, illustrated by GORDON HOME.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of
Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE . HOMELAND HANDBOOKS

Are the Most Accurate, the Cheapest, and Most Artistically Illustrated Handbooks for Beautiful Britain.

PAPER COVERS, Price 8d. or 9d. net, postage 2d.
CLOTH LIBRARY EDITION, 1s. or 1s. 6d. net, postage 2½d.

NOW READY :

No

1. Tonbridge, Kent.
2. Tunbridge Wells.
3. London Town.
4. The Isles of Scilly.
5. Wolfe-Land (Westerham).
6. Kent's Capital—
Maidstone.
7. Croydon, New and Old.
8. Dartmoor.
9. Rochester and Chatham.
10. Reigate and Redhill.

No.

11. Guildford, Surrey.
12. Dulverton (Exmoor).
13. Farnham and District.
14. Godalming and District.
15. Teignmouth and its
Surroundings.
16. Hastings and St.
Leonards.
17. Epsom and its
Surroundings.
18. Minehead (Exmoor).

IN PREPARATION :

Bromley, Kent.
St. Albans, Herts.
Dawlish, S. Devon.
Folkestone, Kent.

Kingston, Surrey.
Richmond, Surrey
Chichester, Sussex.
Plymouth, Devon.

Published by the HOMELAND ASSOCIATION for the
Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE, ————
24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

W. WOODLEY, Choice English & Foreign Fruit.

The Regent Street Fruit Stores,

**WREATHS,
CROSSES, and
BOUQUETS made to order, and
sent to all parts Carriage Paid.**

TEIGNMOUTH.

BARTLETT BROS.,

AGENT FOR .
THE STONEYCOMBE LIME
AND STONE CO. . .

**Furniture Removal Contractors & General Hauliers,
Lower Brook Street, TEIGNMOUTH.**

. . . A PANTECHNICON VAN FOR FURNITURE.

Furniture Removed by Road or Rail at
Moderate Rates, by the Single Load,
Mileage, Day or Hour.



CONTRACTORS FOR HAULING BUILDERS'
MATERIALS. . .

ESTIMATES FREE.

Frith's Photographs.

ABOUT 75,000
VIEWS.

INCOMPARABLY the Largest and Most Complete Collection Extant. FRITH'S Photographs are supplied mounted and unmounted, in various sizes, at popular prices. Also in very pretty designs, three local subjects, mounted on one card, specially adapted for framing. **Frith's Local View Books** are the best value that have ever been offered to the public. Every description of Collotype and Photo-mechanical Printing, Book Illustrations, &c., executed at moderate prices. Any view in the series can be supplied as a Lantern Slide.

Retail of all Dealers in Photographs throughout the World ; wholesale of

F. FRITH & Co., Ltd., Reigate and Charfield.

Finch & Company, Coal Importers,



**19, ORCHARD GARDENS,
TEIGNMOUTH.**

Coal of all Qualities at Lowest Possible Prices.

VISITORS to the district
should stay at the

BEACH HOTEL, TEIGNMOUTH,

*Close to Pier, Station, and
on Promenade, close to Water's
Edge. Inclusive terms from 6s. per day.*
ALES, WINES, MINERAL WATERS. Best Quality Only.

G. DENNY, Proprietor.

E. BURSTON,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

• • The Royal Bazaar, Fore Street, Teignmouth.

Games of all kinds. The only House in Devon for
the Anglo-Indian Bats, Parisian and Association
Shuttlecocks, as recommended by the Hon.
Secretary of the Teignmouth Club. . .



THE ORIGINAL HOUSE
FOR SEA AND RIVER
FISHING TACKLE.

Stationery. Every Requisite
for the Toilet.

Being in constant communication with the best London and Continental Houses, can always ensure
having the Greatest Novelties in all Branches.

Registry Office for Servants of Good Characters.

THOS. A. GILES PEDRICK,

Practical Jeweller.

Gold and Silversmith. Watch-
maker and Optician.

Opera Glasses for Sale or Hire.

"The" Umbrella Maker.

Umbrellas recovered from

2/-.

Repairs on the shortest notice.

9, Fore Street, Teignmouth.

GEORGE PLAYER, ←

Telegrams:

"Player,
Teignmouth."

• • Colliery Agent and
Coal Importer, . .

TEIGNMOUTH.



HOMELAND HANDBOOKS

Now Ready. Price 6d. or 9d.

nett; Cloth, 1/- or 1/6
nett. Postage 2½d.

Published by the Homeland Association for
the encouragement of touring in Great
Britain and Ireland. . .

*All the books contain an excellent Map, are beautifully illustrated,
and are written by experts.*

KENT.



No. 1. Tonbridge for the Resident, the Holiday-maker, and the Angler. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "A bright little guide to Tonbridge, at sixpence, has just been published as the first of a series of 'Homeland Handbooks.' The angler or the visitor for pleasure will find much to amuse, and hints without number, in this racily-written book, which is better printed and better illustrated than many a more pretentious guide."

No. 2. Tunbridge Wells of To-day. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth.

The City Press writes: "This is an admirably written and cleverly illustrated guide-book. Entertains while it informs. Invaluable to any visitor."

No. 5. "Wolfe-Land": a Handbook for the Westerham District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By GIBSON THOMPSON. Seventy-two Illustrations. Westerham is the birth-place of General Wolfe, a most rural corner of Kent.

No. 6. "Kent's Capital": Maidstone on the Medway. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/- nett, cloth. Second Edition. Contains a special Article on the Fishing facilities afforded in the neighbourhood.

No. 9. Rochester and Chatham with Pen and Camera. Second Edition. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. With a valuable chapter on the Architecture of the Cathedral, by the Rev. G. M. Livett, M.A.

The Rochester and Chatham News says: "The work is done so well, that it will at once rank as THE STANDARD GUIDE to the town. The book is a marvel of cheapness."

SURREY.

No. 7. Croydon, New and Old. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. Contains chapters on Ecclesiastical Croydon, and Round About Croydon, by J. E. MORRIS, B.A. The surroundings, as well as the whole town, are fully described.

No. 10. The Holmesdale Towns: Reigate and Redhill. By T. F. W. HAMILTON. Has chapters devoted to every interest of the district.

No. 11. "Surrey's Capital": a Handbook for the Guildford District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. By J. E. MORRIS, B.A. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. The ancient town and its history, the beautiful country and all its interests, are fully dealt with.

Charta Imperia

PARTRIDGE & COOPER

Sample Sheet of the NEW NOTE PAPER.

THE BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

NOTE PAPER: Five Quires, **10d.**; One Ream, **3/-**;
Four Reams @ **2/10.**

ENVELOPES: 100, **9d.**; 1,000, **6/6.**

NO CHARGE for PLAIN STAMPING from Customer's own Die.

SOLE MAKERS

PARTRIDGE & COOPER,
Royal Courts Stationery Warehouse,
191-192, Fleet Street, & 1-2, Chancery Lane,
LONDON, E.C.

The Homeland Handbooks—*continued.*

SURREY—*continued.*



No. 13. Farnham and its Surroundings. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Written and illustrated by GORDON HOME. With an introduction by "EDNA LYALL." The book describes a wild and beautiful corner of Surrey, Farnham Castle, Moor Park, and Waverley Abbey.

No. 14. Godalming and its Surroundings. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. The beautiful old Church, the Charterhouse School, the lovely country and villages, are all described and illustrated.

SUSSEX.

No. 16. Sunny Days at Hastings and St. Leonards. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Describes Rye, Hurstmonceux, Battle, and all the surrounding country. Being an invaluable handbook for South-East Sussex.

WEST COUNTRY.

No. 4. Lyonesse: a Handbook for the Isles of Scilly. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. With introduction by Sir WALTER BESANT. This book is the Baedeker of the Islands.

No. 8. Dartmoor: What to See, and How to Find it. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Second Edition. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

"A handy guide, very useful and commendably free from false theorizing on antiquarian topics."—*Rev. Baring Gould, "Book of the West."*

No. 12. The Country of the Wild Red Deer: Dulverton and the Exmoor District. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, Cloth. Contains specially-written chapters on the Hunting and Fishing of this paradise for the sportsman.

No. 15. Teignmouth: its History and its Surroundings. 6d. nett, Paper; 1/6 nett, cloth. By BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL. Illustrated by GORDON HOME. A book which reveals every interest of a most delightful neighbourhood.

TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY.

MINEHEAD (EXMOOR),
BROMLEY, KENT,
EPSOM, SURREY,
HINDHEAD AND HASLEMERE,
ST. ALBANS,
EXETER,

PLYMOUTH,
DAWLISH,
EASTBOURNE,
RICHMOND,
KINGSTON,
BANBURY, OXON.

The Homeland Association, Ltd.,

ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE, 24, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



J. E. Limited
2022 S^t Bride St.
Lugate Circus.
E.C.

High Art Designers

AND

Photo Engravers.



EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATION
AND REPRODUCTION.



QUOTATIONS BY RETURN OF POST.

Economic Furnishing Mart.

R. W. PEDRICK,

Complete House Furnisher, .



Undertaker, House Agent ^{AND} Valuer, .

New ^{AND} Second-Hand Furniture Dealer,

STATION ROAD, .

. TEIGNMOUTH.

Blinds, Carpets, Curtains, Linoleums, Floor Cloths and Paper Hangings in great variety. Old Bedding Purified and Re-made by Patent Machinery on the premises, with despatch.

FURNITURE REMOVED BY ROAD OR RAIL.

AGENT FOR THE LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE OFFICE, CAPITAL £3,000,000.

" " SCOTTISH EMPLOYERS' AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.

SPECIALITY—

HIGH-CLASS FUNERALS AT MODERATE CHARGES.

R.W.P. has a staff of competent workmen and handy men. Parties bringing their furniture from a distance, or changing houses in this locality, should apply to him to fit blinds, lay carpets and linoleum, fix furniture fixtures and fittings, and they will find him capable of rendering every assistance to them in settling down.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

ROSS & Co's
SODA WATER,
LEMONADE,
AND STONE-
GINGER BEER.

OF ALL DEALERS, —

Or Carriage Paid direct from the Manufacturers,

28, QUEEN STREET, NEWTON ABBOT.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WEST.

Western Daily Mercury, 1d.

The Great Liberal Journal of the West. Full Service of News; Reliable and First-Class. Latest Telegrams. Correspondents everywhere.

Western Evening Herald, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Circulation exceeds that of all other Evening Papers published in the West. All the day's News and latest Cables. Prepaid Advertisements inserted in both Papers at one price. 16 words, 6 times, 2/6; 3 times, 1/6.

Western Weekly Mercury, 1d.

Best in the West. Favourite in every household. Article by SILAS K. HOCKING; Children's Corner; Competitions; and all the News of the Week.

THESE PAPERS ARE THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ALL
CLASSES OF ADVERTISEMENTS.



Chief Office: 9, Frankfort Street, PLYMOUTH.

. . . J. R. REYNOLDS, Manager.

**A REVOLUTION IN FURNISHING
BY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.**



Mr. Labouchere, in *Truth*, writes—
"NORMAN & STACEY have introduced in their business an ingenious safeguard against the risk of loss to his widow or family through the death of the hirer. They give an insurance upon his life, so that if, for instance, a man gets £200 worth of furniture on the hire-purchase system, and dies when instalments to the amount of £190 have been paid, not only does the furniture become the property of his representatives, but the £190 is also repaid to them."

N.B.—Cash buyers are also given a Free Life Insurance Policy (for two years) equal to the amount they have spent.

NORMAN & STACEY, Ltd., 118, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Moderate prices. Free delivery town and country. Call and view stock before furnishing locally.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST, BEST, AND MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO
Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, North and South Devon,
Cornwall, Birmingham, Midland Counties, South Wales,
Ireland, &c.

EXPRESS TRAINS between LONDON (Paddington Station)

AND			HOURS.	AND			HOURS.	AND			HOURS.
EXETER	.	IN	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	PENZANCE	.	IN	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	CHESTER	.	IN	5
TEIGNMOUTH.	..		5	LEAMINGTON	..		2	BIRKENHEAD	..		5 $\frac{1}{2}$
TORQUAY	.	..	5	BIRMINGHAM	..		2 $\frac{1}{2}$	CARDIFF	.	..	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
PLYMOUTH	.	..	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	SHREWSBURY	..		3 $\frac{1}{2}$	SWANSEA	.	..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

ALL TRAINS are FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS.

CORRIDOR CARRIAGES with reserved compartments for Ladies, Smoking Saloons, and Lavatory Compartments of each class are run on many of the Express Trains.

Channel Islands, via Weymouth or Southampton.

The Steamboat Service between Weymouth and the Channel Islands and Southampton and the Channel Islands is carried on jointly by the Great Western and London and South Western Railway Companies. For full particulars see Time-book.

TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, and renewable, with exceptions, up to December 31st, are issued during the Summer Months of each year, at **Paddington**, and at all principal Stations, to the following well-known Watering and other places of attraction in the West of England.

* *TOURIST TICKETS from LONDON are also issued DURING THE WINTER MONTHS to the Stations marked*.*

West of England District.—Barnstaple, Bodmin, Clevedon, Dartmouth, Dawlish, Exeter, Falmouth*, Fowey*, Ilfracombe, Kingsbridge, Lynton, Moretonhampstead, Minehead, Newquay*, Newton Abbot, Paignton*, Penzance*, Plymouth, Scilly Isles, St. Ives*, Tavistock, TEIGNMOUTH, Torquay*, Truro*, Wadebridge, Weston-super-Mare, Weymouth, Channel Islands, &c.

Tourist and Ordinary Tickets are issued between the **WEST OF ENGLAND** and the **NORTH OF ENGLAND** and Scotland, in connection with the Express Service of Trains via the Severn Tunnel; also from and to South Wales and the North by the same Service via Hereford.

Tourists by the **GREAT WESTERN LINE** (the best route to the West of England) pass through the most picturesque scenery in Devonshire and Cornwall, extending from Exeter to Plymouth, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, and the Land's End.

Passengers' luggage collected and delivered in advance at 1s. per package.

Dining, Luncheon, and Breakfast Saloons between **London** and **Bristol, Exeter**, and **Cardiff**. Table d'Hôte dinner, 3s. 6d.; Breakfast or Luncheon, 2s. 6d.

Luncheon Baskets can be obtained at the principal Stations. Hot or Cold Luncheon, with bottle of beer, 3s.; without beer, 2s. 6d.

Tea Baskets, containing Pot of Tea or Coffee, Bread and Butter, and Cake or Bun, for one person, 1s.; Tea Basket for two persons, 1s. 6d.

HOTELS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT of the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station.

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL, St. Ives, Cornwall.

SOUTH WALES HOTEL, New Milford.

HOTEL WYNCLIFFE, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.

For particulars of Circular Tours, Fares, and other information, see the Company's Time Book and Tourist Programmes, which can be obtained at the Stations and Booking Offices.

PADDINGTON STATION, 1901.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

